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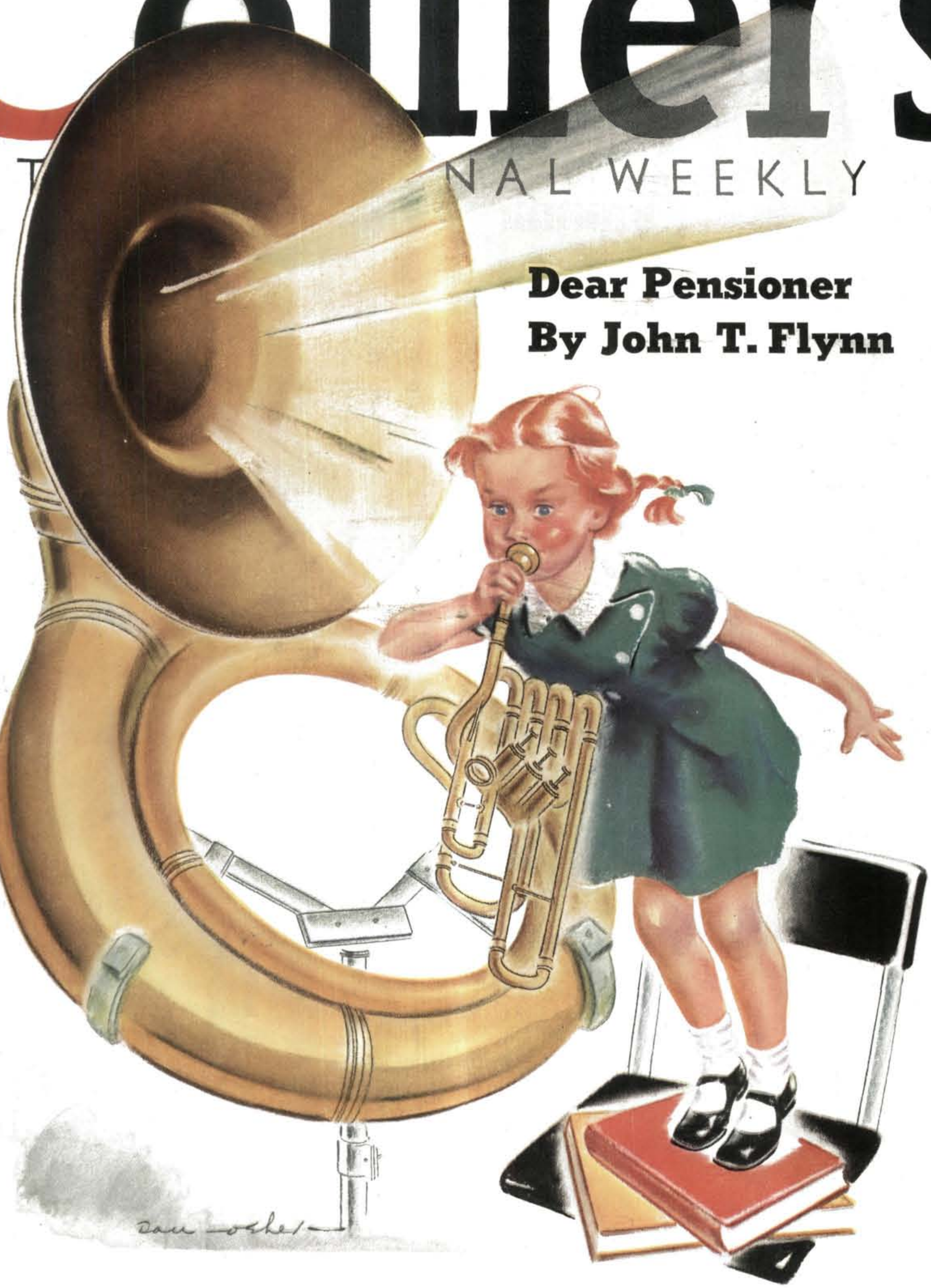
April 16, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

T NAL WEEKLY



Dear Pensioner
By John T. Flynn

Party on the Stage By Marger

MRS J O MAJOR
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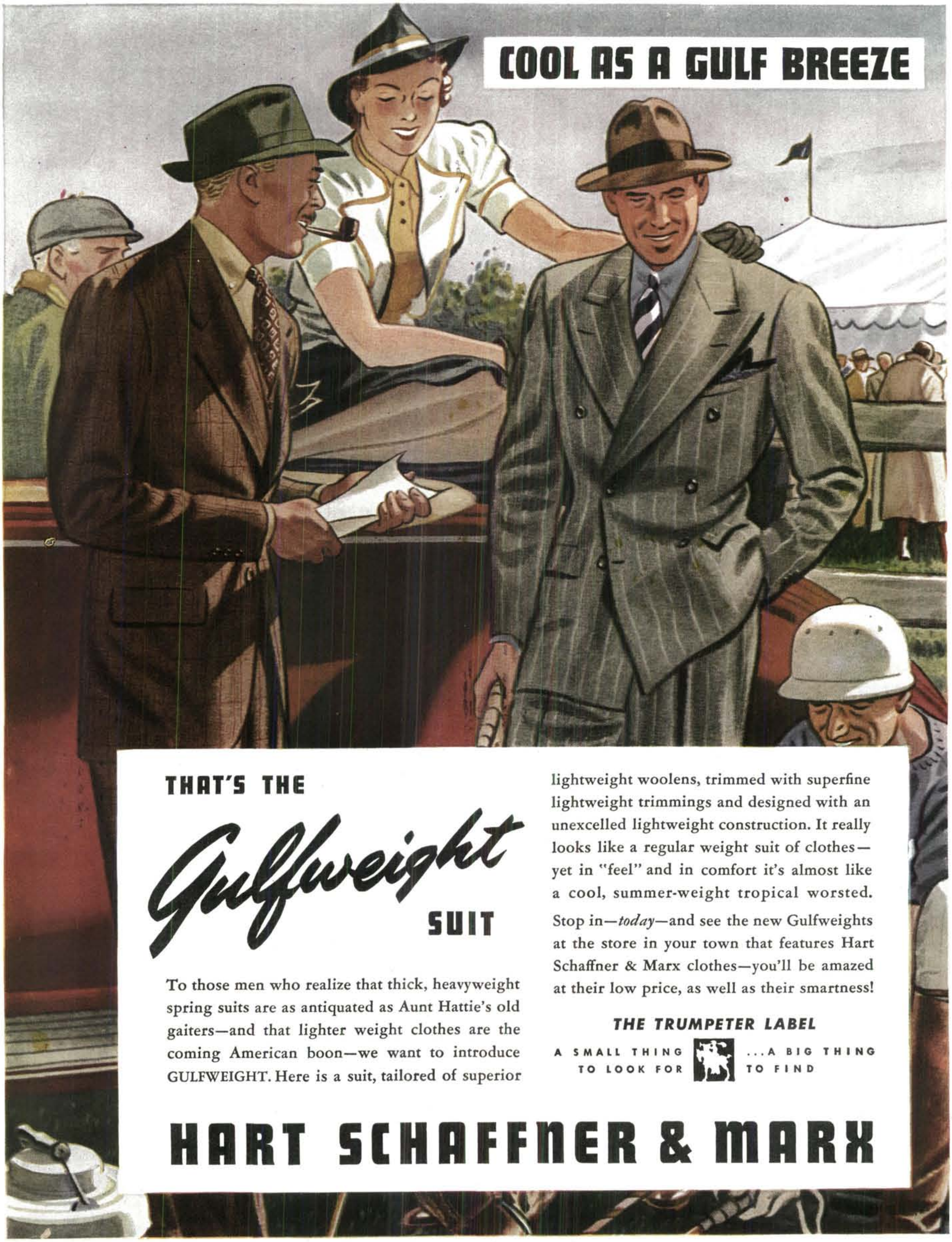
April 16, 1938



COOL AS A GULF BREEZE

THAT'S THE *Gulfweight* SUIT

To those men who realize that thick, heavyweight spring suits are as antiquated as Aunt Hattie's old gaiters—and that lighter weight clothes are the coming American boon—we want to introduce GULFWEIGHT. Here is a suit, tailored of superior lightweight woolens, trimmed with superfine lightweight trimmings and designed with an unexcelled lightweight construction. It really looks like a regular weight suit of clothes—yet in "feel" and in comfort it's almost like a cool, summer-weight tropical worsted.

Stop in—*today*—and see the new Gulfweights at the store in your town that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes—you'll be amazed at their low price, as well as their smartness!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ...A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Try the treatment that works

LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

Keeps hair good-looking–scalp youthful and healthy

DON'T TAKE CHANCES

Don't treat dandruff with unproved remedies. Play safe. Use Listerine—the same antiseptic which was used in the reported laboratory tests.

WITH LISTERINE, DANDRUFF GONE IN 30 DAYS

In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine twice a day, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff in a month.

Listerine attacks the* Cause *of dandruff, not merely its* Symptoms. *In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of patients got quick relief. Thousands hail the successful results of Listerine Antiseptic.

If your hair is dull and lifeless . . .

If your scalp lacks tone and vigor, itches and burns . . .

If dandruff bothers you temporarily or chronically . . .

Start right now with the delightful Listerine treatment—the only treatment, so far as we know, backed by clinical evidence *that dandruff can be cured.*

Tomorrow, your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier.

Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic.

Nothing complicated about this proved treatment. Just douse Listerine on the scalp and accompany it with vigorous massage by the fingertips. Do this once or twice a day, and keep it up systematically. Remember, dandruff is a germ infection and requires persistent treatment.

The moment Listerine goes on the scalp it bathes each hair in an antiseptic bath. Next it reaches deep down into the hair follicles and kills Pityrosporum ovale, the queer, bottle-shaped germ which causes dandruff. Freed from this parasite, the follicle, the hair that penetrates it, and the scalp outside of it return to normal, gaining new vigor and health. At the same time, Listerine permits healing of any irritation which may be present.

Once you try Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff, you will echo what thousands are saying: "The surest, most delightful remedy ever."

To help us check how many people read this ad, we will send a regular 25¢ can of Listerine Tooth Powder upon receipt of 10¢ in coin to cover cost of handling and mailing. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Address Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 602, St. Louis, Missouri.

DO OTHERS OFFER PROOF?

Before you invest a single penny in any remedy claiming to relieve dandruff, ask yourself: Has it been subjected to authentic research by competent authorities? Are its claims backed by ample clinical and laboratory proof? So far as we know, only Listerine offers such proof. On its scientific record alone, it stands forth as the truly effective treatment for dandruff.

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

WOMEN SAY THE BEST WAY TO APPLY LISTERINE IS BY MEDICINE DROPPER APPLIED TO THE PART IN THE HAIR

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

April 16, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

JOCK WINANT and Winifred Smith went to school together in Westbranch, Pennsylvania. And once he really paid some attention to her. He tied her shoelaces together, and when she stood up she stumbled and dropped all her books. Winnie loved it, but the attention didn't last.

And then Winnie became a star. That, of course, was none of Jock Winant's doing. Freddy Lemain built her up, patiently and expertly, built her up so that another man could have her. And Jock Winant was ready and waiting, eager to hitch his wagon to a star. One thing, though, he overlooked. There is "No Such Person" as a star. The story is by Corey Ford.

RUMORS have reached this office that spring is here and summer well on its way. In the circumstances the least we can do is offer a suggestion. This one is very carefully thought out. It takes the form of a week-end house. Please don't confuse it with a shack or a cottage or an antiquated and inconvenient summer house. This is something new in the world of houses, something designed for a specific purpose, designed to be modern and sound and inexpensive. Collier's commissioned Edward Stone and Richard Bennett to draw up the plans and specifications. Next week you are presented with the result.

CHUCK wouldn't have minded getting the cold shoulder so much if he hadn't felt so friendly toward everybody. Things had been like that ever since he left the orphanage. And when he found someone who was nice to him, what happened? The horse he was exercising bolted and threw him and gummed up the track. And Mr. Conway wrung his hands. Chuck would never have believed what lay in store for him. "First Blood," a great racecourse story, is by W. R. Burnett.

THOSE five aces you are looking at aren't a case of indigestion. They're just part of the new game—five-suit bridge. Oswald Jacoby, ace of the old game, tells you all about it.

AFTER what Teddy said, David should have struck her. She expected it, hoped for it. David did nothing—and broke Teddy's heart. "Saturday Night," a melodrama of young love, is by Libbie Block.

ROARK BRADFORD, Jim Marshall, Daniel Fuchs, Robert McCormick, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, Lawrence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others do the rest. And do it up brown.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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●

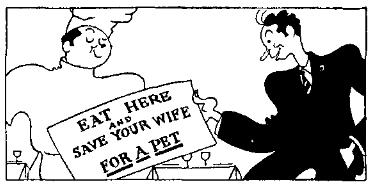
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A couple of quick ones. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Looking West. Page 86

COVER DAN OSHER

Any Week

YOU probably know just how it is. Every once in a while you have to do something extraordinary to keep yourself from biting yourself. So we decided that nothing short of a trip to North Carolina would do us. Reminds us of the time our uncle rebelled against Aunt Harriet's superb cooking. "By God, woman," cried Uncle to Auntie, "can't you cook a bad meal once in a while? Ain't you human ever?" On our way through North Carolina we stopped at a sea-food café in Beaufort. And there we saw a sign on the wall. We asked the proprietor to sell it to us. He did. It reads: "Eat here and save your wife for a pet."

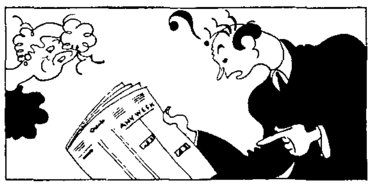

EAT HERE AND SAVE YOUR WIFE FOR A PET

AND presently we discovered that we were in Arkansas. In the lovely town of Newport we had the incredible luck of meeting Miss Helen Bagley. We suggested to Miss Bagley that she and we take a walk in the moonlight. The suggestion is still a suggestion. Miss Bagley, a busy young woman, paid no attention whatever. She did go so far as to tell us that it was her custom to go to bed about half past nine or so every night, moon or no moon. We asked her why. "Well," said she, "I don't know how it is where you come from, but down here we go to bed early because we get awfully tired of being awake."

A GENTLEMAN named Bosworth has just been here asking us to do something about keeping Home-Grown Mushroom Week, a project in which Mr. Bosworth is pretty deeply interested, being on the verge of exile from his own home because Mrs. Bosworth can find no room for her preserves in the cellar, the place being occupied entirely by Mr. Bosworth's mushrooms. But we're just recovering from a "week" of our own — Danny Week. Large numbers of you have written to us telling us that in one of our recent superb issues Danny was the hero or a quite-prominent guy in four of the five short stories. How this came about is now in the hands of an investigating body, the chairman of which is an experienced hand, having participated in such investigations as Teapot Dome, Mr. Wickersham's Commission, Senator LaFollette's Civil Liberties inquiry and the Trotsky vs. Stalin thing recently held in Mexico. We will keep you informed if we're able to make anything out of their report—if they ever get around to making one. But no one has denied that it was a great week for Danny, being immortalized in four stories as good as these were.

WHILE all this is going on, Mr. Fred S. Huntington of Billings, Montana, is preparing the scenario of a Greekish comedy. The curtain rises on five earnest young men, weighted down with brief cases, Phi Beta Kappa keys and Purpose. Strewn through the immediate background are engineers, lawyers, agronomists, secretaries, stenographers and copies of the literary works of Mr. Henry Wallace. They are all from Washington, as you can see from their expense accounts. They have gone to Billings, 2,025 miles, to determine the fate of a farmer who stands accused by the ICKY (the Relief Farm Secret Police) of growing wheat at night. The first act lasts three weeks, because the deliberations last that long. Six months later, the commission returns to Billings prepared to mete out appropriate punishment to the farmer, only to find, after an exhaustive inquiry lasting two months, that the farmer had died. This last is the Greekish touch.

MR. F. R. S. McDEWITT of Sharon, Massachusetts, is not to be easily thrust aside by anything we may offer. An honest man, he says: "I have been and am still a subscriber for over ten years to Collier's, and I have never understood the significance of Any Week. I am probably stupid but an explanation from you will be much appreciated."



AND Mrs. Joseph Trudey of Minneapolis, Minnesota, slaps us down for what she calls our pacifistic leanings. "You, of all people, should know that war is a universal blessing. Politicians know it even better. You ought to know that war kills off the best of the youth of the land. What of the best, the brainiest and most promising, that it doesn't kill it permanently demoralizes. Thus competition and constituencies are reduced to an easily digested mental level and should be encouraged. Or at least appreciated. Be grateful for wars. They have made us what we are today."

CAN'T be that bad. W. D.

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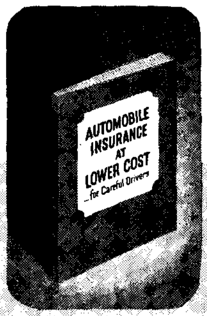

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Without obligation, send me free booklet showing how careful drivers save on car insurance.
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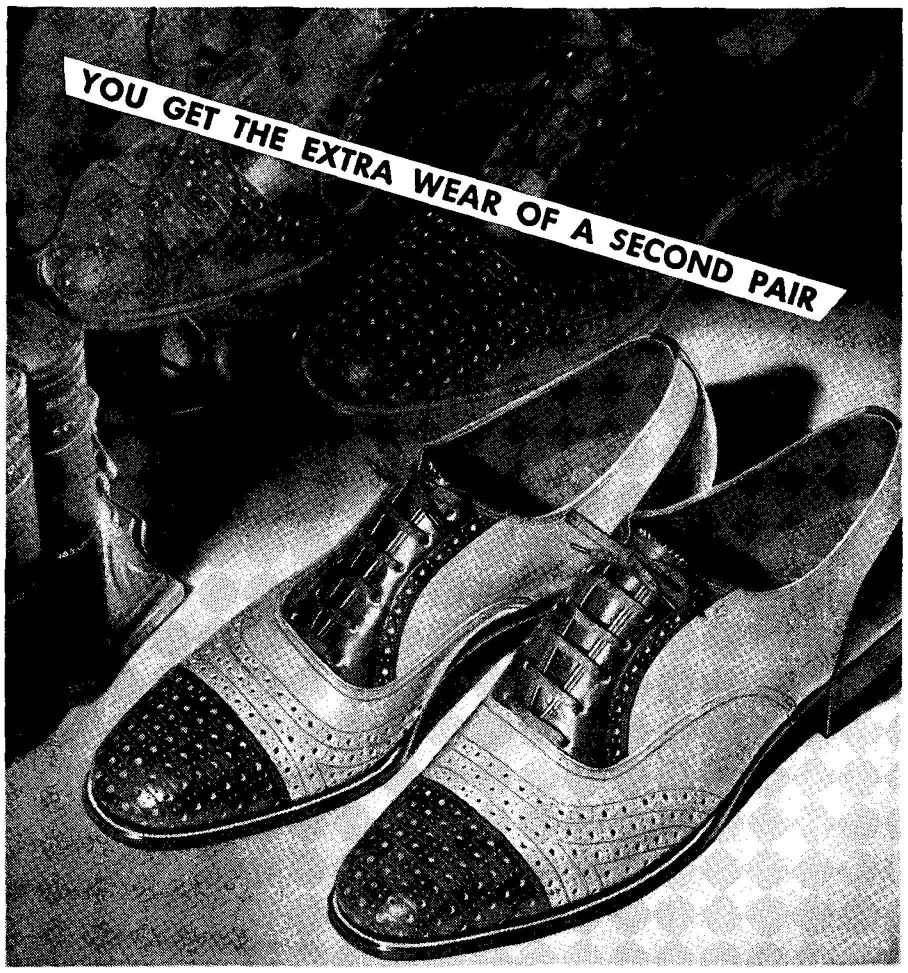
Town where Car is kept..
Make of Car..............................No. of Cyls...................
Body Type..................Model No..............Year............



We've Lowered the Rate of Shoe Mortality!

If *shoe* mortality, like *life* mortality, were recorded statistically, you'd choose Florsheims and nothing else. Long life expectancy is a Florsheim heritage . . . inbred through generations of fine shoe building. Their better materials and better making mean better mileage . . . that simple fact has built the largest fine shoe business in the world. You get "the extra wear of a second pair" from every pair of Florsheims. It's far more satisfactory to wear Florsheims . . . and cheaper by far in the end! *Style illustrated above,* The Eclipse, S-799; *a ventilated style for summer comfort in two tones of grey calf.*

$9.50 *a few styles higher*

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

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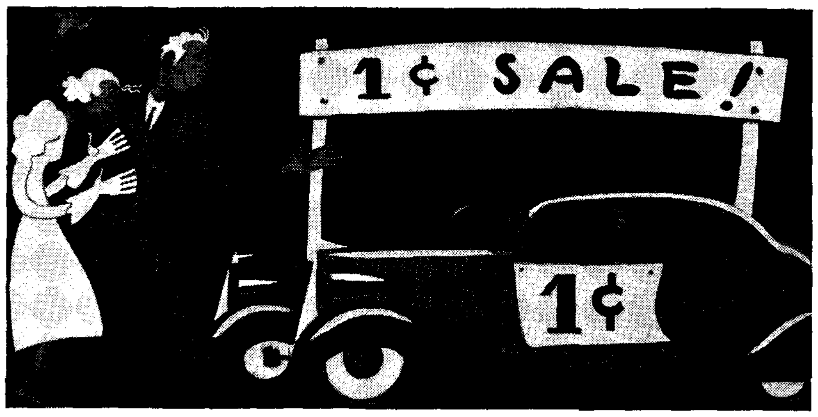


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The "One-Cent Sale," long a feature of drug and grocery stores, now is employed by used-car dealers. One such sale was held recently in Portland, Oregon, during which the purchaser of a car was allowed to buy a second one for an additional penny.—*By Margaret Thompson, Portland, Oregon.*

The Negro National Anthem in America is "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing," which was composed by Rosamond Johnson in collaboration with his brother, James Weldon Johnson, and is sung on all occasions in Negro institutions. Quite appropriately, it was introduced on Lincoln's Birthday in 1900 by the colored school children of Jacksonville, Florida.

Among the characters in famous stories and songs who actually lived under their own or some other name were Little Lord Fauntleroy, Mother Goose, Annie Laurie, Falstaff, Dick Turpin, Danny Deever, Alice of Alice in Wonderland and d'Artagnan and The Three Musketeers.

A little more than a century ago, America's most usual crime was owing money, more than 75,000 debtors being sent to prison annually. Moreover the amount of the obligation was immaterial. In one Pennsylvania penitentiary in 1829, almost a hundred men were serving sentences for owing less than one dollar each.

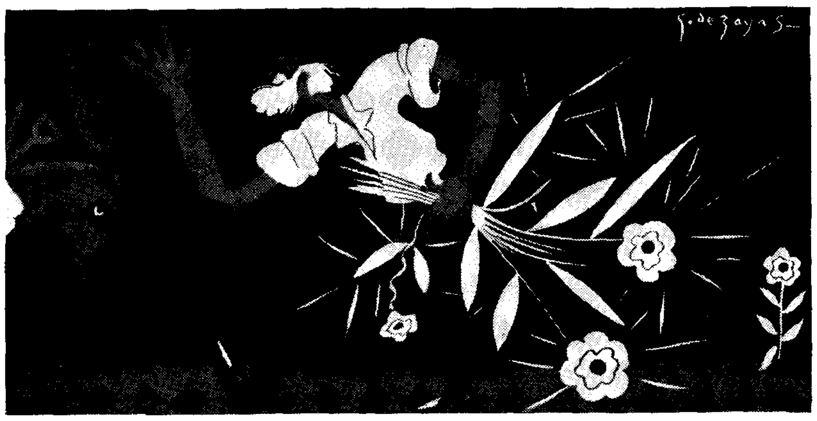
Plants that grow in gold-bearing soil often contain gold in their tissues. In one recent study of this subject made in Czechoslovakia, a scientist extracted 610 grams of pure gold from one ton of horsetail ash.

In order to secure a permanent air-mail contract, the Pennsylvania-Central Airlines will carry mail between Washington, D. C., and Buffalo, New York, from October 26, 1937, to October 25, 1940, for eight one-hundred thousandths of a cent per mile. This means that the company, in making six round trips a week, will fly the 630,864 miles for fifty cents.—*By Robert Elliott, Jr., Boston, Massachusetts.*

Prejvalsky's horse, the only species of truly wild horse now in existence, cannot be tamed and is rarely caught after it reaches maturity. In 1902 Karl Hagenbeck led an expedition to the Gobi Desert, the habitat of these animals, to secure a number of them for zoos. But despite the fact that he had 2,000 extra Kirghiz horsemen to help his own men, he captured only 32 foals, which were too young and weak to escape with their herds.

Up to several centuries ago, German court procedure, following Roman law, required the defendant to answer the charges of the plaintiff, word for word, with courage, certitude and conviction. In one famous case in which the defendant did deny the complaint word for word, the suit was quickly decided against him on the ground that he had not answered properly. He had stuttered.—*By Irving C. Levenson, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Out of the 200 to 300 comic strips *that have been published in the* United States over a period of years, only four, so far as is known, have had their characters grow older. They are Blondie, Gasoline Alley, Tim Tyler's Luck and Terry and the Pirates.—*By Milton V. Peterson, El Campo, Texas.*



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READ HOW MUCH MORE YOU GET IN THE 1938 PLYMOUTH

IMPORTANT FACTS

Today the leading low-priced cars cost about the same—but there are many important differences in engineering—in the advantages Plymouth alone offers.

NEW COMFORT

Sitting in a new 1938 Plymouth is like relaxing in an armchair in your home. It's the roomiest of the leading low-priced cars...and the deep-cushioned seats are "chair-high"—which means that you sit in a comfortable, natural posture.

The new 1938 Plymouth has big airplane-type shock-absorbers to soak up bumps..."live" rubber body mountings to block out vibration...restful, "radio studio" sound-proofing...and the smoothness of flexible Amola steel springs.

LOWER UPKEEP

Plymouth's finer engineering helps you save money in *3 separate ways.* (1) Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon on gas...record savings on oil. (2) You save on every kind of upkeep because of Plymouth's many "long-life" features. (3) And you save also through Plymouth's higher resale value.

FINER PERFORMANCE

All Plymouth models have a powerful, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine which has the super-high compression of 6.7 to 1—yet owners report unusually high gas mileages without the use of premium fuel.

Aluminum alloy pistons give it brilliant performance, faster pick-up...Plymouth's famed Floating Power engine mountings account for its amazing smoothness...and the all-silent transmission makes the new Plymouth a delight to drive.

STANDS UP BEST

The new Plymouth gives you more miles for your car dollar... *longer car-life.* What this means to you is greater satisfaction—and money saved—every mile you drive.

Plymouth's durability is the result of finer engineering, precision manufacturing. You can see it in features like the Hypoid rear axle...silent, chain-driven camshaft...massive X-braced frame...roller-bearing universal joints...Amola steel springs—a few of the features that make Plymouth "stand up best."

EASIER TO DRIVE

There's a thrill in Plymouth's faster steering, easier handling. Be sure you drive a new 1938 Plymouth before you buy any new car!

Clutch pressure is greatly reduced. The handbrake is out of the floor, up under the instrument panel, within easy reach of the driver.

There's no center-post to make a blind spot in the windshield. The front seat *rises* when you move it forward, giving perfect adjustment for both tall and short drivers.

MORE SAFETY

Sure, smooth stopping is most important in a car today. Plymouth's self-equalizing, double-action hydraulic brakes are the safest type made. Plymouth's body is all steel—and the interior is Safety Styled...with controls recessed into the instrument panel...the back of the front seat rolled and padded. Safety Glass without extra cost.

DRIVE IT

You'll be amazed when you drive this new Plymouth. You can't know today's low-priced car values unless you have driven this beautiful, new 1938 Plymouth. Telephone any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a demonstration. There's no obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

5-PASSENGER SEDAN
(Illustrated here)
$685

Detroit delivered price. Other Plymouth models are priced as low as $645. And Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included. Be sure to see and drive this beautiful 1938 Plymouth *today.*

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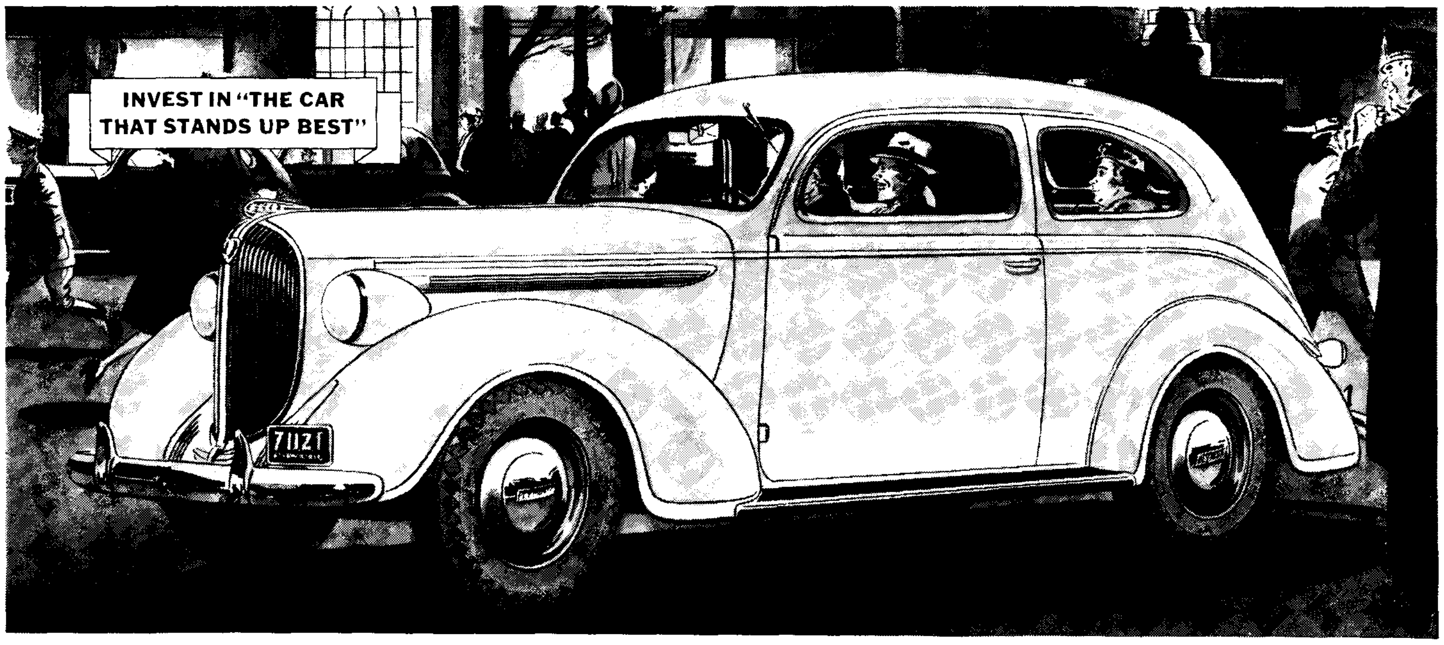
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—but the pearl diver's peril is less than it appears; he has foreseen the emergency and is ready to meet it. Not so the driver who encounters the split-second savagery of a blowout or sudden skid. Against these—when they happen—he has no defense. He *can,* however, guard *against* having them. Thousands of drivers are doing so by equipping their cars with FISK Safti-Flight—"America's Safest Tire"—the tire that gives you complete protection *in the two places where you need it most:* in the Skid Zone and in the Blow-Out Zone—and does it without any sacrifice of mileage.

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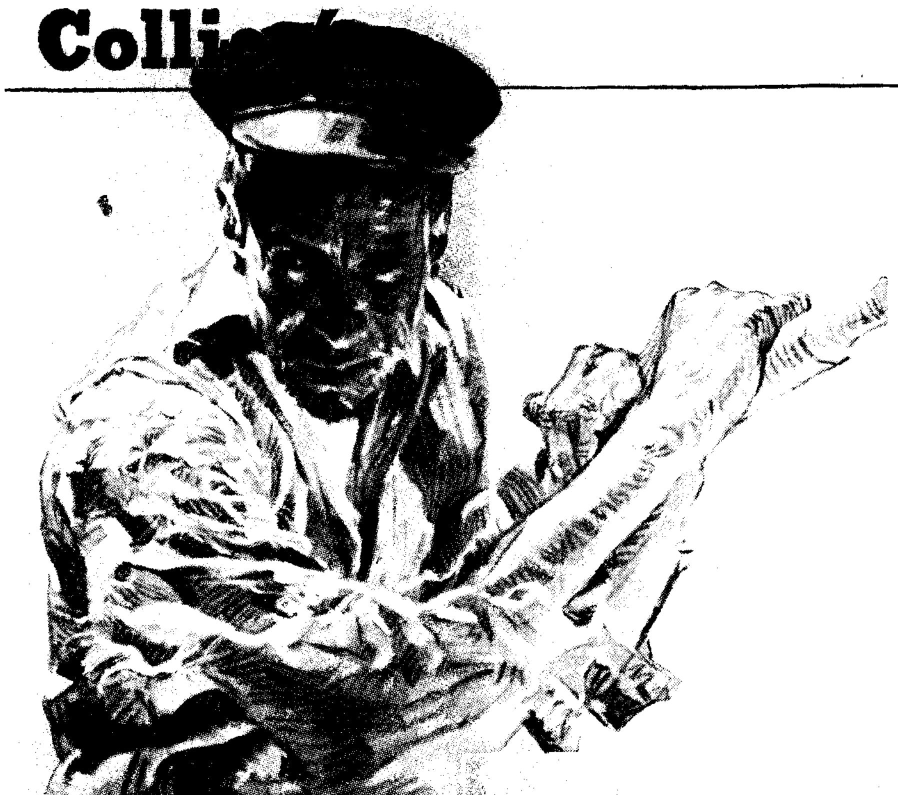
PLUS *Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS *Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

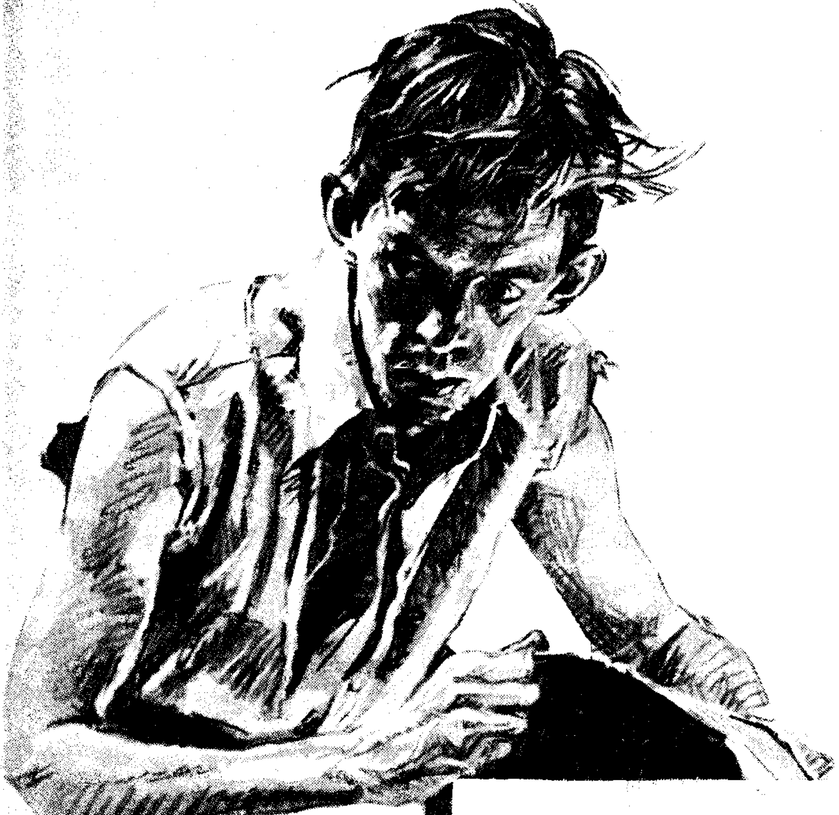


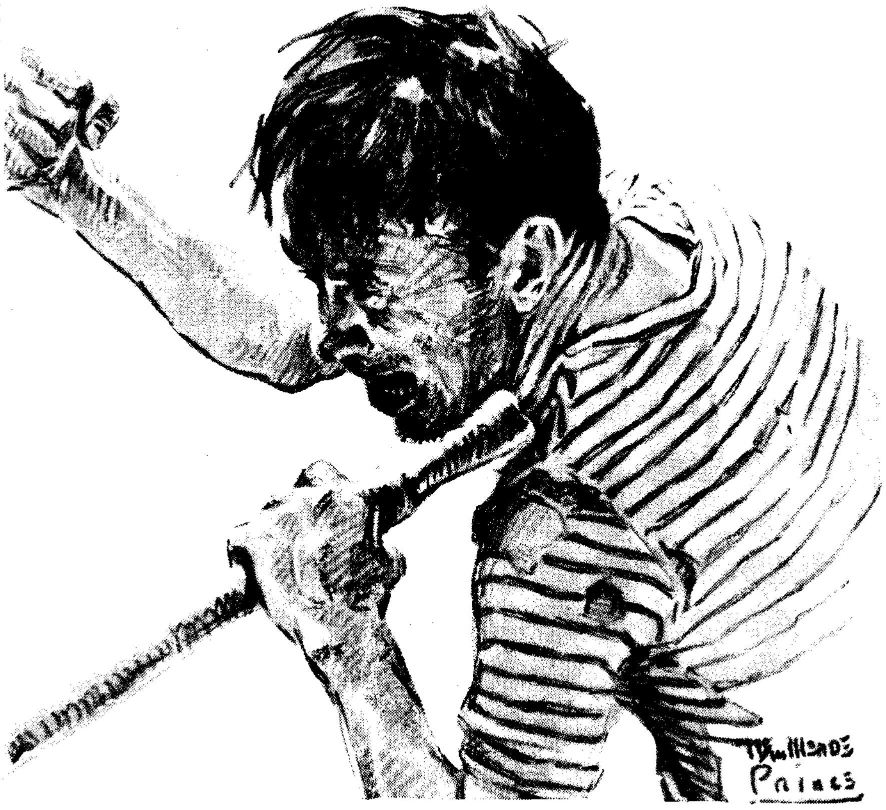
Shark Meat

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

You might not think it, but there are times when a hungry shark comes in handy





THERE was sea, and there was sky, and there were waves, and all were pitiless. But the men in the boat found hatred only for a shark. Perhaps because the others were impersonal in their lack of mercy, while the shark grew insolent. Today he had circled the small boat deliberately, almost nudging it as he went across its bows. He was growing weary of waiting and he was sardonically aware of the men's helplessness. Also, it takes much food to keep eighteen feet of sleek deadliness in good humor. The shark was growing peevish—and he was bigger than the boat.

The boat was possibly fourteen feet long, salt-streaked and already having an appearance of the antique. The sail was shabby and glittering with salt crystals. The fraying, improvised stays had a white incrustation. The tattered garments of the men were stiffened and abrasive. Their skin, exposed to the sun, was reddened and blistered. Beneath their rags, it was scratched and irritated. Wherever their movements did not rub it off, the wood of the boat had a whitish, moldy-seeming bloom of dried sea water. More sea water sloshed erratically among the bottom boards, and waves licked at the lower edge of the boomed-out sail. Yet other waves stretched out in a heaving confusion to the horizon the men occasionally saw.

MOSTLY, though, they watched for the shark. They had no hope of sighting any ship, and therefore did not need to watch the distant waters. The wind was dead astern, so they did not need to row. The shark was their present danger. If they could live longer than it was possible to live, and if the boat sailed faster than it was possible to sail, and if their navigation was more accurate than a small boat makes possible—why, they had a chance. They might reach a small island marked "Position Doubtful" on the charts, and on that island they could probably starve more comfortably than in the boat. There would be no other advantage. But the men hated the shark because he threatened that small triumph.

His fin split the water, only yards from the boat he dwarfed. The man at the steering oar said:

"There's Oscar."

They had given him a name at the beginning, when they were still capable of jest. The man who had seemed to drowse now cursed the shark in a hoarse, croaking voice. The third man said nothing. He regarded the shark with abstracted eyes, chewing and sucking automatically upon something in his mouth. It was a nail, and once upon a time he had believed that it eased his thirst. All three of the men were scarecrows. The sun had scorched them, drawing the moisture remorselessly from their bodies. The fat was gone from beneath their skins, so that stringy muscles showed with a stark clarity in their infrequent movements. Their eyes were sunk in their heads. Their lips were cracked and bluish.

"He'd ought to get discouraged any time now," said the man at the steering oar, unconvincingly. "We musta made a lotta distance since yesterday. He'll get tired, maybe."

There was no answer. The drowsy man ceased his profane croaking and watched the shark with hate-filled eyes. The third man chewed and sucked monotonously upon the nail.

"We made a hell of a lotta distance," repeated the man at the steering oar. "We been goin' full speed all the time."

The drowsy man croaked:

"Yeah? What good does that do?"

"Oscar'll get tired, maybe," said the man at the steering oar, without conviction. "Anyhow, we're still goin' places."

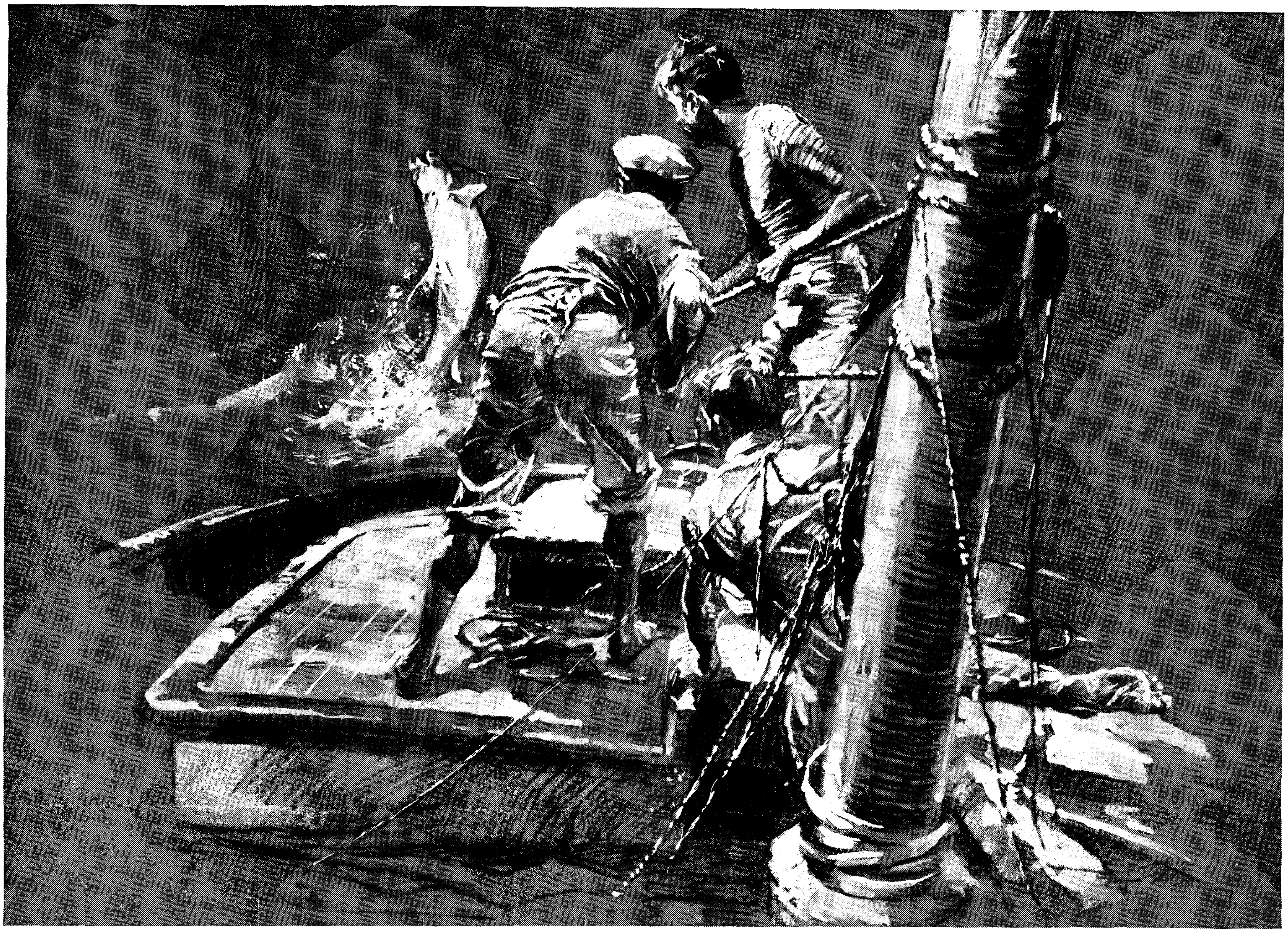
"What places?"

The man at the steering oar did not answer. Oscar went on ahead. They saw his dorsal fin vanish beyond wave crests. A wave, surging from behind the boat, lifted up the stern and heaved it roughly onward. The boat swept forward. Another wave came from astern and heaved the boat up and forward. And another. And another. The men did not notice. Exactly the same process had been taking place, day in and day out, for so long a time that they had lost count of it.

OSCAR returned, swimming fast. He came so close that through the shimmering, utterly clear green water they could see every detail of his sleek length. Tiny ripples made his image waver irregularly, but they saw his piglike eyes. He slowed alongside the boat.

The man with hate-filled eyes—he had been dozing—cursed him again in a croaking voice. The man who chewed and sucked the nail leaned forward deliberately. He put his hand over the side. He splashed water at the shark. Oscar moved away.

"You hadn't ought to do that," said the man at the steering oar. "He's gettin' plenty nervy. I've seen sharks snap



They squealed hoarsely in malevolent delight. They watched square rods of surface torn to foam

at oars in the water. So've you. He knows we can't do nothin'. Suppose he took a notion to snap at y' hand when y' splashed at him?"

There was no need to answer. The boat was a small one. It had been a captain's dinghy, designed for service in smooth harbor waters. It had no business out here in the open South Pacific anyhow. Its freeboard was low. If the shark snapped at a man's hand over its gunwale, he would swamp it.

Something came fluttering over the waves. A sea gull. It careened sharply and shot upward on arching wings, squawking its astonishment at sight of the men. It wheeled and flapped away.

"Now, that's encouragin'," said the man at the steering oar. "That was a gull."

Neither of the others stirred. One chewed and sucked automatically upon the nail, his eyes fixed upon nothing whatever. The other drooped in his seat, seeming to try to drowse as if sleep could be used as anesthesia against hunger and thirst and hatred of the shark.

"Where there's a sea gull," said the man at the stern, "there's bound to be fish. For him to eat. An' if there's fish for him to eat, there's bigger ones to eat them too, an' bigger ones to eat them, an' Oscar'll be huntin' himself somethin' else besides us for his dinner before long."

Again there was no answer. The man at the steering oar was trying to convince himself, and the others knew it. The boat sailed on. There were moments when from it there could be seen nothing but moving green walls of water. But the thoughts of all the men remained fixed upon the shark.

He came upward from blue depths. Lazily. Insolently. His nose, when his fin broke water, was a bare yard behind the counter. He kept effortless pace with the boat. Presently he moved. The boat shuddered suddenly. He had scraped its bottom. Deliberately. The sensation was horrible. For many days—it seemed for centuries—the boat had floated as an unstable atom upon a liquid universe. The blow of the shark's body, the impact of an outside solidness, was paralyzing.

NONE of the three men spoke. The man at the steering oar gripped it hard. The drowsy man held fast to his seat, his face contorted with a despairing hatred. The third man ceased, for a moment, to chew and suck upon the nail.

But nothing happened. Perhaps a bucketful of water came in over the gunwale as a result of the bump. It may be that the actual contact with a man-made object was as startling and in part as disconcerting to the shark as to the men. He sank. Presently the third man bent over and painfully bailed out the boat.

The drowsy man cursed horribly. His hands shook with his hatred. His whole body quivered. Because *if* they could live longer than was possible, and *if* the boat sailed faster than it could, and *if* their navigation was accurate—which it was not—and *if* an island marked "Position Doubtful" was where the charts showed it—why, they had a chance to reach land and starve on shore instead of in the water. And the shark threatened this high privilege.

"We—uh—we got to do somethin'," said the man at the steering oar anxiously. "We got to put a scare in him somehow."

The drowsy man said bitterly:

"Le's all make faces at him nex' time we see him!"

The third man continued to chew and suck at the dry nail in his mouth. He seemed absorbed in thought. He had seated himself upon the floor boards so that his back was braced by the side of the boat. He yielded completely to the motions of the waves. Sometimes his abstracted eyes gazed deeply into welling walls of greenish water. Sometimes they gazed unseeingly up into limitless sky. Sometimes they ranged across an illimitable space of tumbling, heaving water.

"I—I guess," said the man at the steering oar, "we got to splash at him. But—uh—le's throw water with the bail. He can snap at that an' no harm done."

The drowsy man—no longer drowsy—folded his arms. The third man chewed and sucked automatically. His eyes, though, ceased gradually to be abstracted. He moved his head. He looked, and waited until the movement of the boat permitted him to see again in the same direction. He stared again, and again. Then he extended a skinny arm, on which stringy muscles stood out in horrible relief.

"Gulls," he said in a husky voice. "Look!"

The others stared in their turn. There was a little congregation of gulls, distant a mile or more. They hovered above some unseen thing in the water.

A WAVE came from astern and shoved the boat roughly. It passed on, forward, and for a space the boat lay in the trough. Then another wave came. It was no less rough in its handling of the boat. The men did not notice. . . . Presently they saw the gulls a second time. There were not many of them. No more than a dozen or so. And it was unquestionable that their flight had no look of eagerness. They were too widely scattered to indicate foodstuff afloat upon the sea.

"There's somethin' there," said the man at the steering oar anxiously. "I wisht I knew what it was."

A huge, triangular dorsal fin broke water a dozen yards away. The drowsy man, hate-filled, tried to spit toward it. He failed.

"What's th' difference?" he demanded bitterly.

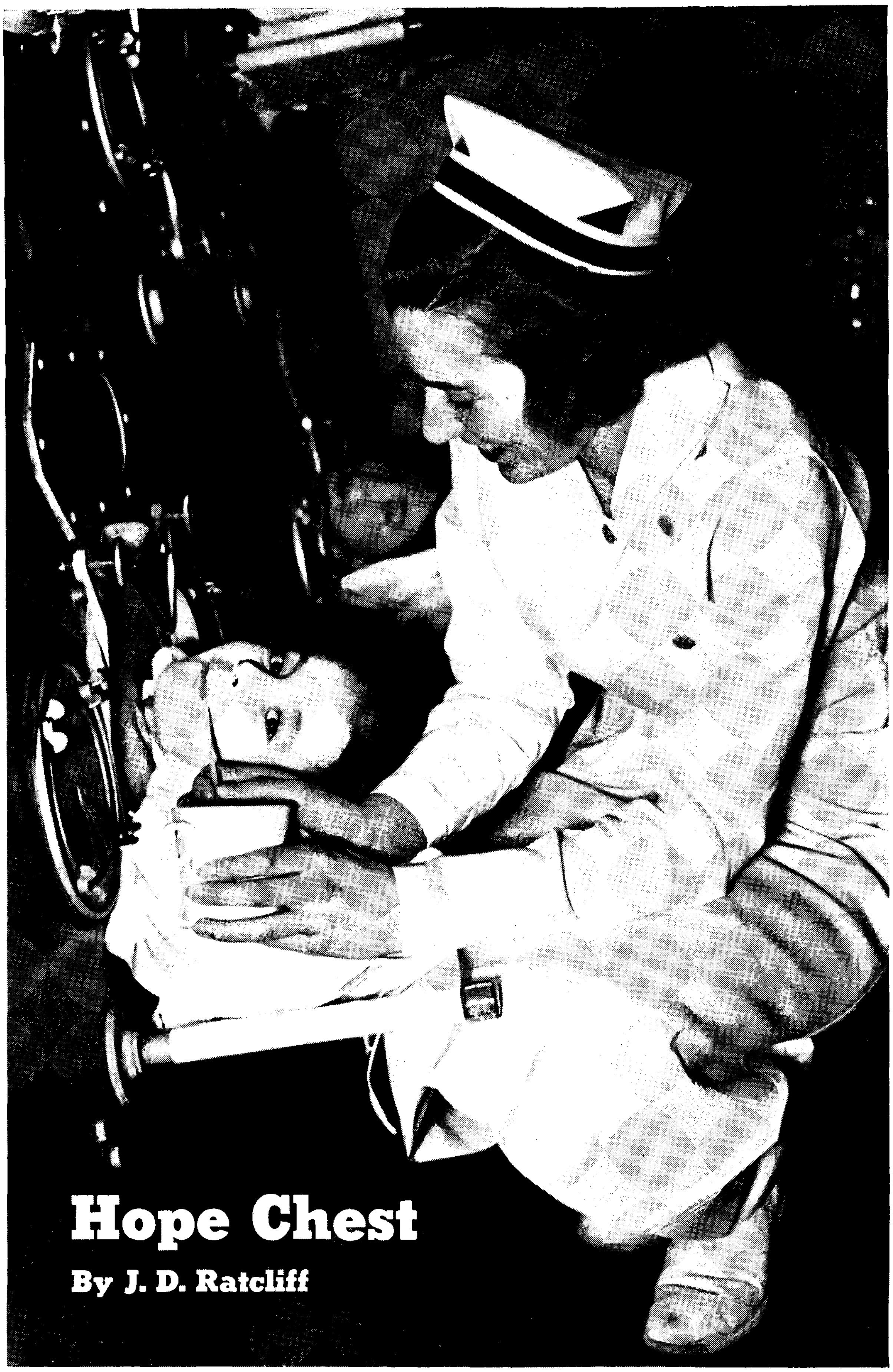
"It might mean a lotta difference," said the man at the steering oar hopefully. "A lotta difference. If it was somethin' for Oscar to eat, now, he might stick around eatin' it an' leave us be."

"He'd ha' smelled it by now," said the drowsy man bitterly, "an' if it was somethin' to eat I'd fight 'im for it, anyways."

The man at the steering oar was painfully anxious to hope.

"Maybe it's somethin' that ain't dead

(Continued on page 30)



Hope Chest

By J. D. Ratcliff

AN IRON lung looks like a cylindrical metal casket with a lot of plumbing on it. When operating, it makes a noise like the ventilating fan in a restaurant window. It's an interesting piece of machinery for one lone reason: it saves the lives of people who would *have* to die if there were no iron lung available. Get that straight—not people who might die, but people who would *have* to die.

Anything that will knock your breathing apparatus out of kilter—and there are a dozen things that will—can make you a prospective tenant of one of these respirators. Suppose, for example, that you have sucked into your nose a few of the submicroscopic organisms that cause infantile paralysis.

The virus works its way through the olfactory nerve—the nerve of smell—around the brain, and into the spinal column. In the spine the microbes begin to eat at the little "horn" cells on the backbone—the little nubs where nerves feed into the main line of the body's telegraph system.

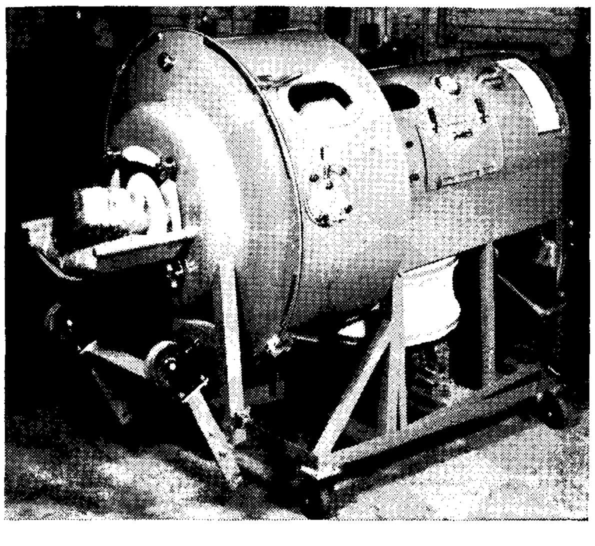
If the germs do their work sufficiently well, they destroy the nerve links. A doctor can detect this easily. He simply pinches a patient's thigh, arm, or toe. "Feel that?" he'll ask. Maybe the patient will wearily mumble: "Feel what?" The doctor will try to pass off his own question as a bit of medical foolishness. But to him the patient's answer tells a bitter story: paralysis is on the march.

If the march progresses toward the chest, there is every likelihood that the muscles that make the chest rhythmically rise and fall, the muscles that enable living creatures to breathe, will be affected. And, when they cease to get the messages that keep this miraculous process going day and night, they simply stop working. Then, within a few minutes, the patient dies. He did, that is, until the iron lung came along.

Today the story doesn't necessarily have a tragic ending. For, if the stricken person happens to be in a big hospital that has one of these bulky respirators tucked away in a storeroom, the doctor will order it out as soon as he detects any sign of chest-muscle paralysis. Nurses will slide the patient into the chamber, pull his head through a rubber collar at one end, and start the motor going. A miraculously simple miracle begins working.

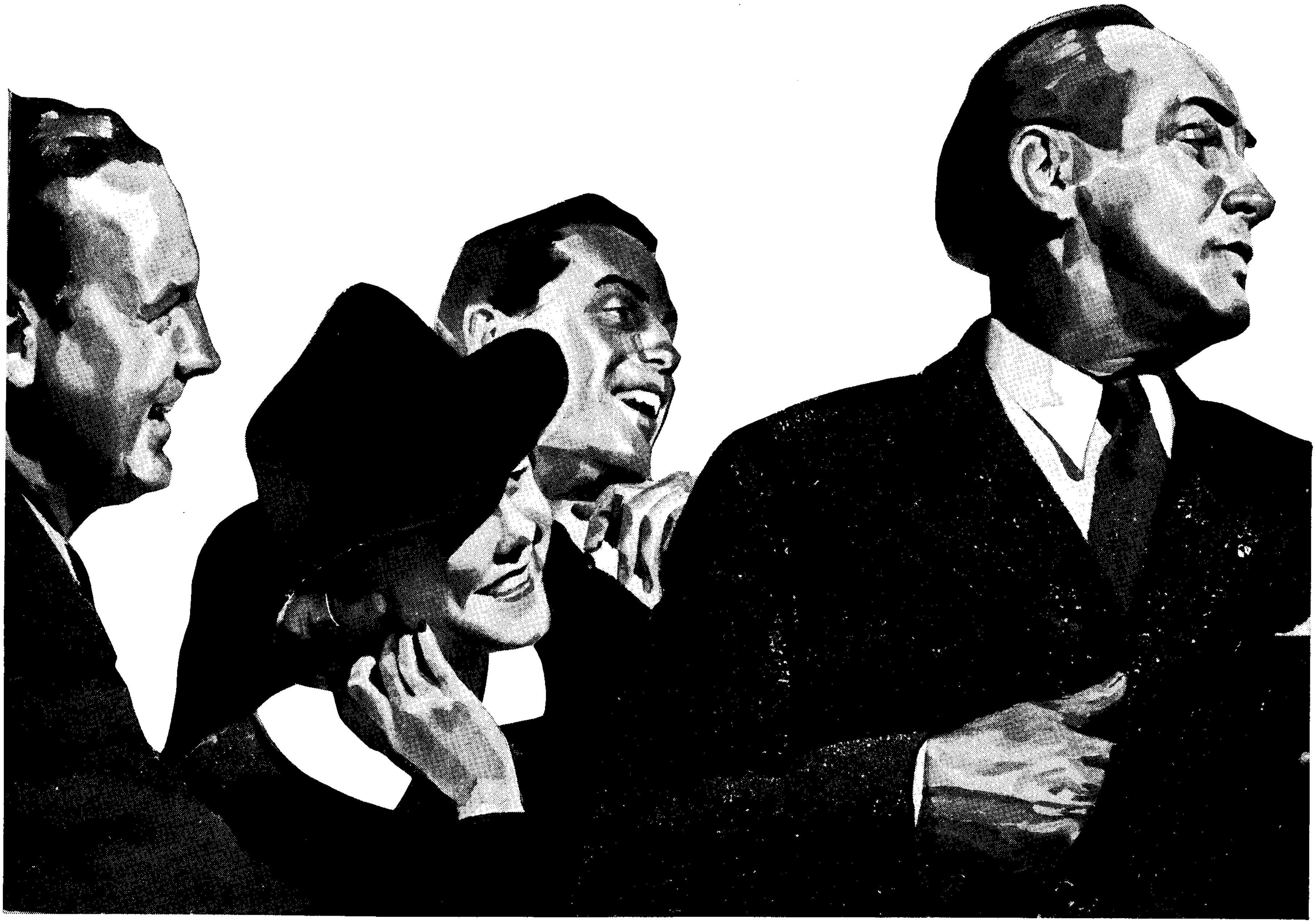
Understand the construction of the human chest and lungs and you'll understand the operation of the mechanical breather. The lungs hang in a cavity in which there is a partial vacuum. When a message slithers along a certain set of nerve fibers ordering muscles to expand the chest, the cavity in which the lungs hang is enlarged. To fill this extra space the lungs themselves have to inflate. And as they do, they suck air in through nose or mouth. That's all there is to breathing.

When this mechanism goes on the blink and the muscles don't do their work any more, the iron lung gets its chance. Hospital attendants must work rapidly and efficiently. If they can't get air into the sick person's lungs within six minutes of his last breath, it might be better for them not to get it there at all. For, after those six minutes, oxygen-starved brain cells begin to break down and the patient—if he is revived—will probably spend (*Continued on page* 47)



Above is the room-size respirator in Boston's Children's Hospital, here literally supplying the breath of life to these cheerful child patients, who must live in it until paralyzed muscles can be made to resume the job of breathing. At the left is one of the latest types of "iron lung," one of the several hundred that are in daily use in America

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



There was an amused stir—for she really looked very funny—but not the slightest alarm

Party on the Stage

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Only a woman with a gun could make Hilary Blake forget that he was an actor

AS THE lift at Leicester Square tube station filled before its ascent Elizabeth Cory edged into a position opposite the mirror. A new hat, bought and put on in the shop half an hour earlier, was causing her—as such hats will—both pride and anxiety: it was a nice hat, an expensive hat, but did it really suit her? Was she wearing it at the proper angle? Was the tuft of fur, so cunningly poised above the right eye, just a shade too dashing?

"Father's going to loathe it," reflected Elizabeth; but the thought did not distress her. If anything, it cheered her up, since her parent's taste in millinery was always two years behind the times and unenterprising at that. Moreover, the hat with the fur hadn't been bought to impress Mr. Cory; it had been bought to impress a very different sort of person indeed.

Hilary Blake, the rising star of the English theater, was giving a party on the stage to celebrate the successful launching of his latest play; and out of the kindness of his heart he had invited Elizabeth Cory.

"Hilary Blake," murmured Elizabeth under her breath, as the lift began to rise. What did she call him now—Hilary, or Mr. Blake? In the old days of the Southolt Amateur Dramatic it had been Hilary as a matter of course, even though he played Antonio while she, still in the sixth form, counted herself lucky with the part of Jessica; but now that he was a star indeed, with his name on all the busses, she feared to seem overintimate.

A young woman more familiar with theatrical manners would of course have found safety in the impersonal "darling;" but Elizabeth was not so familiar, and the problem was a real one. Standing there before the glass—and really the hat was very successful!—she decided for "Mr. Blake," at any rate unless he should first address her as "Lisbeth." That had been his special name for her, though of course it didn't mean anything, since he had special names for everyone. He had called Portia "Terry" instead of Teresa, and Nerissa "Kate" instead of Catherine; and that didn't mean anything either . . .

At this point in her meditations—and so fast does thought travel that the lift was still moving—Elizabeth jumped. For here in the mirror, as though summoned up by the power of memory, showed the reflected faces, one on each side of her own, of Catherine Holywell and Teresa Dunn.

Even in that moment of utter astonishment, she was able to observe that both wore new hats.

"Elizabeth!"

It was Catherine who spoke first, Catherine with her eyebrows raised to the level of her new black hatbrim. Teresa, always a little slow on the uptake, merely stared.

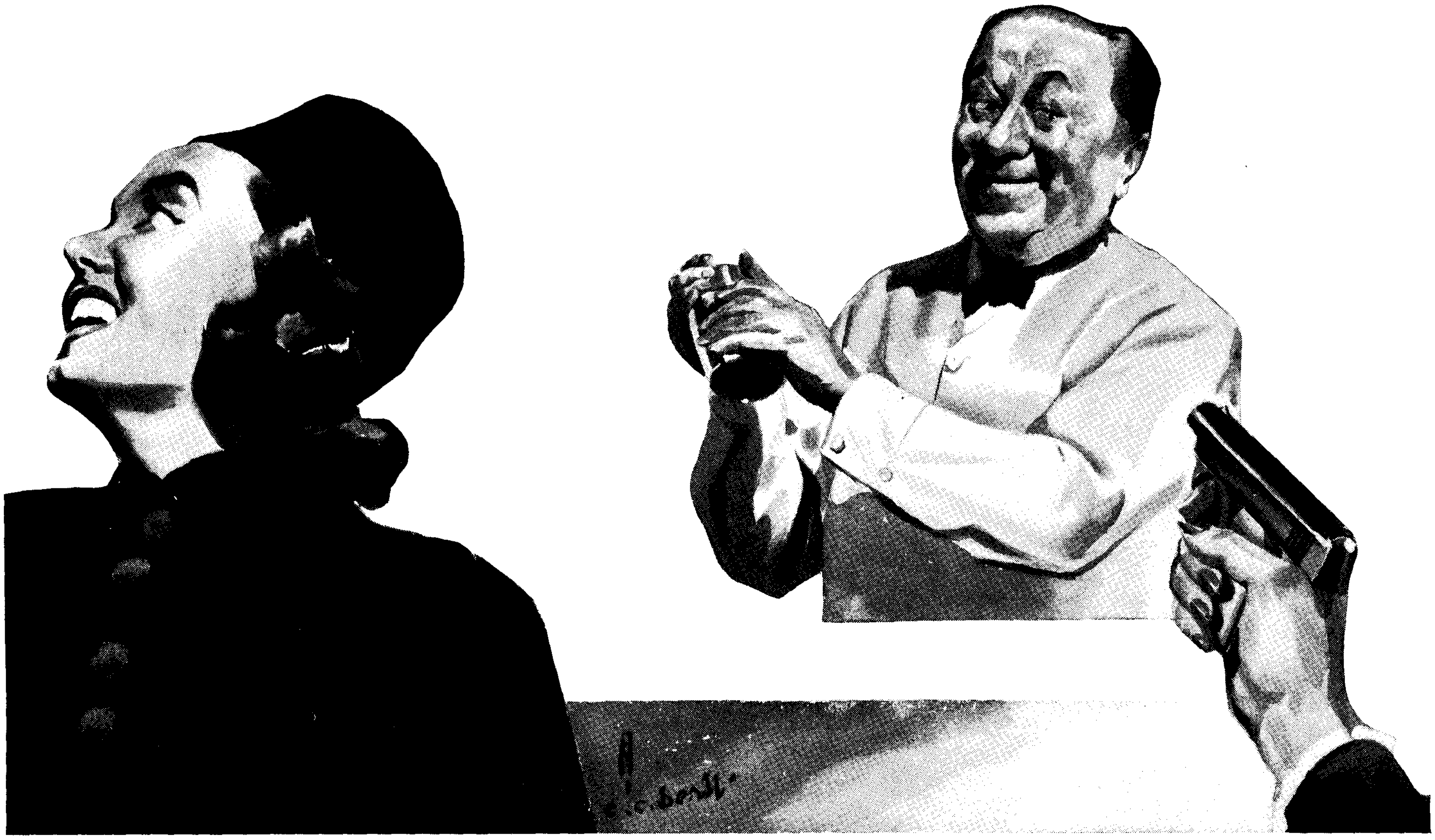
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Elizabeth, turning round. "I haven't seen you for years!"

"Not since The Merchant of Venice," agreed Miss Holywell. "Where are you going?"

"To the Playbox," Elizabeth told her, not without pride. "To a party given by Hilary Blake."

"So are we," said Miss Holywell; and the lift came to a stop.

The three young women stepped out and took a good look at one another. It was seven years since Elizabeth had seen either of the other two, and she was



surprised to find Catherine, now nearly thirty, much more attractive than at twenty-two. Teresa had simply got lumpier than ever, and her new hat was little short of disastrous; but Catherine! Well-groomed, much slimmer, she carried herself like a mannequin and spoke with a calm, low-voiced assurance that was most impressive.

"We're too early," she said, at once taking the lead. "Come and have a drink first."

"Where?" asked Elizabeth uncertainly. She wasn't used to going and having drinks in that casual manner; besides, the invitation had said four-thirty, and it was already twenty-five minutes past.

"At my club. It's quite near."

That settled it. The possession of a club gave Miss Holywell an immediate moral superiority. Elizabeth had never entered one in her life, and was very willing to make the experiment. Teresa, who was not consulted, meekly fell into step.

They had not far to go. Miss Holywell's club—the Six Muses—was just round the corner, in Newport Street, and it quite came up to Elizabeth's expectations. There was a porter in uniform, and a wicket marked "Inquiries," and a lobby big enough to be called a lounge, decorated in buff and blue. On the board for telephone messages, moreover, were actually two slips addressed to Miss Holywell, which gave Elizabeth a pleasing sense of her cicerone's importance. Catherine twitched them down and with a brief apology hastened toward the phone.

"What does Catherine do?" asked Elizabeth with interest, as she and Teresa moved obediently into the lounge.

"She's a photographer," said Teresa, "frightfully smart and expensive. Haven't you heard of Holly's, in Bruton Street?"

Elizabeth had. She had seen the name Holly quite often, under society and theatrical photographs in the illustrated weeklies; and she was deeply thrilled.

"Tell me all about it!" she begged. "How did she begin?"

"With those photographs of Hilary Blake," said Teresa, "in The Merchant of Venice. One of the Southolt papers published them, and that started her off."

ELIZABETH naturally wanted to hear more. She loved hearing about careers, and often considered having one of her own, if only she could decide on its precise nature. But Teresa seemed to be in an uncommunicative mood; she dropped into one of the blue armchairs and relapsed into silence. Her new hat was now on the back of her head, and as she sat there clutching her enormous, bulging handbag she looked as though she had just put in a hard day at the summer sales.

"She's *dreadful!*" thought Elizabeth, half in pity, half in distaste. Teresa always was a lump, but in the old days at Southolt she had at least a certain energy and character; she had been given the part of Portia—as everyone knew—because her father was churchwarden; but she played it rather well. . . . Elizabeth's thoughts slipped easily back to that long-ago time: she had relived it so often that every detail was still fresh in her mind. Clearest of all was the moment—how could she ever forget it?—when Hilary Blake had found her alone, in the half-darkness, on the little fire-escape behind the church hall . . .

For Hilary Blake had kissed her, leaning down, superb in his bright silks, with his great black cloak drooping romantically about him; and though other young men had kissed her since, she had never again felt the same emotion. In a way it was unfortunate, since some of the young men were very nice, and one at least wanted to marry her; but Elizabeth couldn't help making disastrous comparisons. They hadn't a chance; how could they have, when the most thrilling moments of her life were still those when she sat in the pit, and watched Hilary making love on the stage, and thought, "He once kissed *me!*"

She saw every play he appeared in, and always sent a telegram for his first nights, so he hadn't really gone out of her life at all; and she hadn't quite gone out of his, or he would never have invited her to his party on the stage . . .

Only—why had he asked Teresa too? To invite Catherine was natural enough, since she was now evidently a person of note and importance; but why dumpy, dowdy, poor old Teresa Dunn?

"It's just that he's such a dear," thought Elizabeth. "He was always nice to everyone."

At that moment Miss Holywell appeared from the hall, pausing on her way to give an order for three dry sherries. She joined the others, sank gracefully down, and fixed a disapproving eye on Miss Dunn's head.

"Teresa! Can't you do something about your hat?"

Teresa's hands went up, her bag slipped from her knees and fell with a thud to the floor. It made such a noise—it sounded as though there was something heavy and hard inside—that Elizabeth started. Teresa plunged forward and picked it up, dropping as she did so her gloves and umbrella. She always was clumsy.

"Your *hat,*" repeated Miss Holywell severely. "Also your hair. For heaven's sake do something!"

"I've just had it waved," Teresa protested.

"I can see you have. They've left about twenty-six hairpins in. If you go through that door you'll find a cloakroom. Take the hairpins out, do your hair again, and try to make your hat stay over the right eye."

MISS DUNN sulkily arose, collected her belongings, and made a plunge for the indicated door. As it slammed behind her a waiter appeared with the sherry.

"Your health," said Miss Holywell. "I'm very glad we met."

Elizabeth flushed with pleasure.

"Because I have a nasty feeling," continued Miss Holywell, drinking, "that dear Teresa is going to make a scene."

"A scene?" Elizabeth did not quite understand. "You mean—at the party?"

"At Hilary Blake's party. I think," said Miss Holywell calmly, "that she's going to try to shoot him."

It was some moments before Elizabeth got her breath back.

"*Teresa?*" she gasped at last. "But—why?"

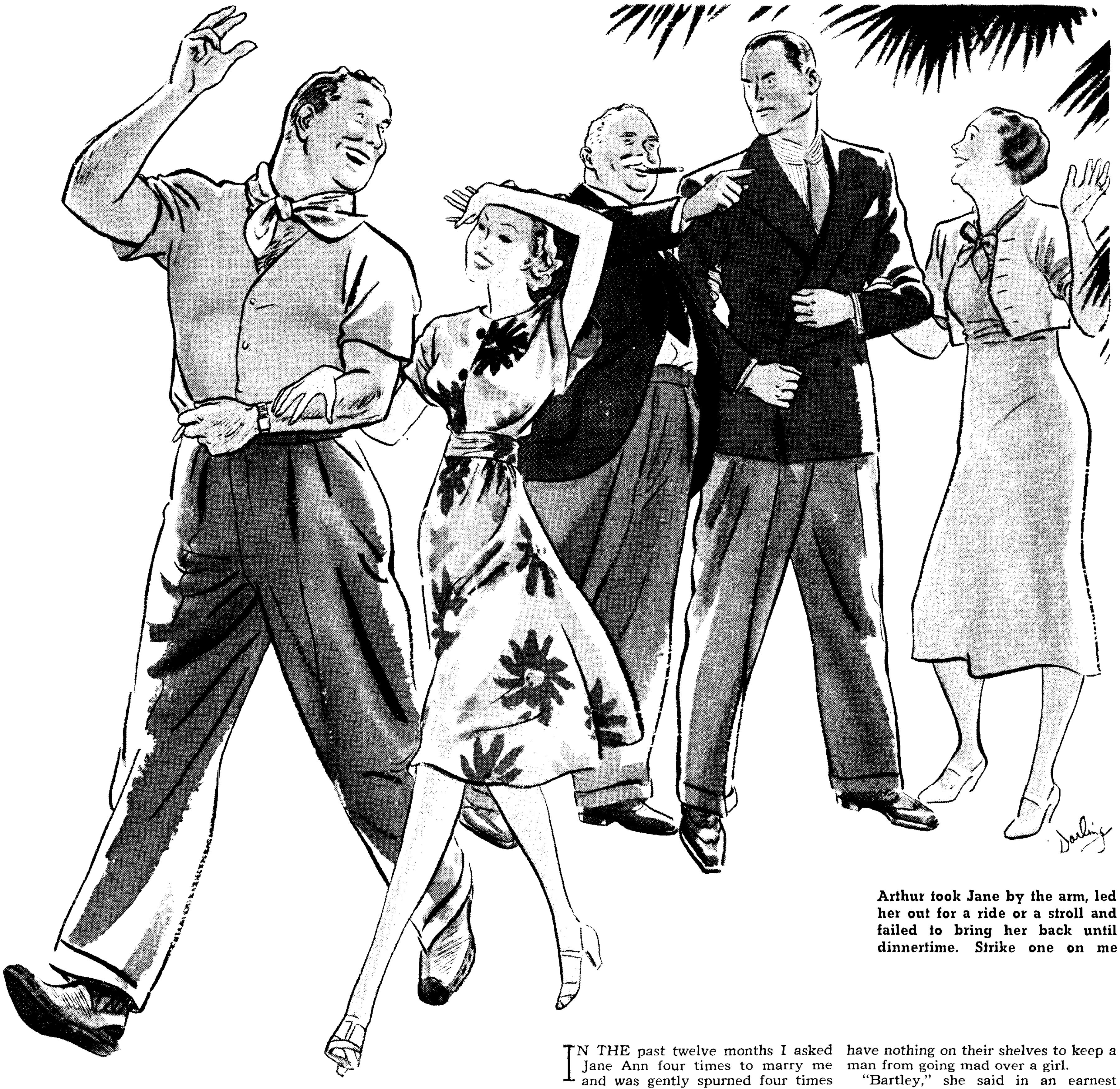
"Well, she's got a pistol in her bag," said Miss Holywell. "We met at Green Park, and I saw it when she took her money out for the fare. She always was clumsy."

"But why should she want to shoot Hilary?"

Miss Holywell smiled.

"Of course, you were too young to spot it. I remember you so well—sixteen, and a babe in arms! Lucky you were, too, or he might have done more

(Continued on page 82)



Arthur took Jane by the arm, led her out for a ride or a stroll and failed to bring her back until dinnertime. Strike one on me

Maid by the Moon

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

In other words, rain can't drown love

IN THE past twelve months I asked Jane Ann four times to marry me and was gently spurned four times—no hits, no runs, four errors. . . . I offered her my hand in holy wedlock once in New York, once in Chicago, once in an elevator and once holding her coat. These eloquent and repeated pleas of mine had no more effect on Jane Ann than earnest words spoken to a traffic cop with pencil poised. Water off a duck's back, and with the coming of spring I was inclined to be moody and discouraged.

In the midst of my gloom, Jane Ann rang me on the phone and invited me to take her out to lunch at Sardo's. She does this frequently, especially when not having any lunch money of her own.

"Certainly," I replied. "Come on over and meet me at the bank."

She appeared in a resplendent blue outfit, with a sailfish hat apparently tacked onto her right ear, and we sallied forth for lunch. Every time I see Jane, I fall in love with her all over again like a demented simpleton and nothing can be done about that. You can take anti-rabies injections, but the drugstores have nothing on their shelves to keep a man from going mad over a girl.

"Bartley," she said in an earnest voice, "I'm horribly worried about Dad and Mother. Dad's got the asthma or the croup and Mother's so nervous she can't sleep a wink and is irritable beyond words. They're both in bad shape and neither one will even look at a doctor. And pretty soon I'll break down."

I KNOW the elder Rosses and they should be extravagantly healthy. Jane Ann herself is as sound as two walnuts and never even had the mumps. I leaned back and pretended to think hard. I furrowed the old brow and cogitated.

"Jane," I said, "there is only one thing to do. Take them both down to Palm Springs on the desert. Prop 'em up in two chairs where the sun can sizzle 'em. They'll be leaping over cactuses in three days."

Instantly her beautiful eyes lighted up, and when Jane Ann lights up her eyes, you're looking at something no money can buy.

"Why didn't I think of that myself?" she cried.

"Because you are not smart like I am and have very little native intelligence. Will the old folks consent to Palm Springs and the desert sun?"

"Will they! They'll love it. Besides, I'm dying to go myself."

"Then calm yourself one minute while I telephone. There is an especially lovely house down there among the sagebrush, exactly what you want. I'll see if I can snag it."

I telephoned Dave Morton, who dabbles in desert homes, and asked him if we could rent the Wilbur place for a week or two. In three minutes I was back with Jane.

"You can start tomorrow," I told her. "Everything in the Wilbur house is in shape and it's ideal. Lucky you came to me about this problem. Go on home and begin packing up and when you're settled down there you might give me a ring."

The object of my tender thoughts thanked me and twenty-four hours later the Ross family was snugly tucked away in the Wilbur mansion and I might as well confess here that the Wilbur house idea was a cunning scheme on my part. True enough, I sympathized and wished the Rosses to recover from minor megrims and it is a fact that Palm Springs works miracles for ailing persons. But that was not entirely the point.

I was thinking of Jane Ann and me. I was determined to take one more wallop and beg Jane once again to be my lawful bride and pour my coffee mornings. A new and interesting method of attack had come to me and I purposed to give it a fair trial; hence Palm Springs and the big Wilbur joint.

I don't know if you have ever been down on the desert around Palm Springs. . . . If you were ever there during certain seasons, you will be bound to remember one notable spectacle—the moonlight. Now there is moonlight everywhere—on the rolling sea—in the mountains—over in Africa—on the wheat fields of Canada and in Java; but nowhere else in the whole wide world is there moonlight like that of Palm Springs. It is especially distilled by a kindly providence and its striking and immediate effect is upon young persons, particularly damsels pausing timidly upon the doorstep of womanhood. Not that Jane Ann is any young damsel pausing timidly, for she does not pause anywhere.

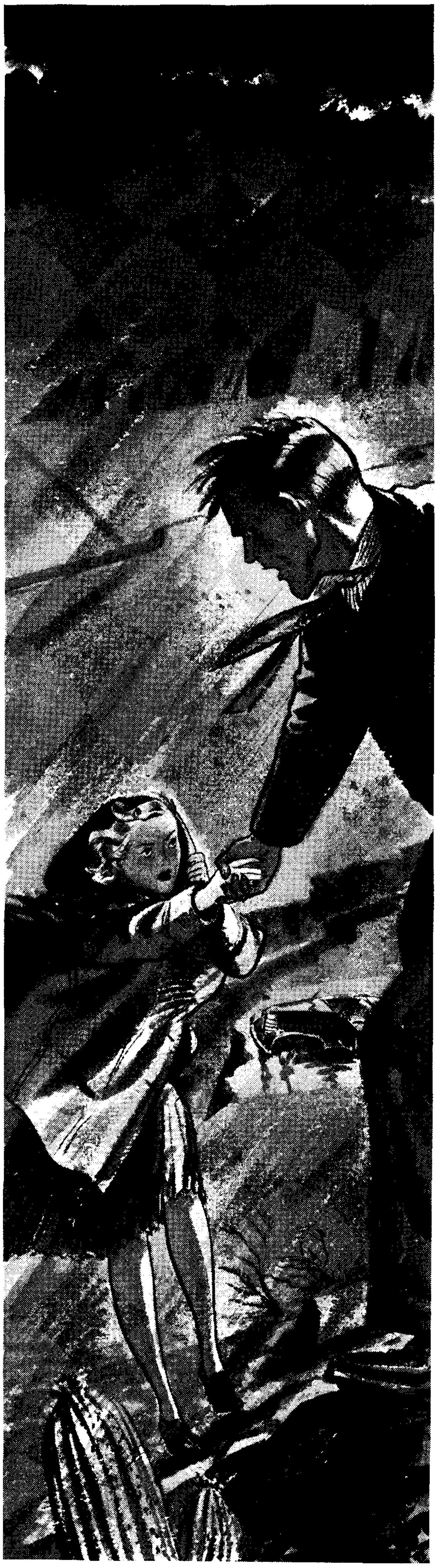
I have seen strangers—and total strangers, too—meet at noon in some hotel lobby, meet again at dusk, stroll slowly into the desert under the magic moon and come forth betrothed, hopelessly in love and bound for the nearest altar. Not once have I beheld this phenomenon, but many, many times. A saying local to the community is: "If you can't find yourself a girl in Palm Springs, then you can't find yourself a girl anywhere."

ON THE morning Jane telephoned, I had been mulling things over, wondering how I could lure her down among the pretty desert flowers, for it was my definite purpose to lead her forth under the witching desert moon, let it simmer into her consciousness and beg her to share my fate. It was now full moon in Palm Springs. The asthma and nervous breakdown suited me to a T. Fate was playing into my hands, with that gleaming and platterlike moon crawling across the sky; and every night in Palm Springs, boy was tenderly asking girl and girl was shyly making answer, leaving boy all jittery with desert ecstasy. Ideal, it was.

Another item must be mentioned at this point and I mention it with a reluctance amounting almost to loathing. I refer to Arthur Trimble, the former left end and present gasbag. An old acquaintance of mine, he regards himself as Nature's gift to femininity and the handsomest man in all California. His chest has not been in for six years and he firmly believes that when he saunters down the street on a sunny afternoon, females young and old freeze in their tracks, have palpitation of the heart and only the native timidity of the sex keeps them from ganging up on him and strewing carnations.

In this theory, Arthur is mistaken, wrong, null and void. He is a large, hairy, stout fellow with prominent ears, an ex-football player with the nimble mind of a 'Pagos turtle. He didn't even get through college, but was thrown out a window in the last earthquake and never went back. I like him in a negative way, and can get along without him, the same as I can manage without creamed cabbage. The shocking fact is that Jane Ann Ross admires him immensely and swears he looks more distinguished in evening clothes than any man she ever saw.

Never have I considered Arthur in the light of a rival, but he often annoys me with his ill-judged jabberings. No doubt he has spoken of love and marriage to Jane, that being one of his topics, and it would be strange indeed if he hadn't. Many young punks propose the first time they meet her, so she's used to it and has learned to handle these incompleted passes without leaving scars.



We began climbing, moving up the side of a ravine

They moved into the Wilbur diggings on Wednesday and I phoned down next morning.

"It is the darlingest place in the world," Jane purred. "It's exquisite. Father and Mother are mending fast. Mother slept ten hours last night and Dad's playing tennis with the Chinese cook. We're going to have a housewarming over the week end and you're to be here. No excuses."

"I was coming down, whether you invited me or not," I answered serenely. "Fascinating place, isn't it, the desert?"

"I never want to go home again. Get here early Saturday afternoon. And thanks so much, darling."

That darling didn't mean a thing, as she uses it freely on everybody, including her Peke and parrot.

AT ELEVEN Saturday morning, I was sitting behind my usual desk at the bank when in came Arthur Trimble in a span-new outfit of garments. He looked offensively well-dressed and on the loud side.

"Hello, stupid," he began in the jovial roar that fools nobody and never fooled me. I greeted him politely and he chatted along.

"This is a day to make a man glad he's alive. What magnificent weather! What sunshine! What a sky! And what a week end I have ahead of me! Going down to Palm Springs and spend the fleeting hours with little Jane Ann. How do you like that, banker?"

I didn't like it. I would have been equally pleased to learn that we were going to have a decayed whale with us over the three days, but there is little use wasting human emotions on a clod like Arthur.

"It may interest you," I said coldly, "to know I also will spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ross."

"Oh, you horned in too? Well, it may turn out all right anyhow."

"It will undoubtedly turn out all right. Nature has a way of taking care of these things."

"And," he added with a sly smile, "I may have a bit of interesting news for you, Barty, when we get back to town Monday."

He said this with a significant leer. I told you he was a sap.

They say in books that a man in love is rarely just in his opinions, is easily upset by trifling mishaps and has a boiling point of approximately 35. There was no doubt about my being deeply in love with Jane Ann, for I had been that way a long time, and when a man is in love with the same girl over a sizable period, it becomes a definite and perceptible ailment or manifestation, the same as if you had an earache or a couple of broken legs. I mean to say there is no sensible questioning of an obvious fact. She knew it. I knew it. I was in love as intensely as a person can be and still add up figures in a bank; and I was further convinced that Jane Ann either loved me in return or would love me if she would give herself a chance and quit making humorous cracks.

She loves to be funny, although she is not invariably so. When in her presence I often feel slightly numb, like when you sit on your foot a while and suddenly try to walk. It is not an unpleasant numbness, but is in fact rather enjoyable. I once spoke to Jane and asked if she ever felt a trifle numb in my presence.

"I do not," said she. "I have never felt numb, and are you sure you mean numb?"

Just the same, every time we met anew and Jane shook hands I could hear faint buzzing sounds, as if angels were whispering, and little needles seemed to be jabbing me. Scientists have a name for this and would like to get in on it themselves, but cannot because of their advanced years.

THERE is no use trying to describe Jane for the simple reason that the human mind staggers in hopeless confusion at the mere notion. She is unique, like that three-headed canary they found in Tibet. If you were to meet four or five hundred pretty girls and began to recognize a dim similarity in them all, and if you were then to meet Jane Ann Ross, it would be much like dining on raw carrots for two years, and nothing but raw carrots, and finally sitting down to a Lucullan feast, beginning with Norway herring and crabs and winding up with French squabs, white wine from Spain, pickled walnuts and peaches buried in ice cream.

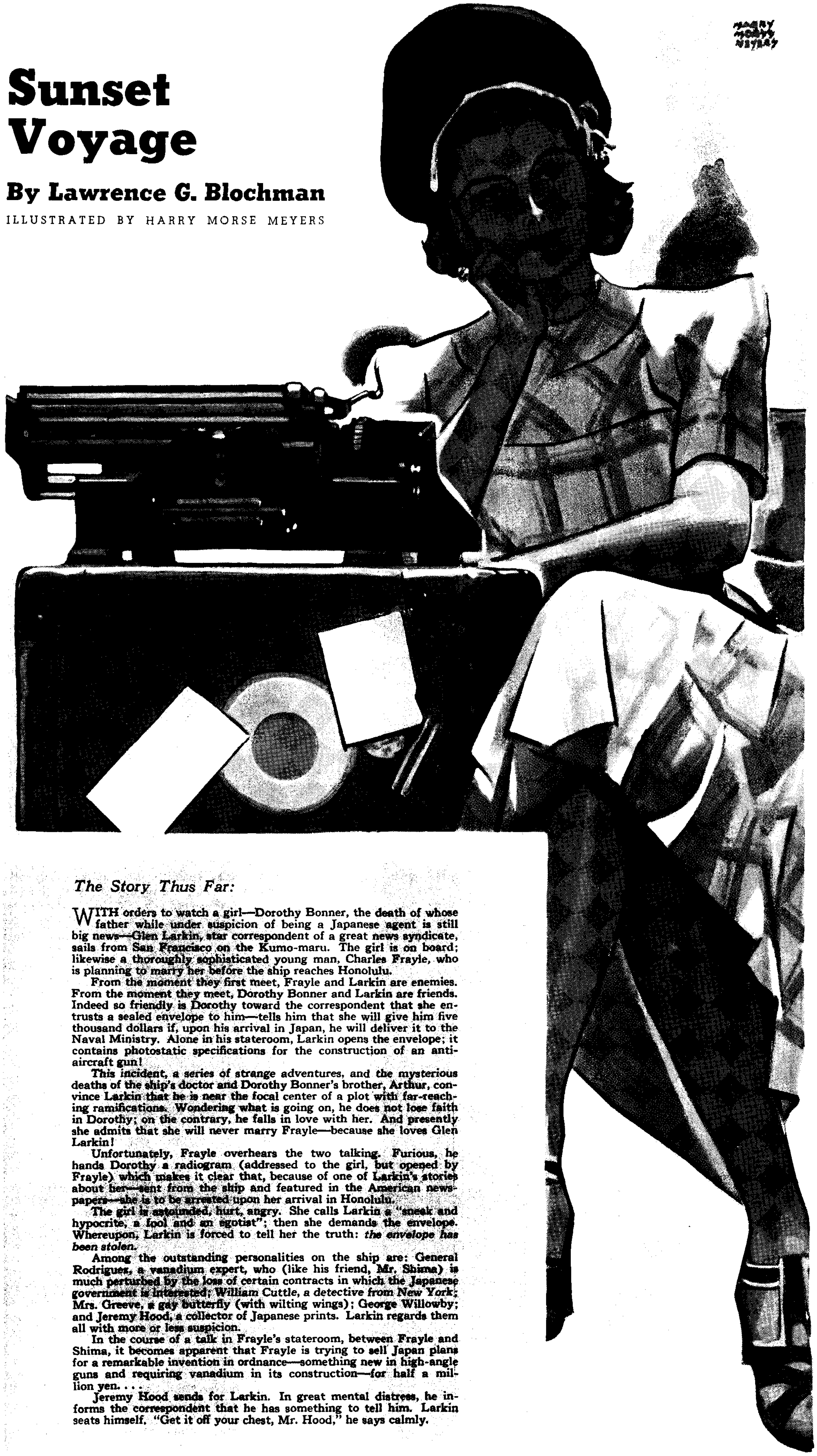
She is quite young, but has a mind of her own, talks a blue streak and laughs without effort. Her features are not regular or orderly and neither is her intellect. When she goes to a dance and meets a young male of the stuffed-shirt type, she usually informs him he is a stuffed shirt and moves away. There is not much maidenly coyness about little Jane, but I can sit on a hard chair all day long and listen to her chatter, even going without meals. That's love.

I was in my car shortly after noon and made the run from Los Angeles to Palm Springs without incident, pausing only at Redlands to invest in five dollars' worth of assorted flowers *(Continued on page 72)*

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



She looked up at him. "There's been a change," she said. "No doubt," Larkin commented. "When did the captain marry you and your boy friend?"

The Story Thus Far:

WITH orders to watch a girl—Dorothy Bonner, the death of whose father while under suspicion of being a Japanese agent is still big news—Glen Larkin, star correspondent of a great news syndicate, sails from San Francisco on the Kumo-maru. The girl is on board; likewise a thoroughly sophisticated young man, Charles Frayle, who is planning to marry her before the ship reaches Honolulu.

From the moment they first meet, Frayle and Larkin are enemies. From the moment they meet, Dorothy Bonner and Larkin are friends. Indeed so friendly is Dorothy toward the correspondent that she entrusts a sealed envelope to him—tells him that she will give him five thousand dollars if, upon his arrival in Japan, he will deliver it to the Naval Ministry. Alone in his stateroom, Larkin opens the envelope; it contains photostatic specifications for the construction of an anti-aircraft gun!

This incident, a series of strange adventures, and the mysterious deaths of the ship's doctor and Dorothy Bonner's brother, Arthur, convince Larkin that he is near the focal center of a plot with far-reaching ramifications. Wondering what is going on, he does not lose faith in Dorothy; on the contrary, he falls in love with her. And presently she admits that she will never marry Frayle—because she loves Glen Larkin!

Unfortunately, Frayle overhears the two talking. Furious, he hands Dorothy a radiogram (addressed to the girl, but opened by Frayle) which makes it clear that, because of one of Larkin's stories about her—sent from the ship and featured in the American newspapers—she is to be arrested upon her arrival in Honolulu.

The girl is astounded, hurt, angry. She calls Larkin a "sneak and hypocrite, a fool and an egotist"; then she demands the envelope. Whereupon, Larkin is forced to tell her the truth: *the envelope has been stolen.*

Among the outstanding personalities on the ship are: General Rodriguez, a vanadium expert, who (like his friend, Mr. Shima) is much perturbed by the loss of certain contracts in which the Japanese government is interested; William Cuttle, a detective from New York; Mrs. Greeve, a gay butterfly (with wilting wings); George Willowby; and Jeremy Hood, a collector of Japanese prints. Larkin regards them all with more or less suspicion.

In the course of a talk in Frayle's stateroom, between Frayle and Shima, it becomes apparent that Frayle is trying to sell Japan plans for a remarkable invention in ordnance—something new in high-angle guns and requiring vanadium in its construction—for half a million yen. . . .

Jeremy Hood sends for Larkin. In great mental distress, he informs the correspondent that he has something to tell him. Larkin seats himself. "Get it off your chest, Mr. Hood," he says calmly.

VIII

HOOD'S eyes popped open—very wide.

"Did you hear me that night?" he shrilled. "Did you hear what I said to Arthur Bonner?"

"You told me you didn't know him," Larkin said.

"I lied." Hood's eyes closed again. "I was talking to him through my porthole the night before he was killed . . . just before you came over to look inside the lifeboat—and he hit you on the head."

"What did you say to him?"

Hood's stooped body began to sway again from his narrow hips. "You're in love with Miss Bonner, aren't you?" he said.

"Decidedly not," Larkin declared.

"You shouldn't deny it," said Hood. "It's too visible. The way you look at her. I can tell."

"We'll skip that," said Larkin.

"No," insisted Hood, opening his eyes again. "That's why I sent for you, really. I want you to make amends for me. I'll do it myself, God willing. But if not—Here's a letter. It's a sort of last will and testament. She's to have all the color prints in my cabin. Most of them are hers anyhow. But she's to have all of them—the rest to shrive my soul. You'll see that she gets them."

"Let's have the whole story from the start," said Larkin. "You stole P. G. Bonner's chromo-xylographs?"

"I didn't steal them," protested Hood, "but it's just as bad. I let Arthur Bonner steal them. Last time I was in New York he brought me the Hokusais—the Chinese Poets. It was a great temptation. I knew where they came from, and I knew that I could have them for a small fraction of what they were worth. Young Bonner seemed badly in need of money and he was satisfied with the bargain. He brought me more and more. He had easy access to his father's collection. . . ."

"And you didn't know, of course, that he was going to be aboard this ship?"

"I WAS shocked and terrified," wailed Hood, "when I saw him. It was the night we sailed—very late. When he recognized me, I knew he would try to blackmail me. I locked myself in my cabin. But Bonner went around, peering in portholes. He found me. He told me I would have to get him some morphine from the ship's doctor. I was to pretend I was sick and ask for morphine. If I didn't, Bonner would expose me as a dealer in stolen prints. He'd made an affidavit, he said, giving all the details of our deal in the prints he'd stolen from his father. He had the affidavit in his pocket and if I tried to do anything to him, or report him to the captain, he would turn up the affidavit."

Hood drew a deep breath.

"So you agreed," Larkin prompted.

"No, I hadn't time. Before I could say either yes or no, we heard you coming across the deck. There was no light in my cabin and I closed the porthole. But I saw Bonner strike you and escape. I didn't sleep all night, as you may imagine. I sat up, waiting for him to come back. It was nearly four o'clock when I saw him go past on the deck outside.

(Continued on page 67)

Dear Pensioner

By John T. Flynn

IT WAS July down on the O-hi-o and the Buckeye State was all dressed up to celebrate victory. It was the great victory over poverty and age, which someone got the notion had been won. It was the day when the state treasury opened its ponderous jaws and spat forth 160 checks for about twelve dollars each for the old folks at home. The Fraternal Order of Eagles had striven mightily for a law for old-age pensions in Ohio. The law was passed and the money was about to flow. The Eagles got around to thinking that they had a sort of proprietary interest in the law. Governor George White, chief of the Buckeyes, thought so too. The governor was once chairman of the Democratic National Committee, before the days of the Hon. James Aloysius Farley, and is supposed to know a hack from a hand saw, and he wasn't slow to spy out the fact that there was votes in them thar Eagles. And so he appointed the secretary of the Eagles to administer the old-age pension law and he proclaimed Sunday, July 8, 1934, as Old-Age Security Sunday and the Eagles swooped down upon Ohio to celebrate.

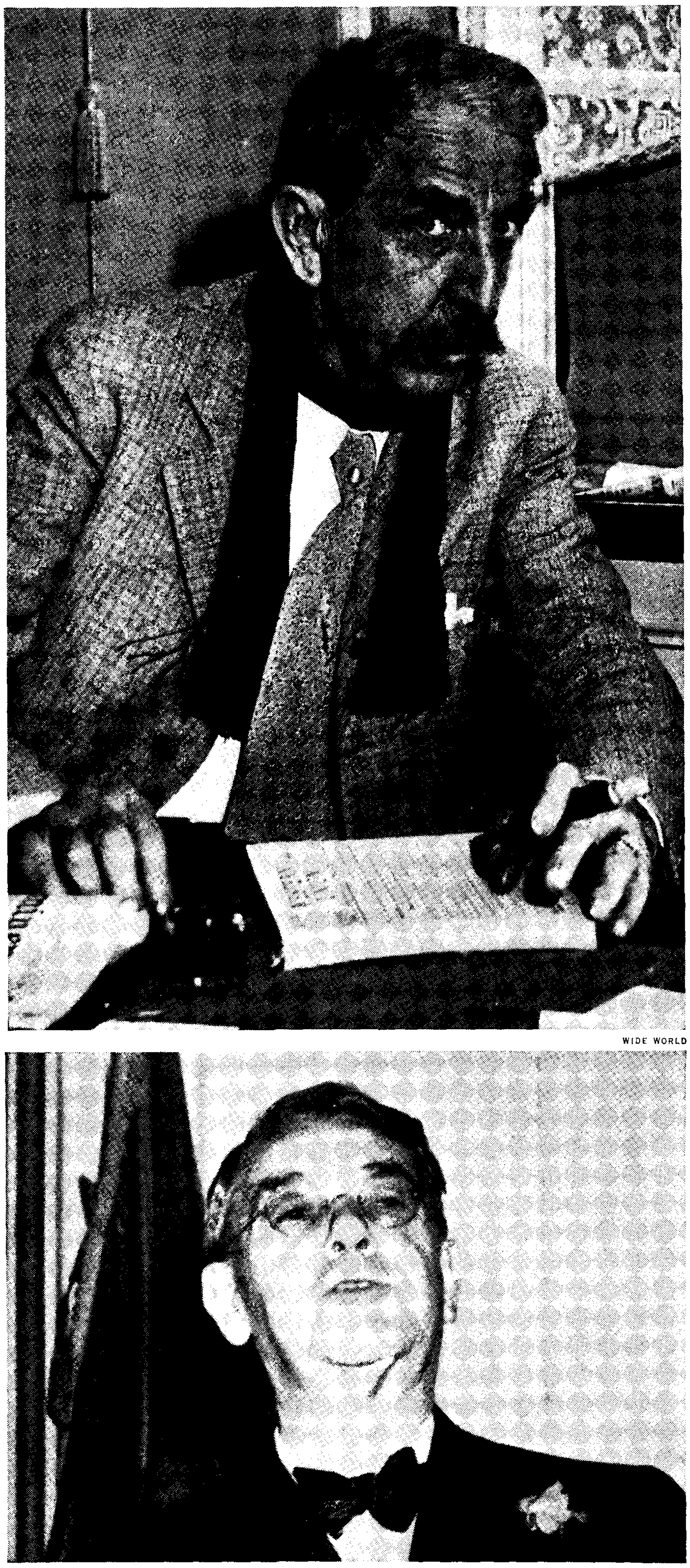
The old folks who were the victims of this great political and fraternal circus marched up on a platform in the presence of the populace and, amid a flood of brass music and equally brass oratory about the dawning millennium and the "New Day," the checks were presented to the happy septuagenarians. And while this beautiful drama of human hearts shook the emotions of the voters the Eagles put on a membership drive and signed up 1,500 new recruits.

This was the tip-off. But the Eagles were reckoning without their hosts, the politicians. If the Eagles could grab the old-age pension system and put on a membership drive—then what about the party, the great old party of Jackson, Cleveland, Wilson and Jim Farley? Didn't it need members as much as the Eagles? And so ever since, upon the O-hi-o and incidentally upon the Missouri and the Mississippi and all the rivers that run down to the sea, the politicians have been running the old-age assistance circus themselves.

To the Glory of Politics

They have been singing love songs to the old folks about bigger and better pensions. And how the old folks do enjoy it; they can sit all night and listen. And only recently the two houses of the legislature at Columbus whereased Congress to pass a bill for more pension money. The party mathematician estimated in the resolution that the nation was losing, and would continue to lose until this bill was passed, the tidy sum of ninety-one billion dollars a year. The bill they wanted passed, according to this amazing resolution, will "relieve the gnawing pangs of hunger and clothe the weakening body against the rigors of misery and poverty" and, furthermore and moreover, it will "save millions of dollars to those now paying hard-earned premiums for old-age annuity insurance" and "*will preserve and perpetuate our political industry.*"

And, boy, will it! If at this season you will travel, as I did, from the headwaters of the Ohio down through the open spaces to the Texas Panhandle, you will hear a familiar noise. You will hear the county boys pushing the scenery in place, tuning up the tooters, sharpening the adjectives and arranging the theme songs of the approaching elections when the politicians will toss the government back into the laps of the sovereign pee-pul and the pee-pul will toss it right back into the laps of the politicians. And as you listen you can tell quickly enough that the theme song of the coming battle down through this valley is going to be The Old Folks at Home.


WIDE WORLD

Riding high on the good old pension band wagon are Oklahoma's ex-Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray (top) and Governor E. W. Marland

As a matter of fact, these old-age assistance payments or pensions, as they are sometimes called, have just about taken on the proportions of a national scandal. The whole thing has become just another plum tree full of little plums for little people too old to work but not too old to vote. The beneficiaries of this scandalous misuse of public funds are the chiselers who get on the rolls without right. The victims are the worthy old people who have to be satisfied with inadequate pensions so that there will be enough for the politicians to hand around to the ineligibles.

Never Count the Costs

And of course they are busy thinking up new ways to expand the army of pensioners and to fabricate new and awesome devices for wringing further taxes out of the rest of the people. Only they don't seem to be as much worried about the taxes. As Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma said in answer to the question of where the money was to come from, "That's a detail and it's too early in the campaign to talk about details."

Down in Old Bill's state I talked with ex-Governor Jack Walton, who some years ago was tossed upon the gubernatorial ear out of the statehouse through impeachment. He's running again—for the sake of the old folks. In Oklahoma they have over four times as many old people on the rolls per 1,000 as New York, and the state is running heavily in the red. I said to Brother Walton, now corporation commissioner:

"Governor, there are 68,000 old people on your rolls now. Don't you think that's too many?"

The governor, who is a huge hunk of a man and looks like a weary evangelist, said in a tired way:

"No, there ought to be a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand! How are you going to pay a hundred thousand people $30 a month?"

"They ought to get $50 a month," he said.

I made some swift calculations. "Why, Governor, to do that the federal government would have to put up fifteen million and the state forty-five million a year. Where are the taxes to come from?"

The word taxes seemed to set up a current of mysticism in the governor's mind.

"Taxes!" he said. "Yes, sir. That's quite a subject. Look at it this way. Take yourself, for instance. I reckon you've done it many a time—gone out after dinner in the darkness and stretched out on your back on the lawn and looked up at the stars."

I couldn't really recall ever having done that. But I listened to the governor.

"The stars overhead seem awfully

close. But as you look there are other smaller stars behind them and a terrible lot of space between. Then as you look you see still more distant stars. And then far beyond all the others you see a tiny pinpoint of light—and you just wonder at the vast stretches of space there. And if you just lay there long enough you can go crazy thinkin' about space."

Then he looked at me as if he had cleared up a great mystery.

"My friend, that's the way it is with taxes."

I didn't quite know whether he meant that the tax problem was one of those to knock you dizzy by its insolubility or that just as there are more stars and still more stars beyond the last one you see, there are even more and more taxes beyond that last funny one you invented. I said, "But, Governor, where are you going to get the forty-five million?" But the governor seemed a little hurt at my failure to get the first explanation. He did, however, observe that "there's always ways." And I seemed to feel the spirit of old Doc Townsend swimming in the ether above.

In order to get all this clear we had better recall here that under the federal Social Security Act there are two kinds of pensions for the aged. First, there are the pensions proper, in a great nationwide system to which all workers answering legal descriptions belong and for which taxes are deducted from their pay roll and their employers every month.

Our New National Scandal

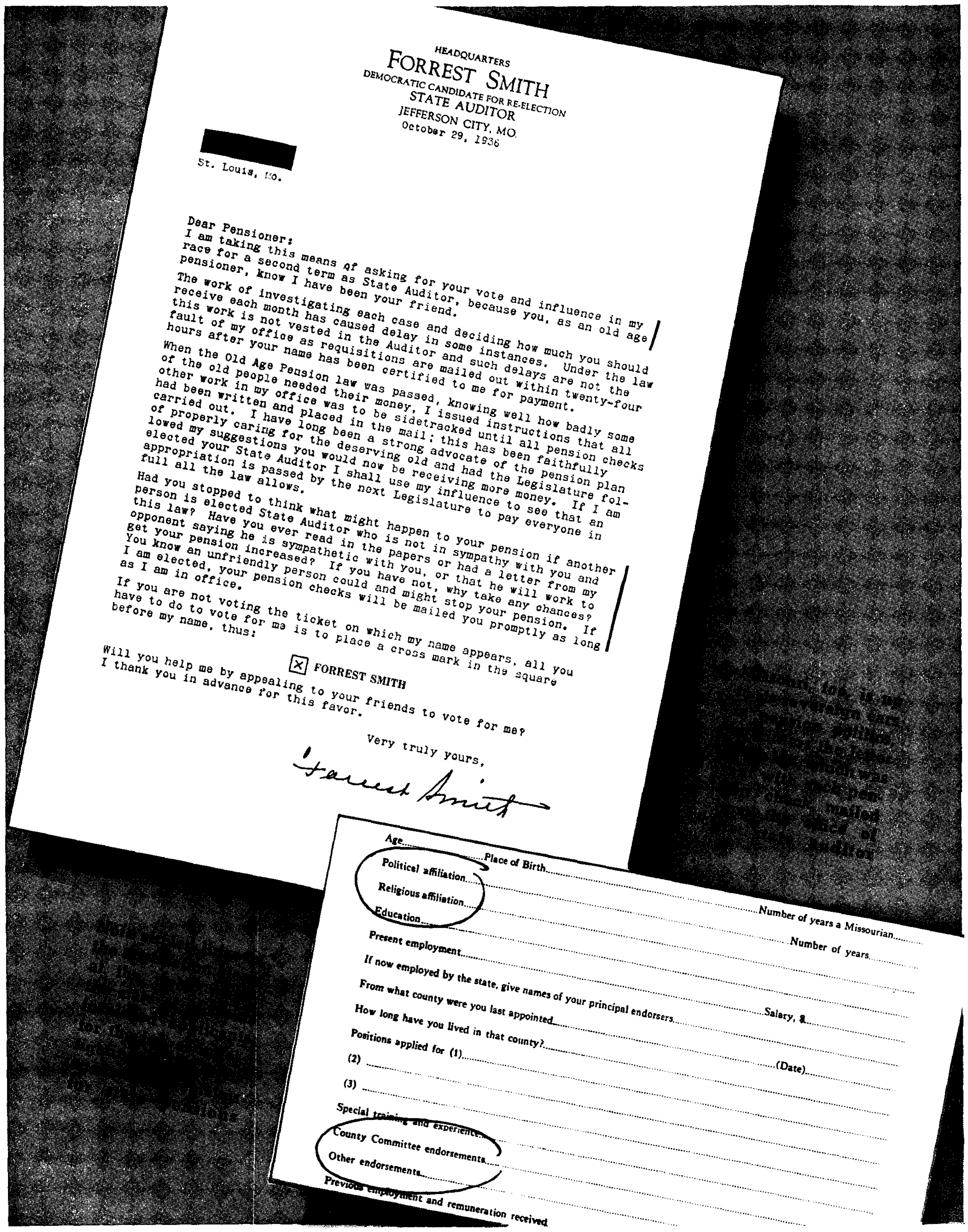
But these pensions are no good for the man and woman who are already old—already past sixty-five and are in need. And so another type of aid is set up for them. The first kind belongs to what is called the Old Age Security Pension system. The second type belongs to what is called the Old Age Assistance plan. In the first type the beneficiaries pay for their pensions—the government being a great old-age annuity company. In the second type the recipients pay nothing—they are the beneficiaries of free grants by the government.

Now this first type—the old-age pension system—is organized by and managed directly by the federal government and the states have nothing to do with it. But the second type—the old-age assistance plan—is set up by and administered entirely by the states. States do not have to have such plans. But if they do, the federal government will pay half the bill, up to $15 per person a month, but no more. The state may fix its pensions as high or as low as it wills. But the federal government will pay half only on pensions that do not exceed $30 a month. If the state wishes to pay more, as Colorado has done with its $45 monthly pensions, the federal government will pay up to $15 and the state must pay the balance—$30 in the case of Colorado.

Now the thing I am talking about here is these old-age assistance plans—the pensions for old people who've already arrived at needy old age, the plans that are operated by the states. And it is these state old-age pension systems that in many states have arrived at the stage of being a national scandal. To this criticism I know there are many answers. One of the most crushing is the reply made in Oklahoma to my timorous suggestion down there that the state old-age racket as described to me seems to be a national scandal. To this the president of the County Commissioners' Association replied with inexorable logic that he would like to plant a horseshoe between my eyes—for good luck, I suppose. That seemed to cover the question fully.

Back in Missouri you are supposed to have to "show them" if you want to get anything. But you don't have to show them much to get on the old-age pension roll in that state—just a wrinkle or two and a suspicion that maybe you might perhaps be entitled to get there.

There the old-age assistance plan has been a grand feast for the politician. The thing a politician does business with is jobs. Of course it's not just jobs primarily that count—it's the pay roll. If a fellow can get on the pay roll without getting a job, so much the better. As this old-age assistance plan was rigged it offered the politicians a chance to put thousands on the pay rolls without providing jobs. And the beauty of it is that the federal government supplies half the money.



HEADQUARTERS
FORREST SMITH
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION
STATE AUDITOR
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.
October 29, 1936

[redacted]
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Pensioner:

I am taking this means of asking for your vote and influence in my race for a second term as State Auditor, because you, as an old age pensioner, know I have been your friend.

The work of investigating each case and deciding how much you should receive each month has caused delay in some instances. Under the law this work is not vested in the Auditor and such delays are not the fault of my office as requisitions are mailed out within twenty-four hours after your name has been certified to me for payment.

When the Old Age Pension law was passed, knowing well how badly some of the old people needed their money, I issued instructions that all other work in my office was to be sidetracked until all pension checks had been written and placed in the mail; this has been faithfully carried out. I have long been a strong advocate of the pension plan of properly caring for the deserving old and had the Legislature followed my suggestions you would now be receiving more money. If I am elected your State Auditor I shall use my influence to see that an appropriation is passed by the next Legislature to pay everyone in full all the law allows.

Had you stopped to think what might happen to your pension if another person is elected State Auditor who is not in sympathy with you and this law? Have you ever read in the papers or had a letter from my opponent saying he is sympathetic with you, or that he will work to get your pension increased? If you have not, why take any chances? You know an unfriendly person could and might stop your pension. If I am elected, your pension checks will be mailed you promptly as long as I am in office.

If you are not voting the ticket on which my name appears, all you have to do to vote for me is to place a cross mark in the square before my name, thus:

☒ FORREST SMITH

Will you help me by appealing to your friends to vote for me? I thank you in advance for this favor.

Very truly yours,

Forrest Smith

Age........Place of Birth........
Political affiliation........
Religious affiliation........Number of years a Missourian........
Education........Number of years........
Present employment........
If now employed by the state, give names of your principal endorsers........
From what county were you last appointed........Salary, $........
How long have you lived in that county?........
Positions applied for (1)........(Date)........
(2) ....
(3) ....
Special training and experience........
County Committee endorsements........
Other endorsements........
Previous employment and remuneration received........

[illegible] too, is up [illegible] campaign [illegible] politics [illegible] was [illegible] pen- [illegible] mailed [illegible] office of [illegible] Auditor

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Meat for Missouri's Politicians

When Missouri launched this plan she was not toying with anything new. There was plenty of experience available if the authorities wanted to protect it from exploitation. They rejected the advice of experience and began this experiment with a plan of their own that was just about as bad as it could be.

The law provided pensions of not to exceed $30 a month for persons who had already reached the age of seventy years and who were in need. Having set up this simple formula, it threw the whole thing to the politicians. The central management was put in the hands of the State Board of Eleemosynary Institutions and the local administration was lodged with the county courts. This may sound all right on its face—but look at it work.

The state board had to appoint a state director. The law required that he should be qualified by "education and experience" to administer the office. The board therefore named one of those Missouri colonels, a horse trader and manager of the horse show in Kansas City—a gentleman who had had wide experience in the field of social security among horses. He had turned his hand to politics a bit late and was at the moment functioning as one of the governor's hand-shaking secretaries.

The colonel administered the system through the county courts. Now the most striking characteristic of a county court in Missouri is that it is not a court. The word "court" is one of those Missouri euphemisms that conceal and dignify officials who in many states are called county commissioners. The county commissioner is born and has his being in the baleful system of county political patronage.

To get a revealing glimpse of this precious system at work let's have a look at it in St. Louis, where a happy chance put the machinery into the hands of two courageous, honest citizens who frustrated many of its evils.

There is no "county court" in St. Louis. The administering board was named therefore by the city government—the mayor and his colleagues. Two of the three-man board were Dr. R. Emmett Kane, a highly respected surgeon of St. Louis, and Mr. Charles Hertenstein, an equally highly respected real-

(Continued on page 76)

WHISPER

By A. D. Morford

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JAFFRAY quick-stepped into the express elevator. Two girls who had also been waiting squeezed by him into a rear corner. The operator said, "Good morning, sir."

Jaffray nodded remotely. Remote and distinguished were the only words for Jaffray. At fifty-three he carried his chin a bit higher than the average man's. And why not? Jaffray was big. The biggest businessman in the world, he'd been called. President of International Transmutation, intimate and adviser of kings and dictators.

"An' Dick says, 'Gee, what'll happen when the tabs get hold of it?' "

Jaffray heard absently the muted murmur of the girl's voice behind him:

"I says to Dick, 'They won't dare publish it. He's the world's biggest businessman!'

" 'Well,' says Dick, 'it's all over town already among the wise ears.' A reporter on the Mail told Dick some birds in the know were betting on how soon it would hit the front page."

"My goodness!" came the other girl's voice with awe. "What reading! . . . Big shots shouldn't play around with little shots' women—any more than anybody else."

The elevator stopped at the fortieth floor. The two girls got out. The car flew upward.

Jaffray's thoughts also flew—away from the pleasant memory of Harriet and the previous evening. He felt a twinge of alarm. Had that girl really gotten hold of something or was it just idle chatter? An inquiry or two would be in order. Decidedly. Wilks would find out in two minutes. His mind stopped dead and reversed. His mouth tightened grimly. Hardly Wilks! Wilks was Harriet's husband!

JAFFRAY shrugged. The old question he had stopped asking himself for a year came to the front of his mind. Had he been a fool ever to get involved with Harriet? He smiled. Why worry? Nothing could touch him. He could handle the newspapers. As for Wilks, he could be bought—or broken—if worst came to worst. Jaffray hadn't wanted to do anything drastic about Wilks as long as the man remained in blissful ignorance. Wilks was too valuable. Someone had called him Jaffray's "bird dog." Wilks was more than that. He was bird dog, bloodhound and fox, all in one. . . .

Madeleine Harvey, Jaffray's confidential secretary, laid the day's calendar before him.

"Wilks is waiting to see you," she said. "He says it's urgent."

"All right," said Jaffray.

"Morning, Wilks," he said when Wilks appeared. "What's up?"

"I'm not just sure," said Wilks. "There's an ugly rumor. I got it from a man I know on the Mail. The dope is they're getting ready to dish out a big scandal story." Wilks hesitated. "About the Jaffray family—or some member of it. I couldn't get any details."

Jaffray stared at Wilks. He felt panicky. What did the Mail know? What did Wilks know?

He leaned across the desk. "Don't make a move, yet," he said. "My guess is it's a mare's-nest. If you do hear anything further let me know at once."

After Wilks had gone, Jaffray sat behind his huge desk trying to add things up. What did it all come to? The Mail must have gotten hold of something. Something on him and Harriet. And the Mail was out to get him—had been ever since he'd refused to cut Steinberg in on the Brazilian deal.

His clenched fist pounded the desk. If only the woman weren't Harriet! He would soon have the situation in his own two hands if he could work through Wilks. But he couldn't turn Wilks loose.

A sudden thought came to him. Had Harriet sold him out? He must see her, talk to her. He dialed a number on his private wire. There was no answer.

At 3:15 Jaffray nodded to the locker-room attendant at the Heather Hill Country Club.

"Mr. Dick is waiting for you on the first tee, sir," said the attendant and departed

Jaffray began to change. The locker room seemed deserted. But Jaffray caught a murmur of voices coming across the tops of the lockers from the aisle beyond. One of them sounded familiar. The voice of Moorhead, the broker, always an unpleasant little man in Jaffray's estimation, with a fund of inside information about people and business that was the despair of his competitors.

The voice, pitched to a confidential level, came across the lockers to Jaffray: "I'd sell International Transmutation. They say there's a big scandal involving Jaffray and the wife of one of his men. The Mail's got hold of it. Be the finish of Jaffray."

Jaffray did not move for a few moments. Then he rang for the locker-room attendant.

"Send word out to Mr. Dick that I've been called back to town on urgent business. My apologies."

JAFFRAY waited for Harriet Wilks in the reformed speak-easy in East Fifty-first Street where they had met so often. The place was empty.

Harriet came in in her quick, bright way.

"What's wrong, John?" she asked. "Your voice sounded like the crack of doom on the telephone."

"Plenty!" Jaffray muttered. He glanced up. Another couple had come into the room on Harriet's heels and were sitting down two tables away. Jaffray broke off his explanation, his eyes riveted on the other table. Was that couple tailing Harriet? Were they from the Mail? The man was nondescript, slightly tough-looking; the woman young and rather attractive in a hard-boiled sort of way. They certainly looked like reporters or perhaps professional tails. Jaffray shook with a surge of helpless fury.

Harriet's voice cut across his thoughts. "John!" she said. "What's the matter? You look—"

Jaffray lost the rest of her remark. His eyes were locked with those of the man at the other table.

The man leaned toward his companion whose attention at the moment was centered on her compact. His hand went to her arm, urging her away from the compact. His other hand made small slight motions in the air, the index finger pointing squarely at Jaffray.

Jaffray stood up, his knuckles white over the crook of his walking stick. He was at the other table in two strides. The man looked up at him, grinning.

Jaffray said, "You're one of Steinberg's rats!"

The man stared at Jaffray, still grinning, saying nothing.

Jaffray swung the heavy stick with all his power. The man slumped over the table. Jaffray's fury passed from him and he stood aghast in the sudden realization of what he had done.

WILKS walked into an untidy office through a door on which was lettered "Martin Rian—Campaigns." A man was seated behind a shabby desk littered with newspapers, clippings and reports.

"Everything okay?" the man queried.

"Hell, no!" said Wilks. "Jaffray's arrested. Charged with manslaughter."

"What!" the other man exploded.

"Killed a man in a restaurant," Wilks said. "Hit him over the head with his stick. Thought the man was tailing him and talking about him."

"God!" Rian said.

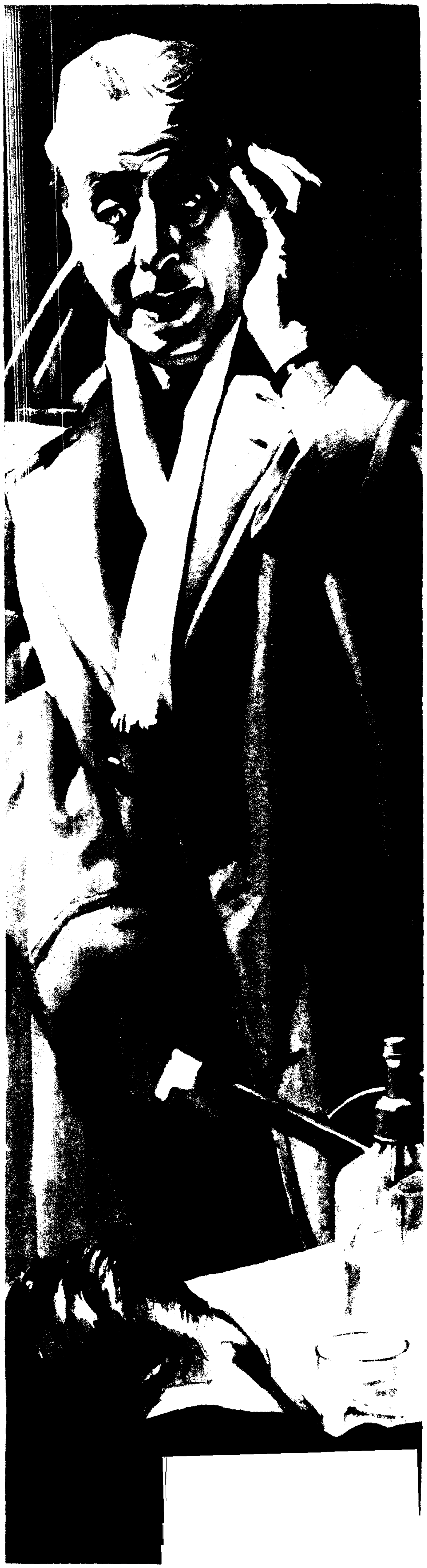
Wilks nodded. "I never expected anything like that. Only thought we'd throw a scare into Jaffray and make him break with my wife. Your operatives made the whisper too real. Jaffray went berserk."

"What about your wife?"

"Held as a material witness."

Rian whistled. "Who was it Jaffray bumped off?"

Wilks laughed hysterically. "A guy from Brooklyn. Deaf and dumb. He couldn't hear or speak a word."



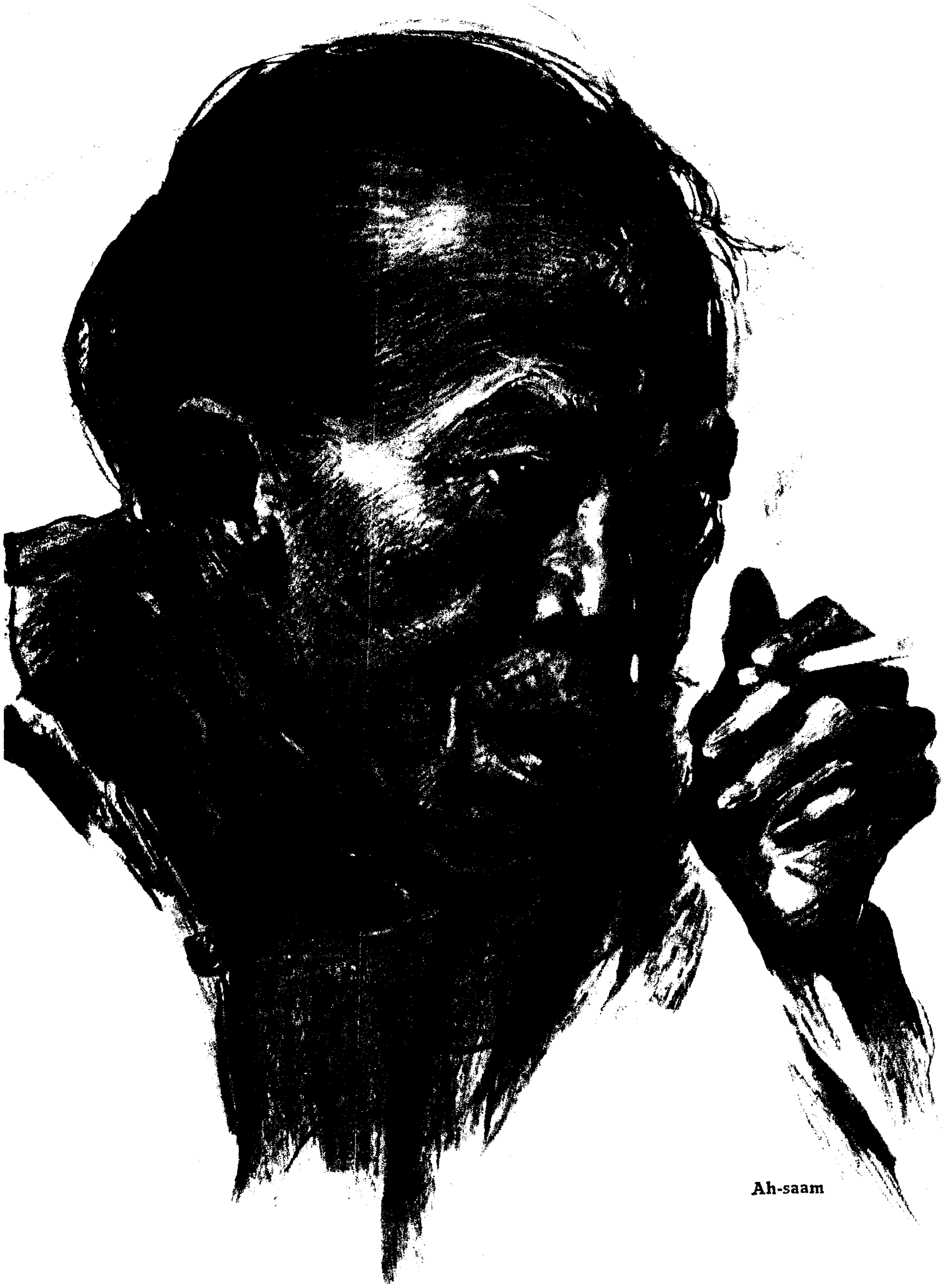
The man slumped over the table. Jaffray's fury passed from him and he stood aghast in the sudden realization of what he had done

The Grave on the Hill

By Naomi Lane Babson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The simplicity of life and the complexity of women, or perhaps the other way around, in a Chinese November



Ah-saam

TAI YAT, tallest of the Seven Star Hills, curved smoothly above the flat country, waving a plume of bamboo in the November wind. Below, in faded patchwork, stretched dry rice fields, and pastures lumpy with the unmarked graves of the poor. Water buffaloes bulked against the sky, watched by a herdboy in lonely silhouette. Across the foot of the hill a road led from an unseen village off toward the river and the distant City of Rams. At intervals coolies trotted over its smooth stones, swinging baskets of greens, trays of sweetmeats, or buckets of refuse. Soldiers went by in smart new uniforms; a woman with a child tied to her back moved slowly on bound feet; an apprentice, thin as a stick, followed a bland, paunchy merchant.

Halfway between the road and the bamboo hedge on the hilltop was an old grave, a semicircle hollowed into the side of the hill, elaborately tiled, decorated in red and blue, and guarded by stone lions. The wide platform in front of it made an excellent drying floor in the rice harvest. Here on a bright and windy day the farmer Ah-sing had spread a carpet of grain, but time after time, as he filled his shallow grass tray for the winnowing, there came a puff of the north wind to catch up kernel and chaff together and blow them away in little golden clouds, until with a disgusted grunt the man swept his store back into his big baskets: it was all to do over again, some day when there was less wind.

As he worked, there approached across the stubble of rice fields and the brown, hummocky pasture old Ah-saam, a woman withered and brittle as a grasshopper, who scratched a meager living from the surface of the earth. Her bag of fuel hung heavy over her lean shoulder and she was glad to rest it on one of the carved lions while she paused to chat with Ah-sing, who had hailed her eagerly. There was a tale running through the village that Ah-saam must know the truth of, if she were minded to tell, so the farmer gave her a kinder greeting than was usually accorded to one not quite a beggar. Against the shimmering autumn day, the two old people in their dark clothes moved like shadows risen from the grave beside them to re-act some ancient quarrel, for though at first discussing no greater matter than the weather, they spoke with urgent voice and gesture.

Such high winds! So many cold days! Ai-ya, the climate was surely changing, for who could not see that year by year the winters grew colder, the harvests scantier? Soon, it was plain, there would be no more than one rice crop a year.

"Then," said Ah-saam, "you farmers too will know what it is to eat taro and sweet potatoes, to live on roots instead of rice."

"I have tried it," Ah-sing replied. "That food, too, is dear. Hard times, hard times. And on top of all else, who knows when death will come flying out of the air?"

"Not here in the fields, I think," the woman suggested. "They will not waste their iron eggs on us, but I should not care to be living across the river in the City of Rams. Yet I know of one who has taken a wife home there, not long since, and glad enough she was to go, it seemed. Ho, ho, if I chose to tell you—"

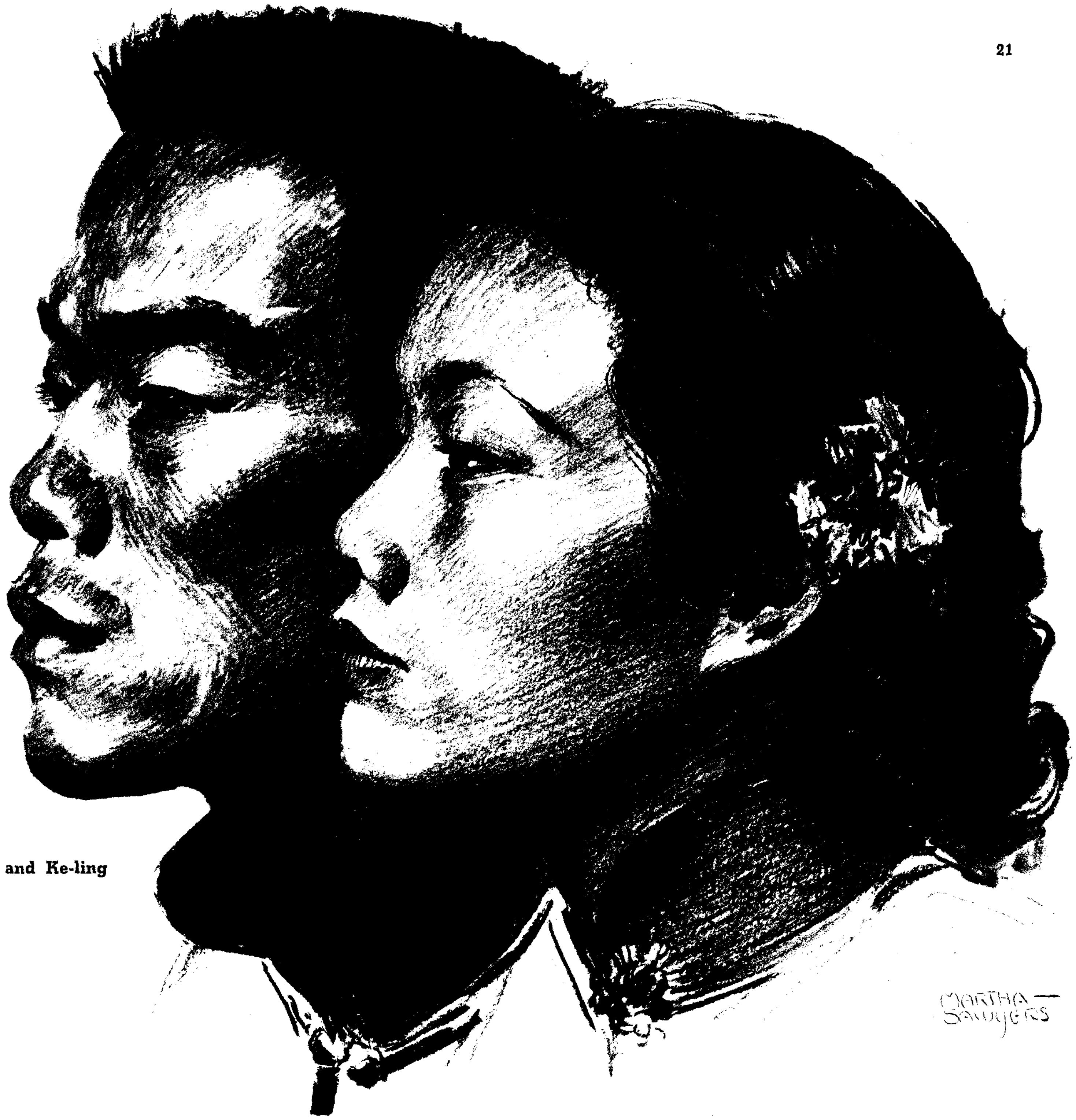
"Speaking of wives," Ah-sing broke in, "is it true that the family of your son has had bad luck in that way lately?"

AH-SAAM hesitated, looking at him as if to guess how much he knew, how much it would be wise to tell. The eyes in her wrinkled face were bright and lively still; they offered strange contrast to the sharp, complaining tongue.

"Bad luck?" she repeated. "Let me tell you that nearly one hundred dollars had been paid down to buy a wife for my grandson, and now they say the girl is dead and we cannot get back a penny. They swear they have spent it all. One hundred dollars, and not a few of them I scraped from the earth with my own fingers. Bits of fuel, cigarette ends, orange rinds, now and then a penny—it mounts up through the years. It mounts up. I remember once in the pine grove where the foreign devils go, I found six twenty-cent pieces all in a shining heap. There was broth with my rice that night, you may be sure. And—"

Ah-sing deftly interrupted: "All know that your eyes are as keen as a hawk's. Tell me now, is it true that your grandson's betrothed was drowned?"

Once more Ah-saam paused to choose her words. "That is what they told me. She was drowned, they said. It was the girl Wong Ke-ling, from the village of Nine Dogs, and for three years my son has been paying the money down, a little now and then as we could save it. The wedding was to be soon, because my grandson Ah-fong has passed his eighteenth birthday, and it is time for his marriage. But now—how shall we ever earn another bride for him? Moreover Ke-ling was a deft needlewoman, and has been



Ho-chih and Ke-ling

known to earn forty cents in a day, with her embroidery. No doubt she'll be—she would have been a valuable wife."

"Perhaps the more so, since Ah-fong will never harness a dragon to his plow," the farmer said.

"In truth he is not overbright," his grandmother admitted. "He is just like his mother, and does not in the least resemble my son. I remember—"

"But I wish to hear of the girl," Ah-sing reminded her.

"Patience is among the first virtues, as one of your age should know," the old woman replied. "Let me tell you then, that five days ago a messenger came running to us from Nine Dogs, with word that Ke-ling had thrown herself into the canal and was drowned. My son and daughter-in-law went thither in all haste, and they saw the very place on the bank from which she had jumped. They saw her mother, who, with hair unbound, beat her head against the ground and yelled that she had driven her daughter to her death."

"Her mother's fault?" Ah-sing exclaimed. "That is not the tale I heard."

"You are hearing now. Her mother had scolded her roundly for gambling. You know what the girls of today are: pert, bold-faced creatures, with their legs bare to the calf, squatting in the market place, smoking, gambling, and clacking like married women. No modesty, not a bit. And as for filial respect—"

"Yes, yes. I have seen. And have I not two younger daughters much in need of a trouncing? But do not try to make me believe, old woman, that such a girl, young, bursting with life like a peach tree in spring, has thrown herself into the canal just for being scolded. Ah, no. The water is too black and cold for that. You would shield Ah-fong and his chance of another betrothal, but you cannot so easily throw dust in my old eyes. Moreover, all the females in my family have been promised long since. Come now, tell me the truth. What took place at your house the third day of last week?"

Ah-saam laughed. "I see you are all smelling out the tale like dogs after a rat. You shall have it then, for why should I worry to save face for Ah-fong and help him to a second wife? Have I not been half starved in the purchase of the first one? But let me sit down—my bones are as crisp as dried sticks."

The farmer squatted comfortably on his heels and lit a cigarette, but Ah-saam lowered herself to the edge of the platform. Stretching out a hand as hard and skinny as the claw of a bird, she gathered up some overlooked kernels of rice, and munched the raw grain as she talked.

"THIS is the story that we were told. Ai, ai! To spend one hundred dollars, and have in return a tale! Much of it came from the mother of Ke-ling, and I think she spoke truth for the most part." Again the look of cunning gleamed in her eyes. "She spoke what truth she knew."

"And you know more, no doubt?"

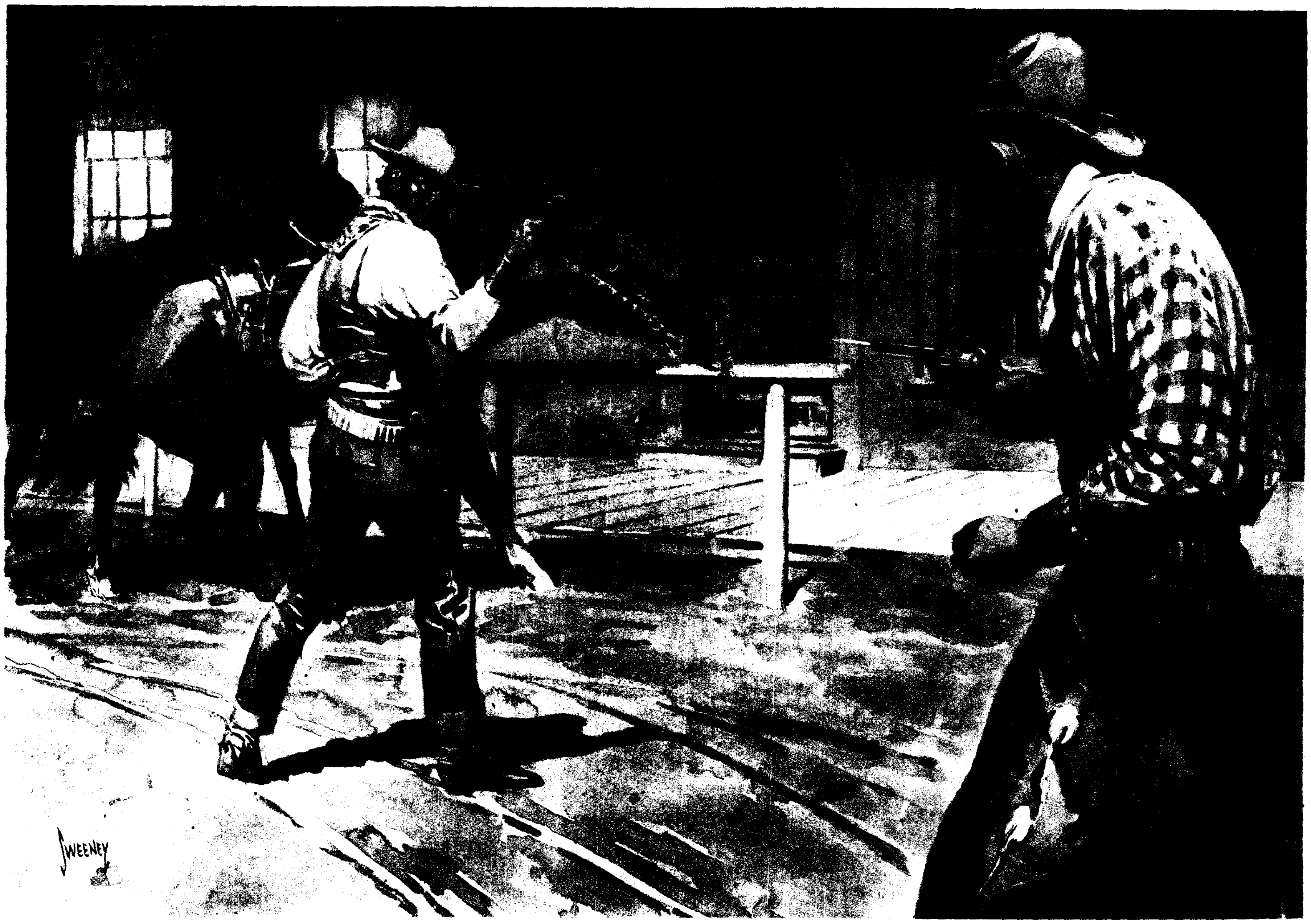
"That's as may be," Ah-saam replied. "The girl Ke-ling is described by all as a high-spirited miss who bent her mother to her will as the wind bends the growing rice. She was not ill to look at, for she was tall, with a braid of hair thick as a bell rope, the flush of young blood in her cheeks, and a sparkle in her eyes like lighted candles. When she laughed, I remembered, even I, that once I was young. But with it all went something of a temper. This was the seventeenth year of her age, and the third of her betrothal. Wedding plans were under way, as she was well aware.

"Now the chief of her friends was a girl who has done service with the foreign devils and has brought strange tales back to the village. Among other things, she babbled of their marriage customs: how the betrothed youths and maidens have speech with each other, how they sometimes have a word to say in the choosing. Such talk made a bonfire in the brain of Ke-ling; she must off to her mother and buzz round her like a bee round a honeypot, till that weak woman had told her what it is no girl's business to know before her wedding day. Then back ran Ke-ling, big with her secret, but her friend was quick to prick the balloon of self-conceit. What good to know his village, and his name, and this and that about him? To see him, that was the thing.

"Ah, the foolish hearts of youth! Are there not days enough and years enough for seeing a husband, after his hand has lifted the veil? But the young are blown by the wind of desire, and the sun of wisdom shines on them in vain."

Ah-saam shifted her body on the tiles and felt the wind through her moldy shaam, but she was not conscious of cold or discomfort. Pride in her tale and the telling of it warmed her through; it was very long since she had had at one time both a story to tell and a listener for it.

"Last third day then, when we were eating rice, there was a knocking at the door, and Ah-fong opened. There stood the two maidens flushed from walking, mischief devils in their eyes, their lips quivering with giggles. They were dressed in their best blue shaams, and foos of black sateen, and they wore shoes and stockings. Their hair was *(Continued on page 52)*



Dutcher halted and raised his gun, taking careful aim. One of the other Skull men cried, "Dutcher!" and dropped in the dust

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Sally Bidwell jilts Owen Merritt, a young cattleman whom she obviously loves, and marries Will Isberg, owner of the Skull outfit, everyone assumes that, since she and her father, Love Bidwell, are poor, she has married "for money." Everyone, that is, except Merritt's closest friend, Bourke Prine, who entertains the theory that Isberg has blackmailed the girl, forced her to marry him. But how? Prine is not sure; he thinks, though, that Isberg may "have something" on Sally's shiftless brother, Starr.

Be that as it may, from the moment Sally announces her engagement to Will Isberg, Merritt and Isberg are enemies. And soon Merritt learns that he is in peril. On the evening of the wedding, Hugh Clagg, one of his neighbors in the Broken Buttes region, tries to assassinate him. In the darkness, however—the attack is made while Merritt is riding home, on a lonely road—Clagg and his aides mistake one of their own crowd, Lee Repp, for Merritt, and Repp is killed.

Not far away, when Repp dies, Merritt sees and hears enough to convince him that in the future he must watch Clagg (an old-time enemy) as well as Isberg. He cannot understand the attack. He assumes, naturally, that Isberg and Clagg are plotting to get rid of him—to bring about his death.

Fay Dutcher, Skull's foreman, and Theodore Bale, employed by Isberg as riding boss, find Juke Slover (one of Merritt's friends) on Isberg's land. Slover, mounted on a horse, has just shot an antelope. Dutcher hails him, orders him to dismount. Slover obeys reluctantly. Dutcher orders him to disarm. And suddenly, observing the expression on his captors' faces, Slover is afraid. Can it be possible that . . . ? Dutcher draws a gun. . . .

Merritt leaves his ranch on Christmas Creek and rides toward Winnemucca, a near-by town. On the way, he encounters Nan Melotte, who presides over a little school some four miles from the ranchman's house. Nan, a splendid girl, has known Merritt for three years. She admires him, is eager to help him, now that he is, so evidently, in a difficult situation. They discuss the killing of Lee Repp (which occurred not far from her home). Then—"Stay away from trouble, Owen," she exclaims. "It comes easy to you—and it will come easier, because you're in a frame of mind to have some."

She rides away, turns again to Owen. "Good luck!" she calls back—and gallops down the road.

III

MERRITT reversed his neckpiece and pulled it above his nose to cut the trail dust, and settled down to the long day's grind. The coolness of night had gone completely from the desert, and sunlight began to bite his skin. Skull's outfit, being larger and therefore slower, dropped farther behind. Slack in the saddle, he watched the day march on, now and then leaving his position to round in a straying beef, now and then rolling up a smoke. At noon they threw off for an hour, eating at Lizard spring. When they pushed forward Merritt went up to point and George Vird took the drag.

All this was done without talk, for Vird wasn't a hand to waste words and Merritt had his mind full of many things. Heat crowded around them and the alkali soil glittered between its patches of rock and dried bunch grass. To the left East Desert ran toward the smoky rim of Idaho. To the right the near-by buttes grew more barren and more rugged. Before them, in an empty land, the packed cattle trail ran up and down across gentle sea-swell undulations. Twice or so riders appeared in the far distance, stirring up vague spirals of dust. In the middle of the afternoon a band of antelope scudded down a barren draw and crossed the trail with the speed of gusty wind, racing into the desert. Four piled cattle skulls marked the Nevada line and at dusk of that long day they came to the crossing of Kings River, which at this point, no wider than an irrigation ditch, lay half hidden in the rank-growing tules.

They watered the herd and turned it off the trail to graze. Over the campfire they boiled coffee and made a quick supper of bacon and canned tomatoes and bread and settled back to smoke away the last of day's light.

Long afterward the column of Skull beef broke through the violet dark, whereupon George Vird speechlessly rose and pulled his Winchester from its saddle boot and squatted beyond the fire's light. But Skull swung aside and made camp down the river two or three miles. Suddenly the stars were shining out of a sky blacker than any black could be and the night wind turned quite cold; and Owen Merritt saddled his night horse and went out to the herd. Singing gently at the cattle, he rode his continuous circle.

THE land's wildness ran with the wind and the coyotes were calling out of the near hills, and at a time like this a man's thoughts ran freely, and odd, and a little sad. In the still and massive earth, pressed by the black and pressed by the weight of all the overwhelming sky, was a feeling. In the wind was a feeling. It touched his skin and his nerves and got in his bones. He couldn't name the feeling, but it made him listen to the long, weird calling of the coyotes with understanding, it made him lift his eyes to the high blackness and grow larger, brushed by sudden mystery. Riding like this, a man's mind got closer and closer to

(Continued on page 57)

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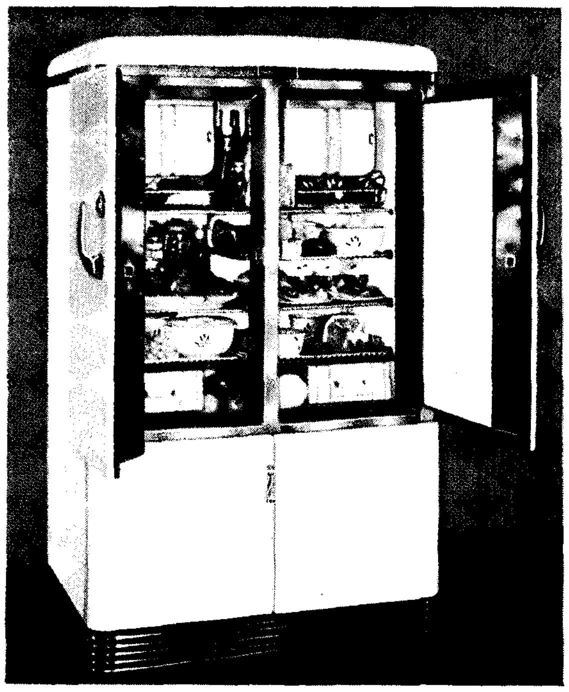

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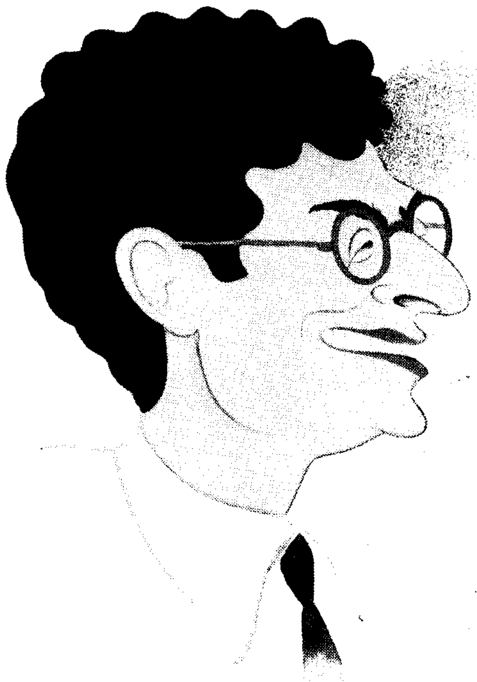
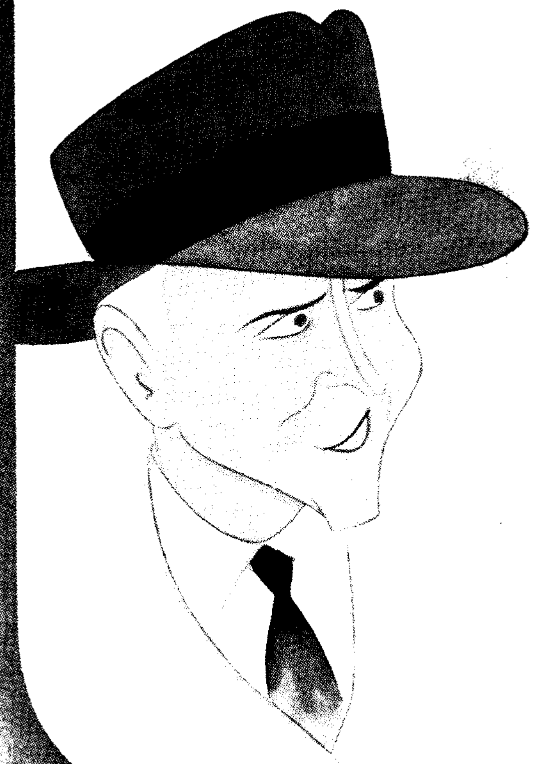
Knights of the Keyhole

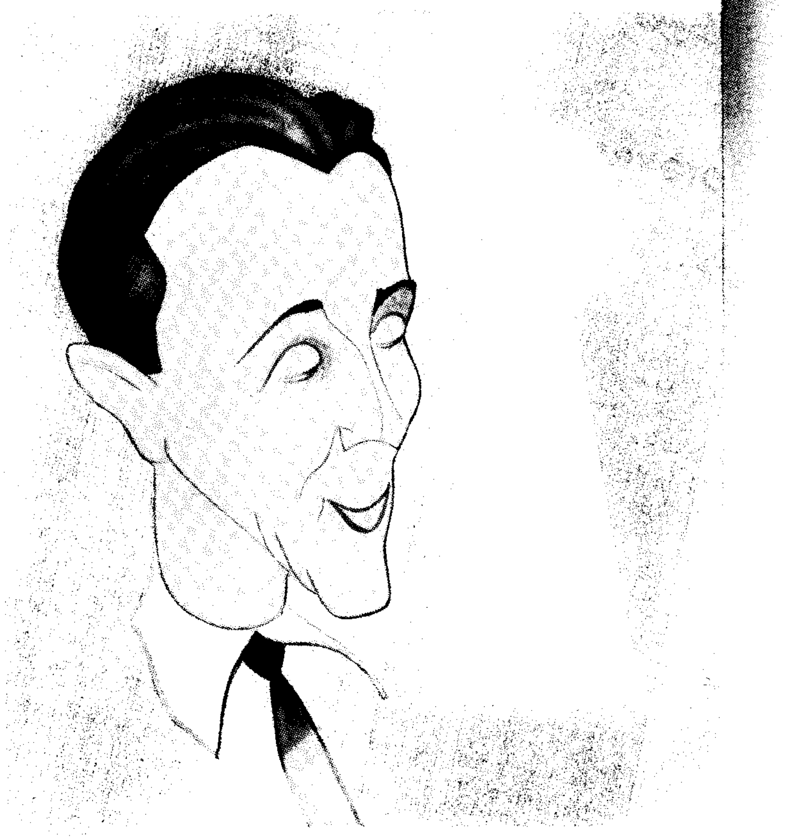
Three hundred movie columnists and radiorators man the Hollywood gossip mill. Daily and nightly they feast on the deeds and misdeeds of the glamor girls and boys. If the pictures don't watch out they'll land in second place

By GROVER JONES

CARICATURES BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS







Hollywood's top movie tipsters: Walter Winchell (lower left), a good actor with a good show; Jimmy Fidler (lower right), opinionated, yet popular; and Sidney Skolsky, better in his column than on the air

THE keyholes are crowded in Hollywood. The airways crackle and the gossip columns burn with the hot news that rises out of the West like an active volcano. . . . Three hundred and six accredited reporters searching madly every day for material to keep the conflagration at a white heat. Out of this vast mob of news hounds, there are thirty-five who are considered powerful by the studios.

Thirty-five commentators mean thirty-five syndicated newspaper columns are being fed a minimum of ten Hollywood news items a day, six days a week—twenty-one hundred supposedly sensational, exclusively scooped events happening each week in the City of the Stars.

Now add to this an approximate twenty radio chatterers who feed the networks with the ins and outs of Filmdom, then ask yourself if it is possible for a few personalities to do all you have heard and read.

The answer, naturally, is "no." Miss Ducky Delicious, the well-known flicker star, just can't make as many simultaneous appearances in night spots as she is credited with doing. And even if she could I would still consider it dull reading, because I have no personal interest in a smoky café.

Ducky's interest is less than mine. I say this because I'm an old-timer in the business and I know something about the little lady. Acting is a business with Ducky. And because it is a business, she can't afford to spend six nights in a café. She couldn't learn a part if she spent six nights in a café. And even if she could, there is the horrible thought that the merciless camera might pick up the dark circles under her eyes. . . . She should have circles under her eyes with a rival star already outselling her in the South? Not by a jugful!

I'm not offering a defense of Ducky Delicious. She's sopping up all the gravy in the picture game and needs no defense. But in all fairness I am compelled to say that she isn't a rotten apple, either, any more than is Dolly Shorthand, who works in a downtown office building. To Ducky, sex is something that supplies the fundamentals of her craft. She is a professional actress—and much more interested in being an actress than a bad little lady. Whereas, Dolly Shorthand is an amateur, and quite likely to bungle her lines.

The great American public is a paradox. It finds sustenance in naughty stories about its favorite performers, but it will spend more money on a clean picture than it will on a filthy one. The producing companies' books will attest that fact. It will accept its religion with truest sincerity, but it will speed a traveling-salesman story across country faster than the swiftest plane.

Reporters know this weakness. If they didn't they wouldn't be working at the job. And they have to get out ten items a day—twenty-one hundred supposedly sensational, exclusively scooped events happening each week. And a happy marriage is not news—there's too much of that going on in this country already.

What's hot and spicy? Who socked whom? You say So-and-So was drunk again? But I thought he gave up drinking. Wasn't home last night, huh? You

This bath is great, but—
Don Herold Says:

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It's fine to bathe.

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But remember a bath works backwards—not forwards. It takes care of yesterday's perspiration aura — not today's — maybe not even the next half hour's.

Some men could bathe twice a day but you'd never know it. They are just not the bath-lasting type.

I *mean* that within 30 minutes they may be generating and broadcasting perspiration waves. They mean well, but people call *them* Mr. Aura.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

mean he was at the race track with What's-Her-Name? Going to Mexico to write a story? Yeh, I'll bet. . . . Well, that isn't what he said about you. . . . Et cetera. . . . Et cetera. . . . And more et ceteras.

The keyhole reporter and radio commentator have no desire to ruin reputations. All they want is news—and how they go about getting it is much more extraordinary than the results. The technique of procedure is based upon the moth-eaten skeleton that rattles in every man's closet. A woman smiles at her chauffeur and a story has its beginning. The story may be true, but it's the woman's private life and as long as she does not tread upon the toes of society she is entitled to that privacy.

The weakness of the acting fraternity is that it looks upon publicity as a springboard to fame. To contradict a wielder of the pen might lead to professional oblivion later on. It is invigorating, refreshing, to see one's name plastered all over the daily papers; to hear the magic words pouring from the radio, but the line of demarcation between good and bad publicity has never actually been decided upon.

In the early years of motion pictures, very little space was given the art in the newspapers. But it grew to popularity and the enterprising editors soon sensed its circulation possibilities. There was much to tell then, because the business itself was vastly interesting. Today, every kid in every hamlet knows something about photography, trick camera shots, and most of the mechanical necessities of the business. But apparently they don't know what Joe Star, the stellar light, does with his spare time after he rings out on the time clock. The job is to tell them.

A Shortage of Scoops

A short time ago, a well-known gentleman of the East came to my home to spend the evening. A mild-mannered man, well versed in the social graces. To our discomfiture, he led off with a dirty story. It just so happens I don't tell my wife dirty stories—although I know them all—and I was offended. I told him so—and when he went away from there he was muttering something under his breath about Hollywood. I understood. I had seen so much of it before. Give a stranger two minutes to catch his breath and he'll make the traveling salesman story look silly. He knows all about Hollywood—the Town of Reckless Sex.

The Town of Reckless Sex isn't as reckless as you might suppose. It's just a town—made up of cigar-box stores, gasoline stations and more gasoline stations. The vacant lots are filled with secondhand cars, most of which were once "owned by a rich Pasadena woman and hardly used." A trip down its main stem on a busy night would give a backwoodsman mental inertia within an hour. The cafés are not as crowded as you might gather from the stories you hear. Only a while ago a local journal brought out the fact that most of them were squawking because of lack of business.

I haven't any particular fondness for actors, any more than they have for me. They're just as smart and no dumber than most people. They like to see their names in print, and you can't blame them. So do I and so do you. But names don't always constitute news—the jazz tunester has it when he says, "You gotta get hot." And maybe some of them do, but they still fall short of twenty-one hundred exclusively scooped events each week.

So what does the reporter use for fillers? Inanities . . . Claude Podd went to the party dressed as a duck . . . Trista Twitchlip is wearing a live mouse for a scarfpin . . . What well-known actor visited a night club clad in his own trousers? . . . Interminable bally-rot.

But where inanities are concerned, all of the sting doesn't go to the reporter and radio commentator. A great deal of this material is furnished by the studio publicity departments which send out mimeographed copy marked "Exclusive to you." Three hundred and six reporters will arch an eyebrow at this statement, but it's true nevertheless. Harmless fodder that even goes so far as to set up the actor as the guiding genius of all mankind.

The shortage of "hot material" makes the reporter's day an agonizing one, for you see he isn't a reporter any more—he's an actor. His fifteen minutes on the air is as much a show as the programs that precede and follow him. He must have a script that's full of thunder and lightning. So we'll criticize him as a show and say very little about his private life.

The top attraction is Walter Winchell. A fair to middling actor, he makes an honest effort to put his stuff over in a colorful manner. His voice is irritating at times—those times when you don't agree with him—but he most certainly doesn't bore you. He's a good show.

In the old days, when he was still making his reputation, he did some discomfiting revealing but now we find his revelations are neither so mongerish nor so shocking. His predictions, however, can usually be relied upon. He seems to have a greater tolerance for motion pictures now that he's engaged in them himself. And too, he mentions the lesser lights in the business, which is a little unusual among columnists.

Heretofore, the only real news value lay in the little handful of top stars who spent their days scampering about in a squirrel cage. A director became important only if he escorted a star to a night spot or was seen beating his wife over the head with the Sunday newspaper. A scenarist was rarely mentioned—and he's the screwiest one of the lot. He has to be. The director works from the printed word and so does the actor. The writer has to pull his material out of the thin air, or somebody else's trunk. He's good copy at all hours of the day if insanity is news. But he's rarely mentioned.

I'm told that Winchell used to have a large staff of informers, but today gets most of his tips and stories from boundless amateur sources. Good stories, too, many of them. And there are two rewards—the vicarious thrill of getting stuff in print and the gracious note they get from Winchell, whether he uses the material or not.

In order of their importance, the name of Jimmy Fidler comes next. A personable young fellow who takes himself quite seriously. By his own admission, he has the largest staff of snoopers of any of the Hollywood columnists. When interviewed by a San Francisco radiologuer, a local newspaper quoted Fidler as saying:

"I have twenty-four tipsters on my pay roll and all twenty-four hold key positions in major studios. I'm the only one who knows their names. When they phone in a story—and this may sound a little melodramatic to you, but it's true—they identify themselves merely as 'Operative Seven' or 'Operative 1001,' whichever it may be."

An Air of Finality

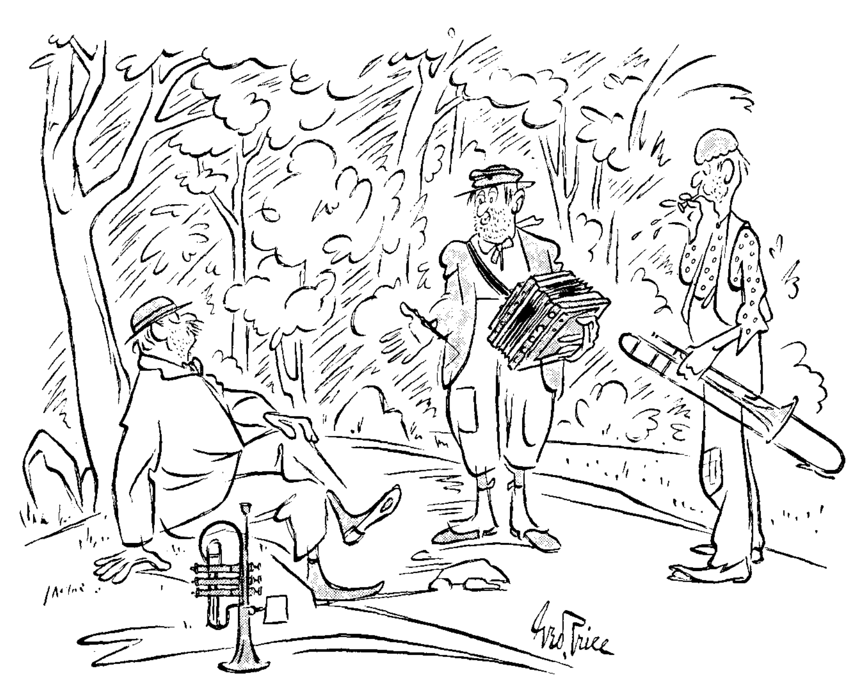
Fidler's following, and his unpopularity in Hollywood, arises from his editorializing—his "open letters" and discussion of the private lives of the stars. Opinionated as it is, it must click with his listeners, for no sponsor has been found yet who will pay big money for altruistic programs.

Fidler is also a recognized columnist, his daily contributions going into eighty-six newspapers. Unlike some columnists, who started out fearlessly to expose the inside and then calmed down, his open letters still carry a sting.

When he first crashed Hollywood, he worked as an extra in the movies for five dollars a day. It is understood he will collect in the neighborhood of $50,000 for depicting himself in a Warner Brothers picture.

There is an air of finality about Fidler's delivery that calls for admiration even if one is inclined to doubt the veracity of his radio utterances. If he doesn't like a picture, he says so—and in no uncertain terms. If the bell rings but once, the producer of the ill-fated picture is tempted to yank it from national circulation. But two facts keep him from performing this rash act—the natural desire to retrieve some of his investment and the knowledge that other people don't always agree with Mr. Fidler. And, quite often, they don't.

That is the one thing bad about keyhole reporting. The dividing line between clean and unclean publicity is indistinguishable. The point is to attract attention—and it's certainly been doing



"Then it's agreed, gentlemen—beginning Monday we tour New England"

GEORGE PRICE

IT'S THE Chrysler Royal!

...A GREAT BIG BEAUTY AT A MIGHTY SMALL PRICE!

THERE'S a thrilling contrast between how much you get and how little you pay for the Chrysler Royal. You never saw so much automobile . . . or a car so completely equipped . . . at so low a price.

A big wheelbase of 119 inches. The roomiest body ever put on a chassis of equal size. A 95-horsepower Gold Seal engine with Floating Power . . . smooth, alert, amazingly economical.

Royal brings you Chrysler engineering at its best . . . and *every single* one of Chrysler's latest engineering features.

You get style and quality never before built into a low-priced car.

And you get a car that's ready to drive and enjoy, without having to buy a lot of extras. All of the following are included in the remarkably low delivered price of the Chrysler Royal:

Federal tax paid . . . spare wheel . . . spare tire and tube . . . bumpers . . . bumper guards . . . dual tail lights . . . dual windshield wipers . . . dual sun visors . . . cigar lighter . . . large trunk.

No wonder Chrysler Royal sweeps on in the low-priced field! You can see its greater value in its thrilling beauty . . . its cushioned ride . . . its smooth performance. Compare it for value. You'll find it the biggest money's worth in the low-priced field!

★ ★ ★

BETTER ENGINEERED . . . BETTER MADE!

Chrysler's better design and precision manufacture give you happy miles at lower cost!

★ ★ ★

$1010

CHRYSLER ROYAL FOUR-DOOR SEDAN
WITH TRUNK READY TO DRIVE IN DETROIT

Prices ready to drive in Detroit including Federal taxes.

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Coupe, $918. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1010. Eight other body styles.

☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Coupe, $1123. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, *$1198*. Four other body styles.

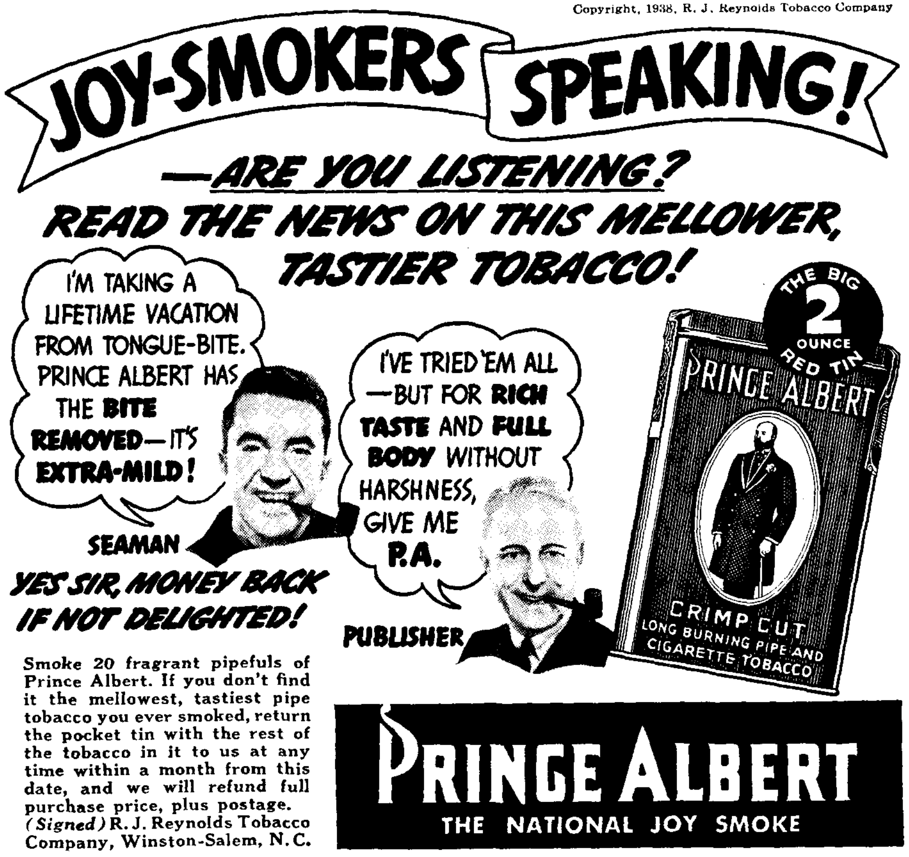
☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 5 or 7-Passenger Sedan, $2295. Sedan *Limousine*, $2395.

Above prices do not include state or local taxes, if any. For delivered price in your locality, see your Chrysler dealer.

☆ **Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.**

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS AT VALLEY FORGE
OH DADDY, THERE'S WASHINGTON'S HOSPITAL HUT. IT'S JUST AS I'VE SEEN IT IN THE HISTORY BOOKS
THIS CERTAINLY IS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST HISTORIC SPOTS
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
I GUESS THOSE WERE THE DARKEST DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION WHEN WASHINGTON GATHERED HIS MEN AROUND HIM HERE
I CAN ALMOST PICTURE MARTHA WASHINGTON CONSOLING HER HUSBAND THOSE TRYING TIMES
CHUBBINS, JUST IMAGINE THOSE POOR CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS FREEZING THROUGH THAT BITTER WINTER, MANY OF THEM WITHOUT SHOES, OR FOOD OR EVEN TOBACCO TO CONSOLE THEM
THAT HISTORIC WINTER at VALLEY FORGE......
WELL, IF THEY WERE LIKE YOU, DAD, THEY PROBABLY MISSED THEIR TOBACCO MOST OF ALL
I KNOW, YOU'RE REMINDING ME OF THAT WINTER BACK HOME WHEN WE GOT SNOWED IN
AND RUNNING OUT OF FOOD DIDN'T BOTHER YOU NEARLY AS MUCH AS RUNNING OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT
AT SUCH TIMES, A PIPE-SMOKER REALIZES MORE THAN EVER WHAT PRINCE ALBERT MEANS TO HIM

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


JOY-SMOKERS SPEAKING!
—ARE YOU LISTENING?
READ THE NEWS ON THIS MELLOWER, TASTIER TOBACCO!
I'M TAKING A LIFETIME VACATION FROM TONGUE-BITE. PRINCE ALBERT HAS THE BITE REMOVED—IT'S EXTRA-MILD!
SEAMAN
YES SIR, MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!
I'VE TRIED 'EM ALL —BUT FOR RICH TASTE AND FULL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS, GIVE ME P.A.
PUBLISHER
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

that in these last few months, but not in a way that could be judged as favorable to the reporter.

I'm certain he has sensed the changing pulse—the better reporter, I mean. The recent radio programs have become milder than your favorite cigarettes and, in many ways, better. However, most of them are still lacking in showmanship fundamentals. The reason for this is simple: The average reporter is not an actor.

Mr. Sidney Skolsky proves my point. Quite brilliant with the written word, he talks like a schoolboy whose teeth have been wired for sound. And what he doesn't know about a second and third act is nobody's business.

Skolsky, like some of his contemporaries, only recently got the mike urge. It soon wore off and he now devotes a little more time to the work he does so well. A likable fellow—small of stature—he bustles about Hollywood with that "deadline glare" in his eyes, which is so often mistaken for the look of a moocher. But he is only a moocher of news, with an energy and directness that often startles one. . . . "What's new today? . . . Anything funny? . . . Who did which to what?" . . . If he gets what he's after, he mellows into a funny story. If not, he turns and scurries away like the rabbit in Alice in Wonderland.

My stooges inform me that he broke into the show world as a realtor—a rental agent for a Park Avenue house in New York. Certain of his tenants interested him: a group which soon became the nucleus of an artist colony, from which he gathered his first professional knowledge about Broadway. In time, he became a press agent for Sam Harris—then for Earl Carroll. Meanwhile, his Tin-Type column was written on the side. His next step was into Mark Hellinger's spot as columnist on the New York Daily News, covering Broadway. . . . Then Broadwayites departed for Hollywood—and along came Skolsky.

Another is Lloyd Pantages. . . . Pantages has the benefit of a lifelong acquaintance with the notables of long standing in Hollywood, and the established name and prestige of his showman father. But despite the traditional pattern of the life of a son of wealth, he is one of the harder-working columnists. Criticizing him also as a show, since his advent into the radio field, I compliment his dramatization of two Hollywood news items each week. It is good audience stuff.

Blurbs with Barbs

The unique quality about young Pantages is that he gathers his own material. He believes that probing people in person brings out more accurate information. He likes to visit sets because the actors have nothing but time on their hands and, in such a mood, interviews have the opportunity to reach a zenith of perfection.

Among the newer crop of commentators is George McCall. He is not so well known as many, but wears a figurative gray beard when it comes to reporting. It was he who dared tack the nickname of "Stoky" on the great Stokowski and, in 1935, he wrote his best news story about this leading light of the musical world. The scoop was an account of how Stokowski, who had often denounced jazz in public, was caught at a jam session. That story was reprinted around the world.

McCall received the better part of his reportorial education working for Variety, the show world's Bible. This paper has had more influence than any other in creating the breezy style now found in certain periodicals; the fountainhead school for many of the boys. McCall represented it in Hollywood for eight years. Now he has the largest radio hookup of any of the screen scoopers and, if I'm to believe what he told me, there is to be no dirt, darts nor damages.

The reason is apparent—he knows too much about the interesting side of Hollywood to bother with the other stuff. Here is a town full of the pain and joy of accomplishment. Full of phonies and full of the finest talent in the world. Talent that represents the world. Much better material for the thinking citizen than startling facts about a lady fair doing a back flip in a gin hoist.

Blurbs with barbs have done great damage. The late Lew Cody was pulled from professional heights by the unwitting work of a press agent who publicized him as the "he-vamp" in a motion-picture production. It set him up to ridicule instead and nearly broke his heart, for if ever a being was the personification of things manly, it was Lew Cody. And the hurt was wholly unintended.

The Door is Open

I am not the only one objecting to the quality of material used by the average reporter. Loud are the cries of protest emanating from indignant exhibitors throughout the United States. A sample of this is a letter recently published in the Hollywood Review. It says in part:

"Hollywood chatter is on the air, through chains and local stations, almost nightly . . . until the public is saturated with personal scandals, unsound reviews and uncontrolled gibes at various film stars . . ."

My transcriptions of these broadcasts tell me the same thing. When the subject matter is clean, they generally purvey a bubble in personality but, otherwise, they're like an off-color story before breakfast.

Nowadays, avoidance of libel is a career in itself. There are attorneys growing wealthy because of the libelous innuendoes that have to be relegated to the wastebaskets.

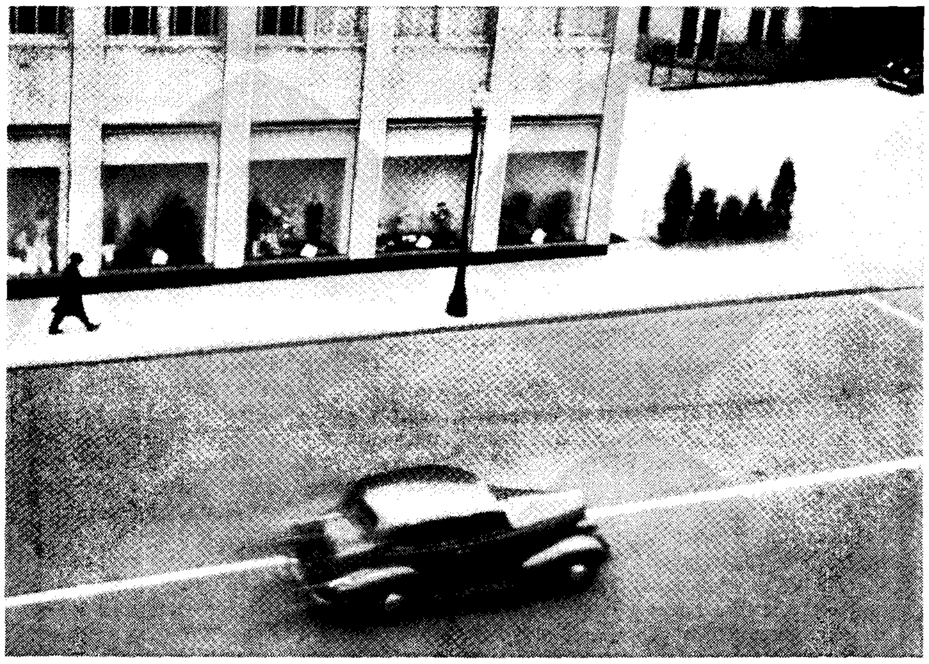
Why imply anything if there is the remotest possibility it will do the subject harm? An actor—and you can have the exception as a gift from me—is never as wild in his private life as in his film characterizations. Even if he has the desire to emulate Casanova, his accomplishments still wouldn't satisfy three hundred and six reporters. It is the actor's business to make digestible entertainment on film. Making entertainment after working hours is something he has to pay for himself, no matter what the cost.

If a star did everything he was reported as doing, the state officials would have him in the nut house for observation. And when I say the average star is a sane, cold-blooded business individual, I know what I'm talking about.

But shooting darts at him is not cricket. Maybe he does hang from chandeliers in his rare moments, but isn't it true that his life's work is devoted to the portrayal of human emotions? With him it's act—act—act—every day until that day when the public has found a new favorite and the studio gateman can't recall his name.

I've watched four distinct groups of stars pass by and still I bounce along. Baldheaded—as rotund as the globe on a street lamp—but neither age nor fashion bothers me a jot. I am not an actor—a very, very lucky man.

So my advice to the keyhole reporter is to forget the keyhole and come on in through the door. It's open. Become a part of the thing you're writing about. It makes for authenticity and, consequently, better copy. And wait for the suspect to commit his crime—similar to the way it's done with people in other walks of life.



One mile across town at **5 a.m.** s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s to

two miles at **5 p.m.** by **stop** and **go**

In stop-and-go driving, you're always shifting gears.

When in "low," your engine makes about 12 turns for each turn of your wheels . . . in "second," about 8 . . . in "high," only about 4.

In "rush-hour" stop and go, your mile drive across town may be two miles to your engine—it depends on how much of the driving is in low and second gears.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this waste and cost, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline, making every drop of fuel usable to your motor under all driving conditions.

• • •

You can save on your stop-and-go driving costs by the regular use of Super-Shell. There's a Shell dealer near you.

SHELL

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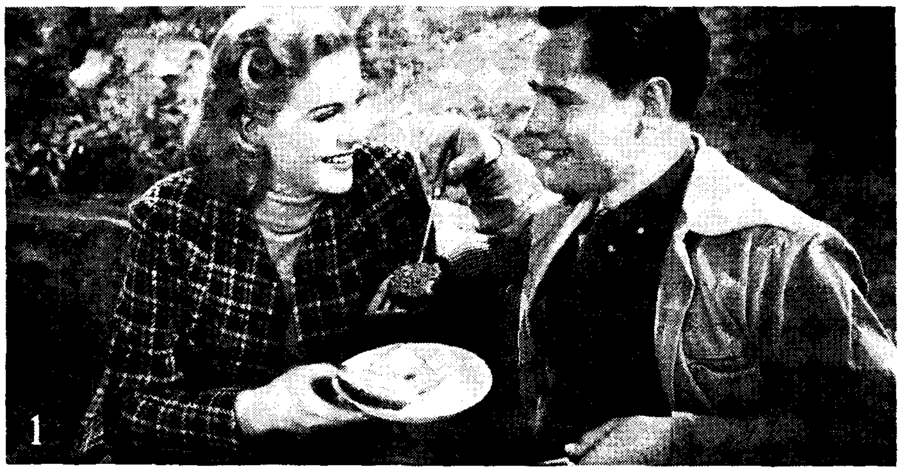
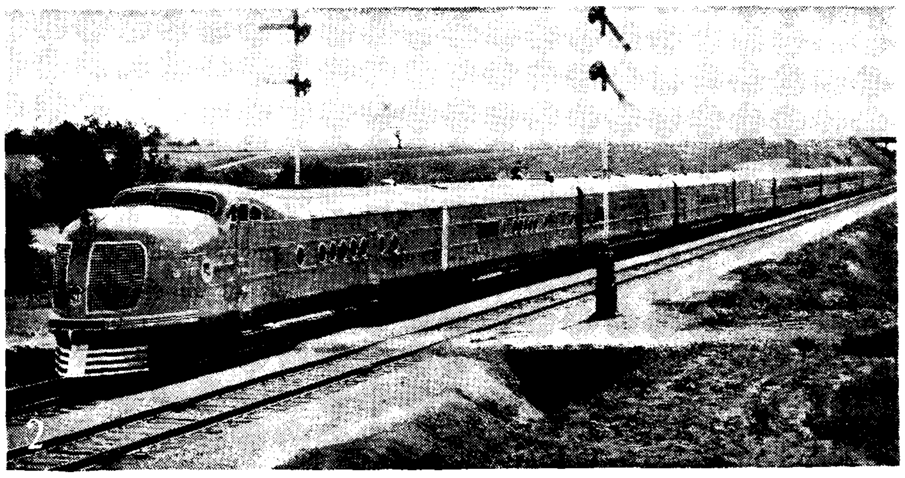
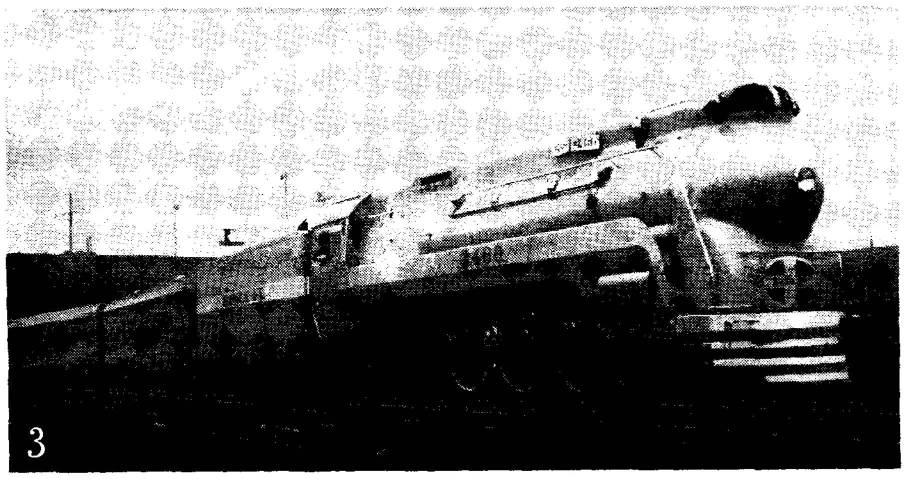
SAVES ON **STOP** AND **GO**



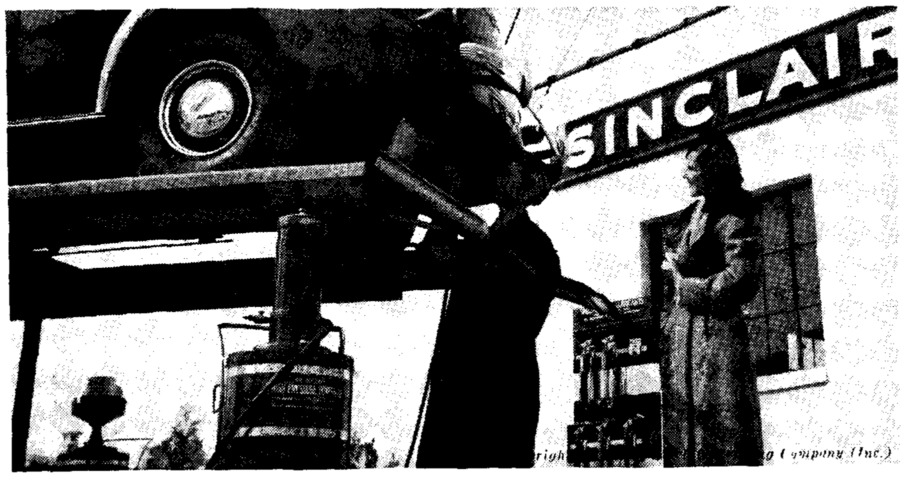
Nan Grey, featured with Donald Woods in Universal's "Black Doll", likes to get away from it all at Sun Valley, famous Idaho resort run by the . . .



. . . Union Pacific Railroad. The Union Pacific is one of the 150 American railroads whose engines use . . .



. . . Sinclair fuels or lubricants. Another is the Santa Fe. When you want safe, scientific lubrication for your car go to your . . .



. . . nearby Sinclair dealer. This spring he features a special "Sinclair-ize for Summer" service which prepares your car for summer driving as its manufacturer recommends. See him today. You'll like the way he treats you.

Shark Meat

Continued from page 10

just yet. Maybe a whale or another shark or somethin'. Maybe it's dyin' an' the gulls are waitin' their chance. I—I think we'd oughta go see."

There was silence. Then the man who sucked on the nail moved slowly. He was careful to avoid disturbing the trim of the boat. He partly lowered the sail. The man at the steering oar pulled in on the sheet. Bit by bit, with infinite caution, they got the sail inboard. When it was all done, the man in the stern sculled to keep the boat's head pointing exactly.

The other two men took their places on the rowing thwart. They moved with the caution of professional tightrope walkers. With the same gingery care, they put out two stubby oars. One of them had served for mast, and one for boom. They rowed. Cautiously. Carefully. And feebly.

THEY had no strength. They pulled with vast effort, and their strength was the strength of kittens. Slowly the man at the steering oar dared to turn the boat from its original course. Its motion changed, which was productive of panic. The waves had come from astern, so that the boat had heaved and pitched. Now the boat rolled, and its gunwales were low. Very low to the water. They could not possibly have sailed such a course without swamping. They shipped some water as it was.

With slow, with feeble, with painful strokes of the oars the boat moved through the water. Now the waves came from the port side. They careened the boat heavily to starboard, and heaved it up, and let it teeter for an agonizing fraction of a second on their crests, and then scornfully let it slide down into the troughs between. Each successive wave towered over the gunwale and menaced them with its liquid might. Each one, in turn, seemed at once to menace and to scorn the boat and the men in it. But it seemed that some wave, more scornful than the rest, would presently inevitably destroy the boat through sheer impatience of its existence.

Water splashed inboard. The sloshing puddle in the bottom of the boat grew larger.

"We're makin' it," said the steering man, encouragingly. "We're 'most halfway there."

The formerly drowsy man sobbed out a curse. Oscar, the shark, had bumped against his oar. He vanished with a swirl of his tail—and the boat shipped two buckets of water. The man at the steering oar bent down anxiously. He bailed.

"He's comin'!" said the drowsy man, in a choked voice.

The steering man jerked his head around. Oscar was coming. Insolently. Openly. Malevolently. Now it seemed as if he were playing with the men. He turned on his side as he swam. His white belly came into view. It was plain that he would make a swift, slashing snap at something—and he was traveling twenty miles an hour or better. His wake alone, as he reached the surface, would make a disturbance sufficient to bring disaster.

The man at the steering oar threw out a bail of water in a splashing, glittering arc. It made a streak of foam just before the shark. He swerved. There was a miniature waterspout where he turned. Part of it reached the boat and broke over the side.

The boat was one fourth full of water. More water trickled and splashed over the gunwales at every instant. The third man—still chewing and sucking upon his nail—gave a mighty heave upon his oar. The boat came around, again stern to the waves. The man in the stern bailed frantically while the others made feeble paddling strokes to keep the boat headed downwind.

"He's gettin' right nervy," panted the bailing man. "Right nervy."

Waves came from behind. They lifted the stern and thrust it roughly on. The water in the boat rolled forward, burying the bow deep. The stern wavered crazily on the crest of the wave before it teetered and settled down and went crashing into the following trough, with all the water in the boat cascading sternward again.

The stringy muscles in the bailing man's neck stood out. His knotty veins throbbed visibly. He bailed, and bailed, and bailed.

At last, panting and trembling with fatigue, he waveringly put out the steering oar again.

"A'right," he said. "Le's go."

Again the boat's head came around. Crawling, wavering, lurching, it crept over the water. A week or two since, it had been a trim and trig small vessel, stowed on its parent ship. Now its paint was scaled and cracked. It showed leprous, scabby spots. It was manned by scarecrows, by skeletons, who panted heavily as they made feeble jerks at its stubby oars.

A sea gull, skimming the waves, banked sharply and whirled above them, squawking. Oscar's fin showed for an instant, two wave crests away. The man at the steering oar got the bail ready to splash again at him. The others rowed. A second gull came careening over the wave crests, squawked indignantly at the men, and vanished. The man in the stern saw other gulls. The waves and wind thrust the boat onward. It crawled on one course and was blown steadily to leeward. Gulls swirled almost directly overhead.

"I—uh—I'm kinda scared we're goin' to miss it," said the man at the steering oar, reluctantly. "I still can't see what 'tis."

BUT on the instant he did see. A stubby, splintered fragment of wood, upthrust at a crazy angle. It looked rather like a splintered spar buoy. But there would be no spar buoys out here. Not here! Spar buoys were half a world away.

"It's—uh—wreckage o' some kind," said the man at the steering oar. A little while since he had striven to maintain hope without reason. Now he fought away all trace of hope from his voice. But his eyes glistened. The odds were thousands to one against anything like food or water in a heap of wreckage, but still—

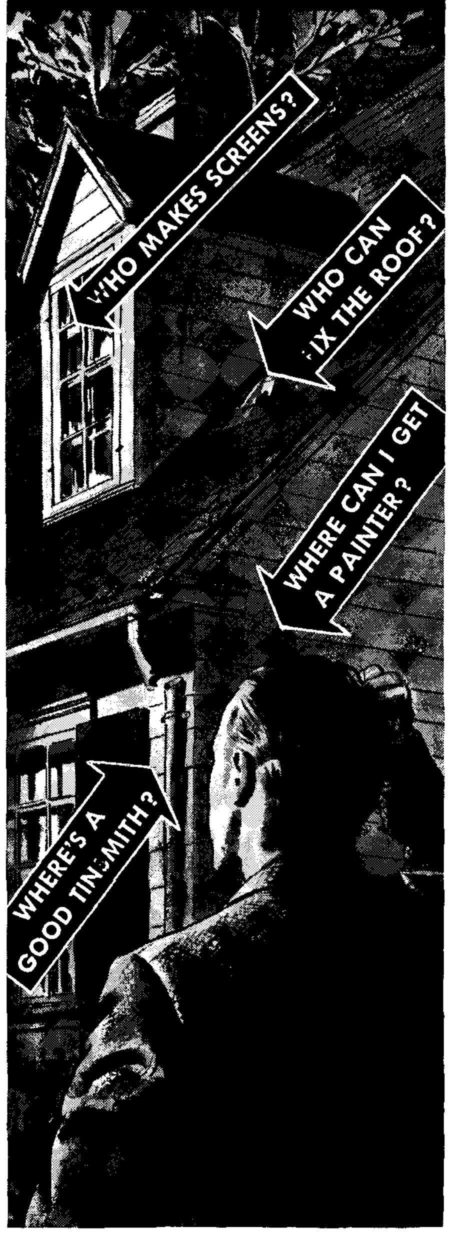
There was a loud hissing noise. Oscar, the shark, plunged past their bows, almost awash. He swirled sharply, and flipped his body sidewise. They caught a glimpse of an opened, triangular mouth with rows of teeth. All under water, of course, but they saw it. The shark dived.

"Playin' with us," said the formerly drowsy man. His voice was so filled with hatred that it did not even tremble. He cursed the shark, flinging his weight upon the oar. "Playin' with us!"

The boat crawled onward.

Again a rushing sound. Again a hurtling body in the water, infinitely graceful, infinitely deadly, but not yet poised for a direct attack. It swept past the boat as a dog will sometimes dash barking past a strange object he does not quite dare assail. As a kitten makes quasi-playful, tentative darts at an in-

Your Home Repairing QUESTIONS


WHO MAKES SCREENS?
WHO CAN FIX THE ROOF?
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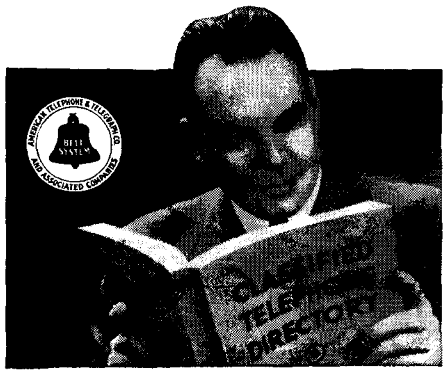
WHERE'S A GOOD TINSMITH?

...quickly answered by the Classified

All the services you need to make home repairing easy are listed in your classified telephone directory. So are dealers for many nationally advertised products. When you want something, look in the book that tells "Where to Buy It."


AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
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sect it will presently seize. Oscar, the shark, swirled and dived about the boat. Once, when he plunged downward only yards from its side, his dorsal fin scraped the bottom. And at the contact he made so convulsive a movement that the boat lifted inches in the water—and then more water cascaded over its gunwales.

The contact probably alarmed Oscar. He vanished. But he would come back, and at each return he would be less timorous, less chary of contact, less easily persuaded to retreat.

The boat crawled onward. Then the man at the steering oar said in a dull and hopeless voice:

"There 'tis. I—uh—I guess it ain't any use."

HE HEADED the boat downwind. The others could look. They gazed without comment. The thing in the water had been a schooner—or part of a schooner. Its bows were gone. Where its foremast had been was under water, so they could not see if any fragment of the mast remained. The splintered stump of the mainmast projected from a foot and a half of water and reared to a height of perhaps ten feet. The roof of the after cabin was above water and was dry. The stern rail was clear of the sea. That was all. Waves roiled upon the fragment of deck planking the men could still observe. Sometimes it was clear of water for a space. But it was never dry. There was a broken-off spar sticking into the deck, with raveling cordage floating away from it. The schooner had been small for work in the open sea. Its cabin was flooded. Its very name was obliterated. There was no hope of salvage upon it. There was nothing left to save.

"We might as well go on," said the man at the steering oar, in a subdued voice. "Nothin' there for us. No grub, no water—"

The third man shifted the nail in his dry mouth.

"Rope," he said huskily, "an' blocks."

There was an instant's silence. Then the drowsy man cried in triumphant hate:

"Yeah! That's what we want! Yeah! An' Oscar can't swamp that, damn 'im!"

There was a swift rush past. Oscar, discovering himself unharmed, broke water ten yards away and dived again. The drowsy man shook his fist, shouting triumphant curses at him. Then he flung his weight desperately on the oar.

When they touched the derelict, when they navigated through its broken rail and allowed themselves to be grounded on its sunken deck—to save the strength needed for mooring—the wreck was more plainly useless than before. There was a space some ten feet by fifteen that was always above water and was dry. There was a segment of stern rail that, like the after-cabin roof, was spotted white with gull droppings. There were a few square yards of slimy planking on which the water rarely rose more than ankle-deep. There was a splintered mast and a shattered spar, with cordage drifting away from it.

The three men made fast their boat. They moved slowly, with creakings of unaccustomed bones, with strainings of enfeebled muscles. Two of them labored on the stranded spar while the third stood on the cabin roof and shook his fists at Oscar, croaking menaces.

Then something smote upon his nostrils. A stench that was other than the mere malodor of wood rot and desertion. He moved himself painfully to the cabin hatch. He slid it back. He peered down at the oily water slushing sluggishly in the enclosed space. Straw from bunk tickings. Floating, moldy scraps of wood—furniture, most likely. Then he saw the source of the smell.

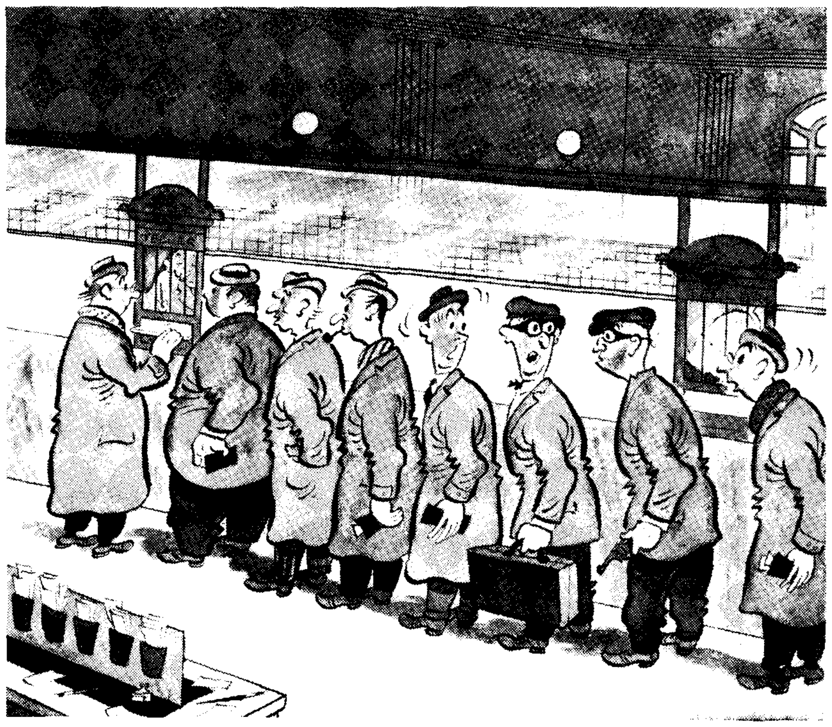
He had it out when the others came back.

"It's prob'ly bacon," he croaked triumphantly, "but I'll give my share to Oscar!"

The man who had handled the steering oar nodded. "Mine, too," he said hopefully, though his mouth worked hungrily over the unappetizing, rather horrible object. "We got to be careful, because maybe Oscar's scary about ships. But there's the grapnel anchor of our boat, an' this, an' the ropes an' blocks. Yeah. But we got to be careful!"

There was sea, and there was sky, and there were waves. There was the small boat, grounded and askew on the submerged deck of the derelict. There was a space ten feet by fifteen that was dry, and white with the droppings of sea birds. And there were three men—scarecrows—feebly busy, weakly enthusiastic, desperately driving worn-out bodies and wasted muscles to a mysterious task.

The task ceased to be mysterious only when the grapnel of the small boat—cunningly buoyed—drifted astern of the derelict with a stinking object lashed to it. The three men watched with bated breath. They watched as Oscar investi-



"It's always busy like this at noontime!"

HAL SHERMAN

The Story thus far...

THERE is a continued story running, with a new installment every week, that fiction readers ought not miss.

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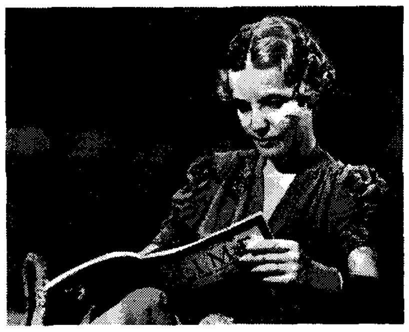
And so dramatically is this story written, that every vivid, meaningful paragraph strikes into your mind, not easily to be erased.



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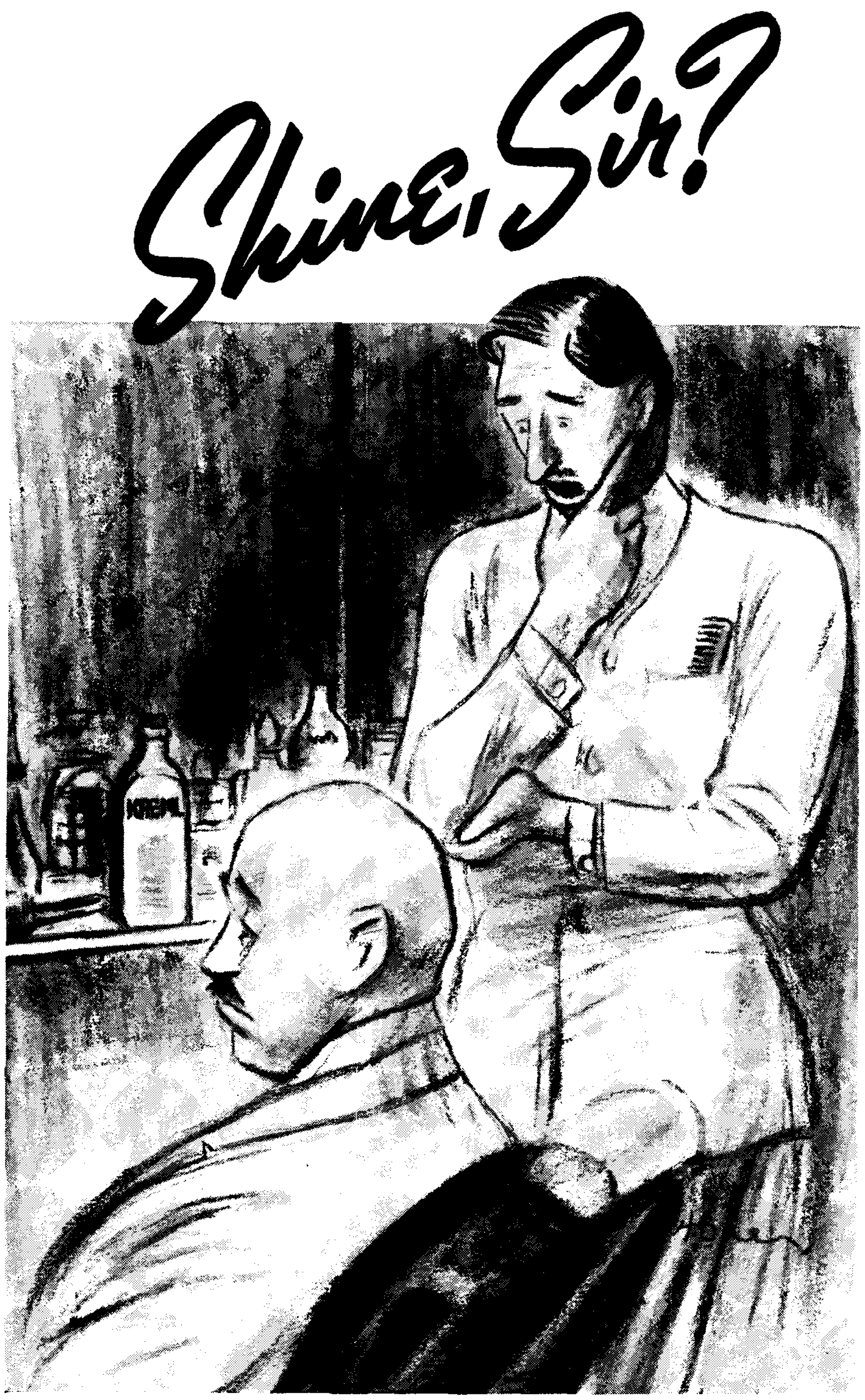


ONCE you're bald your barber shop days must be confined to a shave, shine and manicure.

You're bad news to a barber—and you don't look so hot to the rest of the world, either.

Baldness is no disgrace—but it can be mighty humiliating.

So if dandruff is drifting down to your coat—if your comb is sprouting hairs after it's gone through your hair, it's high time you started using Kreml—and started at once.

For Kreml won't grow hair on a bald head. But it will remove dandruff and it will check falling hair. Thousands of letters from satisfied Kreml users attest to *that*.

Kreml is the perfect hair dressing, too. It keeps your hair trim but never sticky or greasy.

Ask your barber for it. Ask for the Kreml Treatment, too.

And you, ladies—ask for Kreml at your beauty shop, see how it adds glamour to a permanent and serves as the finest kind of wave-set.

Kreml Shampoo is the staunch ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It cleanses thoroughly—and it's made with an 80% olive oil base and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to arrange.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

gated it cautiously, as he withdrew suspiciously, and then as he made a sudden savage dash and seized it.

Then they squealed hoarsely in malevolent delight. They watched square rods of surface torn to foam. The drowsy man wept and swore in a hysterical satisfaction of his hate. The third man forgot to chew on his nail. He watched intently. The man who had steered now watched with a hypnotic attention, his lips working convulsively.

But they did not try to haul in on the rope blocks until Oscar was nearly exhausted. Then they used cunning instead of the strength they no longer possessed. They called and cursed to one another in a vast excitement. They pulled upon the rope they had arranged to multiply their strength by many times. They struck upon the tautened line, by the sudden jar to startle Oscar into panic-stricken struggle. In one such struggle he landed upon the submerged part of the deck, and the feel of unyielding stuff beneath him intensified his terror.

After hours of mad endeavor, trembling from weakness and fatigue, the man who had steered the small boat managed to slash a hole in Oscar's flank. And all three risked their lives eagerly to catch the red fluid that ran out.

He still struggled when night fell. The three men slept a heavy, drugged sleep. In the morning Oscar was still. He was eighteen feet of sleek deadliness reduced to food. The third man, automatically mouthing his nail, moved creakingly upon the small dry space. Fragments of wood from inside the cabin were drying upon the cabin top. Cans and canisters that had contained supplies were assembled quite insanely. Presently—while two men labored on the huge bulk that had been their nearest danger—a little thin thread of smoke arose, beginning with chips cut from the sun-scorched platform itself.

Two days later the small boat cast off from the derelict. It was more heavily laden than it had been, but there was a cunning addition to its gunwales. They were raised inches by strips of sharkskin impaled and stretched on pegs. Its course had changed. It no longer headed directly before the wind for a speck of land marked "Position Doubtful" on the charts. It headed quartering downwind, to a more distant but more probable destination. If luck were with them, they would reach land and consuls and shipping and such other things as they most desired.

The three men were again in their former positions. One man steered. One man seemed to drowse, as if sleep could be used as anesthesia. One man chewed and sucked automatically upon a nail.

The man at the steering oar said hopefully:

"It's goin' to be hell, but we got grub enough, an' if we hold down to half a pint o' water a day—even if it does taste o' guano smoke an' the stuff that was in the cans we made a still of—an' there ain't any storms, we got a chance. Yeah. We got a chance, now."

The drowsy man said sardonically:

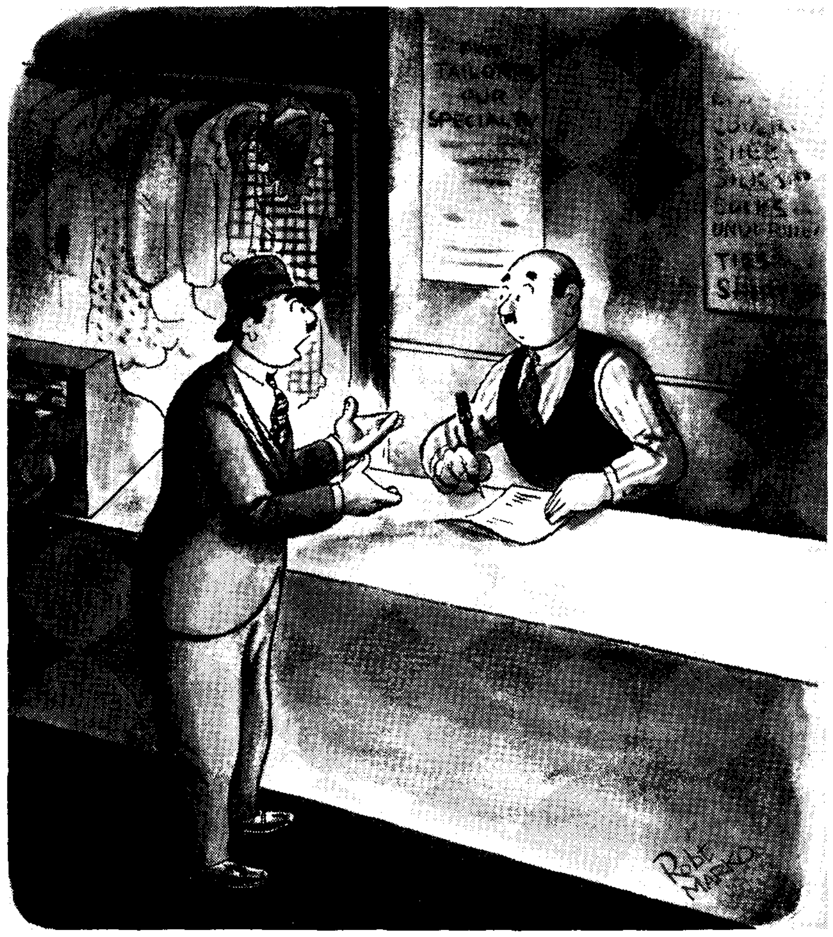
"T'do what?"

THE man at the steering oar did not answer. There was no need. A wave, surging from quartering astern, lifted the boat and thrust it roughly forward. It heeled over a little on the wave crest. Water splashed in where the sharkskin addition to the gunwale joined the wood. The boat went wavering down into the valley between two monster seas. Another wave came. It lifted the boat again, and again thrust it impatiently forward. Then another wave. And another. And another. More spray entered. After a long time, the man with the nail in his mouth bent down and bailed. The man at the steering oar scanned the horizon ahead, his brows wrinkled, his eyes hopeful.

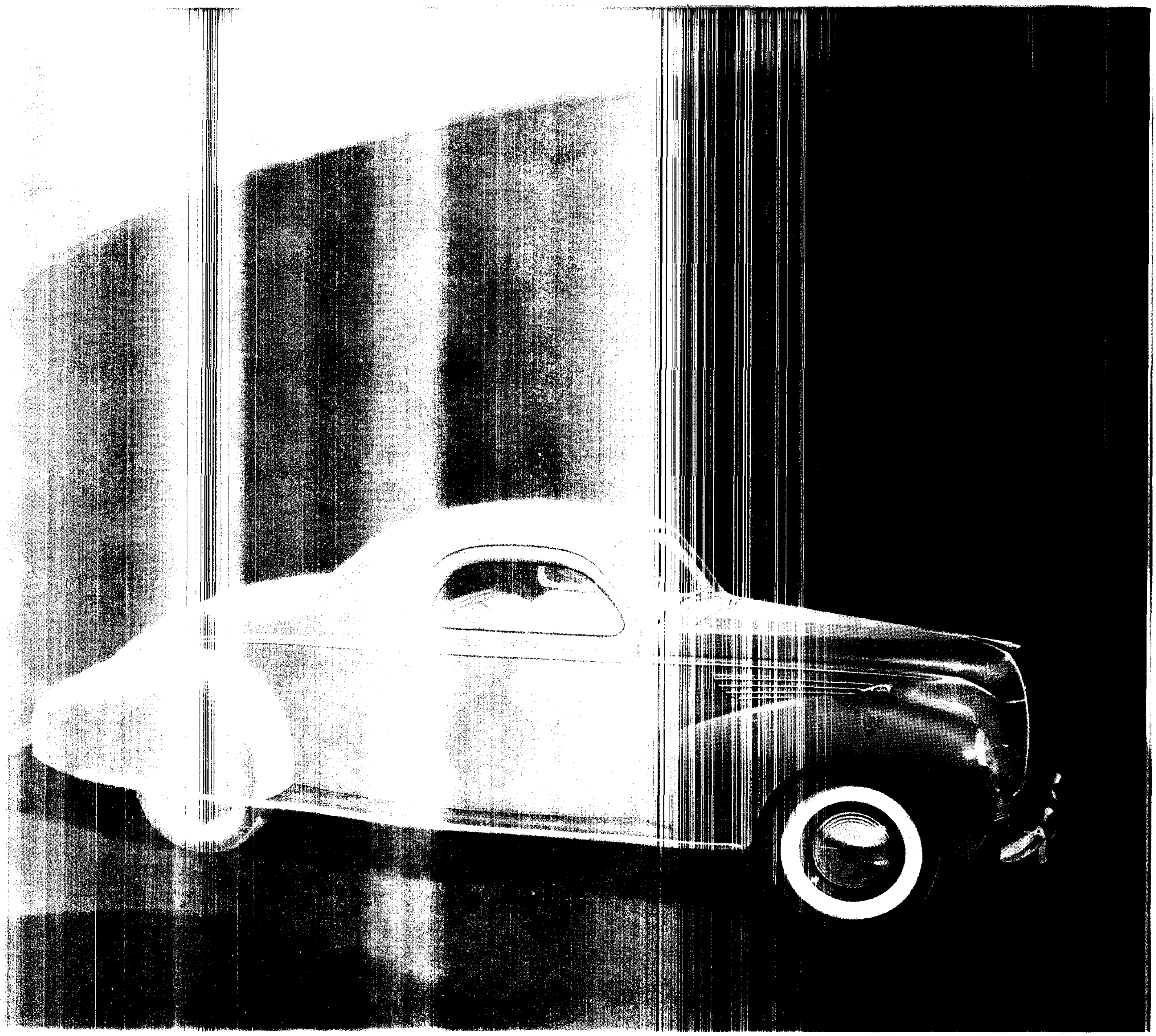
The boat sailed on.

A long time passed. Then the drowsy man said peevishly:

"I miss that damn' Oscar! Nothin' to think about now. I wisht he was somewheres around to cuss at."



"Would you mind telling me where you made that secret pocket again? I can't find my wallet!" ROBERT MARKO



[illegible] *— and the only car of its kind*

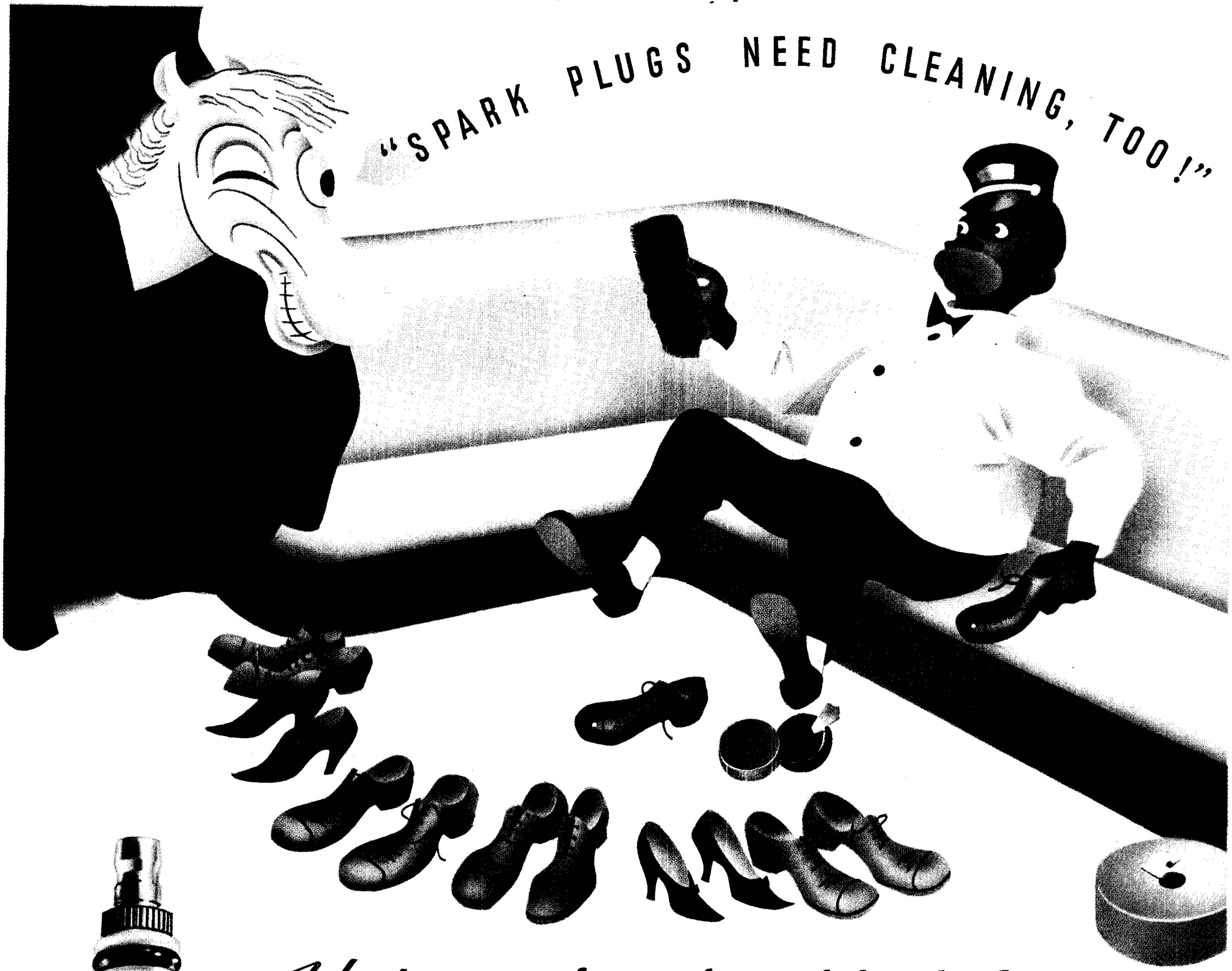
[illegible] the Lincoln- [illegible] one alone sets [illegible] their [illegible] the advantages [illegible] admire (and [illegible] the greater [illegible] "twelve" does [illegible] until the advent of the "twelve" in the Lincoln-Zephyr, the [illegible] of added cylinders was beyond [illegible] price range. Now, at medium price, the Lincoln-Zephyr offers the brilliant performance of [illegible] with unique and advanced features of construction.

[illegible] is a fast car, of course. But over [illegible] enthusiastic Lincoln-Zephyr owners appreciate, even more than speed, the reserve power which is always at their command. Without strain, without fatigue, they cover familiar journeys in shorter time—and at lower top speed! An even and [illegible] pace consumes distances greater than they are used to driving. And owners find, much to their delight, that economy of operation goes hand in hand with economy of purchase. Under all conditions—through city traffic and on the open road—they report from 14 to 18 miles to the gallon. Twelve thrifty cylinders!

More, the Lincoln-Zephyr brings riding qualities unknown before, because its basic design is unique. Bodies are wider, seats are chair-like, all passengers ride well ahead of the rear axle. You ride relaxed—cushioned on soft transverse springs, 136 inches apart.

New in beauty, comfort, safety and ease of driving, this modern "twelve" at medium price is still the only car of its kind at any price. No wonder that people who once dreamed of "twelves" now drive them! Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr V-12s.

LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V·12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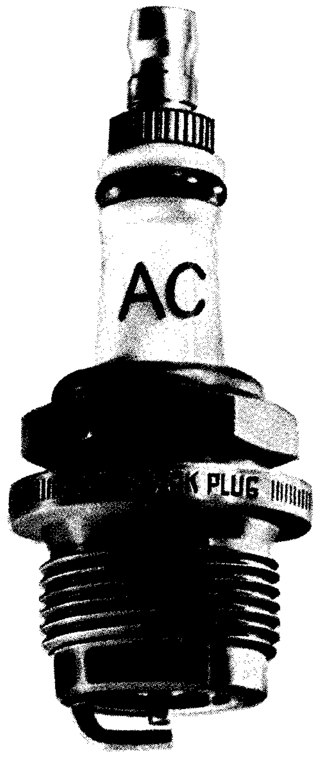
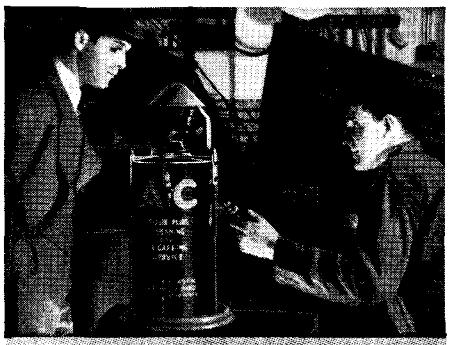


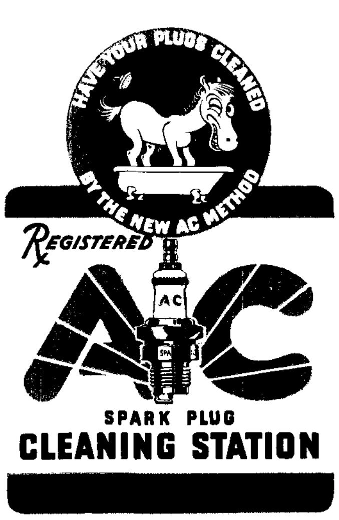
AC Quality Spark Plugs
for peak performance

Thirty years of building quality spark plugs—for the car maker and for the car owner—are behind these quality products. For full spark plug satisfaction, install a set of new AC spark plugs every 10,000 miles.



"There's enough oxide coating on your plugs to steal 10% of your gas."

Many a doctor has arrived "in time" thanks to clean, reliable plugs.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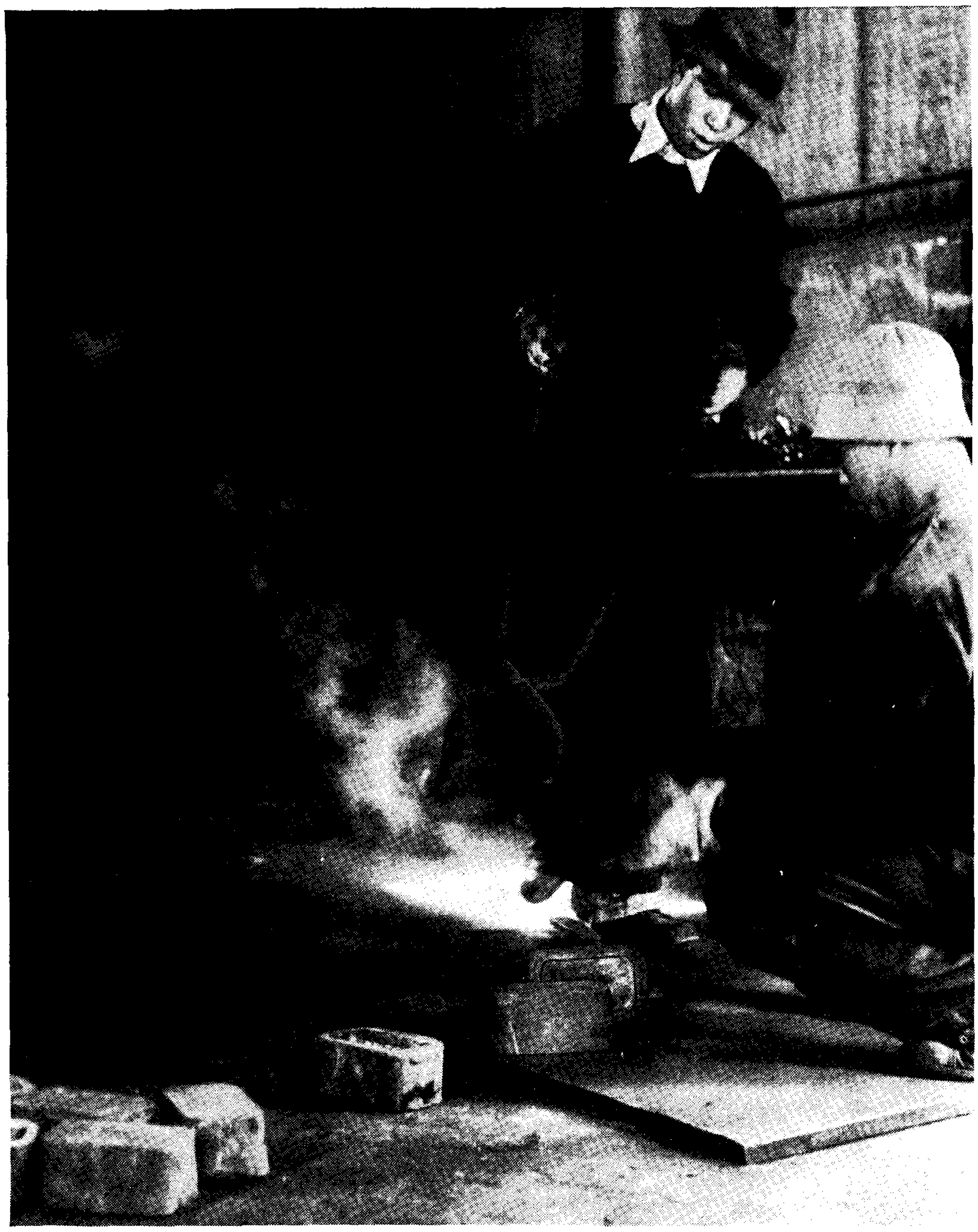
One of the 10,000 Igorot miners who work for a few centavos a day

Wild Gold

By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT



A pouring room of a gold mill. Each brick is worth about $11,000

Forty tons of gold are pouring out of the Philippine hills this year. The Igorot native who painfully mines the yellow metal has heard that this gold is on its way to be buried in a hole in Kentucky. This, to the simple-minded Igorot, seems very funny indeed

BALOC the Igorot sat in his thin undershirt under his hard fiber helmet and ate his noon rice out of a can. The curvy, golden-skinned, amber-eyed girl who had brought it was lithely climbing the hill back to the *barrio* where she and Baloc and five of their *parientes*—relatives—lived in a galvanized iron box ten feet square. A few feet below Baloc the muddy water of Antomok Creek swirled down a twisting V canyon with 2,000-foot walls. A tenth of a mile under him a thousand little brown men and a handful of young Americanos hacked and blasted gold ore out of the hot, water-soaked rock of the Northern Luzon range.

The August typhoon poured down its rain cascades on the acres of gray metal roof that covered the mine and the mill, slanting down the Philippine hillside. A few feet away an Ilocano tribesman in a military uniform paced soberly beside a locked door, his shotgun sloped over his shoulder. Behind the door half a dozen men, from an iron keg held between long handles, poured a redly yellow stream of molten gold into brick-sized molds at the rate of $1,000 a second. The last blazing drops filled the seventeenth mold.

"Not bad," said the little engineer from Colorado. "About $200,000 worth, I'd guess. That's two weeks' production."

Baloc the Igorot finished his rice, stood up, tightened the gaudy G string around his waist, found a cigar stub and stuck it into a tiny brass pipe with a reed stem. Your correspondent obliged with eight matches, the first seven being so damp that the heads simply mushed off against the box. Baloc's wife, a black cigar between her perfect teeth, waved at him from the unglazed window frame of their iron home. He picked up his brass carbide lamp, felt for his *chapa*—number disk—and started off for the mine's headframe. The mountain muscles of his brown legs stood out like rope.

The pint-sized Igorot miner was laughing softly as we climbed the stone steps notched into the hillside. Tribesmen passed, shoulders dry under palm-leaf ponchos, legs glistening in the rain. Along came Read Miller, the big Californian who is mine superintendent at Antomok, No. 1 gold mine of the Orient, bulging inside black oilskins. Baloc touched a finger to his helmet, saluting as all natives salute a white man in the gold hills of the Philippines.

"What's he laughing at?" your correspondent asked, between pants for breath, thumbing at the little mountain man. The mine boss laughed too. "Ask him," he said.

It turns out to be us—the Americanos, and our current insanity, which is the talk of tribes all through the twisting valleys to the north.

"It is provocative of immense mirth," says Baloc. Like most Filipinos educated in American schools, he never uses a one-syllable word if a nine-jointed synonym is handy. "The Americanos come and for them I penetrate far into the mundane orifices for two pesos a day emollient . . ."

"Emolument?"

"Yes, sir. From the far-sunken penetration I extract the gold—the balatoc, as we say. And then what insanity do the Americanos perform? It is incredible, sir, but I have read about it in the Baguio Bulletin. The Americanos convey this balatoc from the orifice in the hill, here, and transport it to America and there bury it in another hole in the ground, in Kanatocki. I assure you, sir, in a large orifice in Kanatocki. . . ."

"You mean Fort Knox, Kentucky, Baloc?"

"Yes, sir, that is what eventuates, and my *parientes* and the *barrio* peoples are all impinged upon mystery. . . ."

"So'm I, boy!" chuckles Read Miller as Baloc packs himself into the cage at the shaft head and disappears downward.

Baloc may laugh in puzzlement at the

(Continued on page 40)

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Presidents
Enroll with the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
INSTITUTE?

MORE than 50,000 presidents and owners of American business concerns have enrolled with the Institute for executive training.

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Because they know that modern business is too big to learn by personal experience alone.

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SPRINGTIME I

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There's lots of fun ahead...but before you start, *it will pay you to do this:*

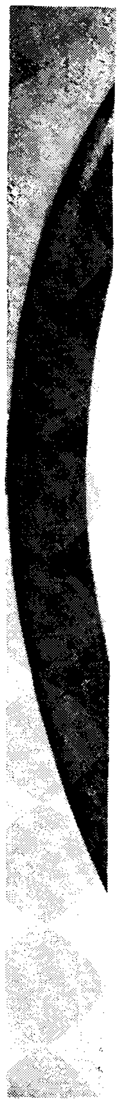
Get rid of the dirty winter oil in your crankcase... change to fresh, clean summer Mobiloil!

Mobiloil is specially refined to keep your precision-built motor safe in warm-weather driving...to stop trouble-making summer wear...to cut down costly repairs.

It's made cleaner, purer, tougher...free of impurities found in ordinary oils.

Millions of motorists change to Mobiloil every spring ...simply because it's better economy to get the world's best summer oil.

Why put off such a simple job? Spend just a few minutes today at your Mobiloil dealer's—and make sure of a safe engine, enjoyable summer driving!



ENJOY COMPLETE "DRAIN OUT WINTER" SERVICE

1 **Your Engine Protected.** Your Mobiloil dealer drains out dirty winter oil...flushes every trace of winter grit and grime out of your crankcase...refills with fresh, clean summer MOBILOIL.

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SOCONY VACUUM

The life and loves of Buddy Hassett, a matter of base hits and ballads in the order named

THE atmosphere of Jack White's night club is more than slightly tinged with amiable daffiness. White believes that an audience likes to amuse itself and he is happiest when the customers are shouting merrily across the room to one another or heckling him or his band of laugh provokers. If some customer wants to sing or give out with a few minutes of merry quips, rapid-fire dance routine or even do a card trick, both the microphone and the floor are his for the taking. I have seen film stars give much better performances in this laugh emporium at four in the morning than they ever gave on the screen.

Now, one night the club was comfortably crowded with people, cigarette smoke and noise. It was so late that they were already taking in the sidewalks on 52d Street, and those sidewalks are the very last ones taken in each night. Mr. White had just finished his stint when his eye lit on a youngster sitting far in the back. He called the faintly protesting youngster to the microphone and then introduced him. His words hardly penetrated through the noise and the smoke.

Then the kid began to sing and the noise quieted down. He began:

> "*When Irish eyes are smiling*
> *Sure it's like a morn in spring* . . ."

People looked up in amazement. The kid's clear, firm but obviously untrained voice had a quality in it that stopped the chatter of the waiters and made even the noisiest customers quiet. He went on, and now the room was so quiet that you could have heard an ermine drop.

He finished and stood there a little shy, a little embarrassed, and then a wave of applause swept over the room. This sophisticated night-club audience went wild and people turned to one another and asked, "Who is the kid?"

White, as pleased as though the applause had been for himself, took the mike and said, "That was Buddy Hassett, the hard-hitting young man of the Dodgers. Do you want him to sing again?" There was a roar of approval.

After that the kid stopped only when he ran out of songs. He walked back to his table and the crowd yelled its delight. This kid had tossed something into the room that hadn't been there before. That clear voice had made everyone feel a little better. Those sentimental Irish songs had swept over the room like a clean breeze and the kid sat there, a little flushed, a little excited and a little proud.

When he is finished with baseball, Buddy Hassett is going to be a professional singer. He'll be a good one, too, because he has plenty of vocal "it." He has what the professionals call a warm voice.

Buddy Hassett was born to two things—baseball and the singing of songs. He got his tenor from his Irish ancestry, for his forebears came from Galway. Every child who comes into this world in Galway is born with a skylark in his throat.

He was born to baseball because that was his father's dream. John J. Hassett was a ballplayer with the Kit Carson Club, which played good semipro ball around New York. He was also delegate of the Plumbers' Union. Now John Hassett never realized his ambition to be a big-leaguer, but when he first saw the fine broth of a son that destiny had given him, he chuckled and said, "Some day he'll be playing first base for John McGraw."

Baseball from the Beginning

That never came to pass but he's playing baseball for a New York team. And that's something. But many things happened first before young Buddy got his chance. When he was two years old, his father gave him a real big-league baseball for a Christmas present. When he was five he got his first glove. By the time he was nine he was playing in Central Park and on the lots around 11th Avenue. He went to the Paulist Fathers' School and there he brushed up on his voice and on how to hit curve balls. Half of his time he played ball; the other half he spent with the Paulist Fathers' Choir.

He played at Manhattan Prep, too. The prep had a good team that year and the only job open was that of pitcher. Buddy had never pitched but he had a strong left arm, so he tried it. His first start was against LaSalle and he showed practically no sign of future greatness. In fact, he walked the first eight men to face him. But he did get one turn at bat before they yanked him. He hit a triple with the bases full and Coach Al La Tronica said, "You're an outfielder from now on."

The Hassett family was baseball-minded right from Pa Hassett down. Every night over the dinner table there were amiable arguments as to the relative merits of the Giants and the Yankees. Pa Hassett was a Giant fan. Ma Hassett and Buddy were Yankee fans. Often the three of them would go to the Polo Grounds or the stadium together.

"I used to watch Wally Pipp all the time," Buddy says. "I'd watch the way he'd move his feet around first base. Later, I'd watch Lou Gehrig and I learned a lot watching him, too."

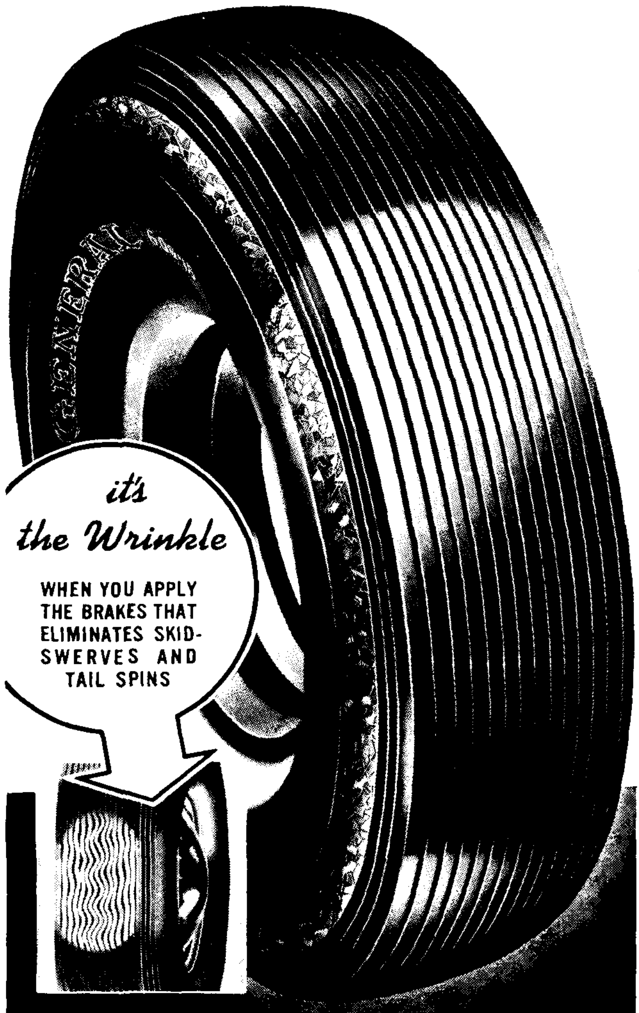
Finally he went to Manhattan College and now he really began to take baseball seriously. Bert Daniels was the Manhattan coach and his baseball creed could be summed up in one word, "Hustle." He didn't care if his players made mechanical errors, but if they failed to hustle he was poison to them.

Buddy never forgot that lesson. Today he is just about the most hustling ballplayer there is.

After Manhattan College, Buddy played semipro ball for a month with the fast Bay Parkway team of Brooklyn, which was a good break for him. Joe Press, then manager of the team, watched the kid play two games and then told him that he was headed for big-league honors. He did more than that. He passed the word around to the veterans on the team to help Buddy out.

"I used to hear about *(Continued on page 71)*

GENERAL NOW OFFERS THE QUICK-STOPPING, BIG MILEAGE, DUAL 8 . . For your Ford · Chevrolet · Plymouth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WHEN YOU APPLY THE BRAKES THAT ELIMINATES SKID-SWERVES AND TAIL SPINS
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YOU GET General's Sensational **QUICK-STOPPING SAFETY**

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COSTS LESS THAN A DOLLAR MORE

It's welcome news to owners of popular priced cars that they can now have the *quick-stopping safety* of the sensational General Dual 8—plus General's famous *big mileage* comfort and style—all in a General tire that *costs less than a dollar more* than an ordinary first-line tire!

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Of course you want the greater safety and mileage of the Dual 8. At its amazingly low price it is the greatest tire value you can buy!

See the General Tire dealer today! Your new car deserves this Top Quality General Tire. Your safety demands it for your present car.

The new Dual 8 is available with smartly styled white sidewalls at slight additional cost. They add the final touch of distinction to your car.

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The General Tire dealer will make you a liberal allowance for the equipment tires that come on your new car. For the lowest change-over price in General's history you can now have all of General's quick-stopping safety, big mileage and low pressure comfort right from the start.

THE NEW
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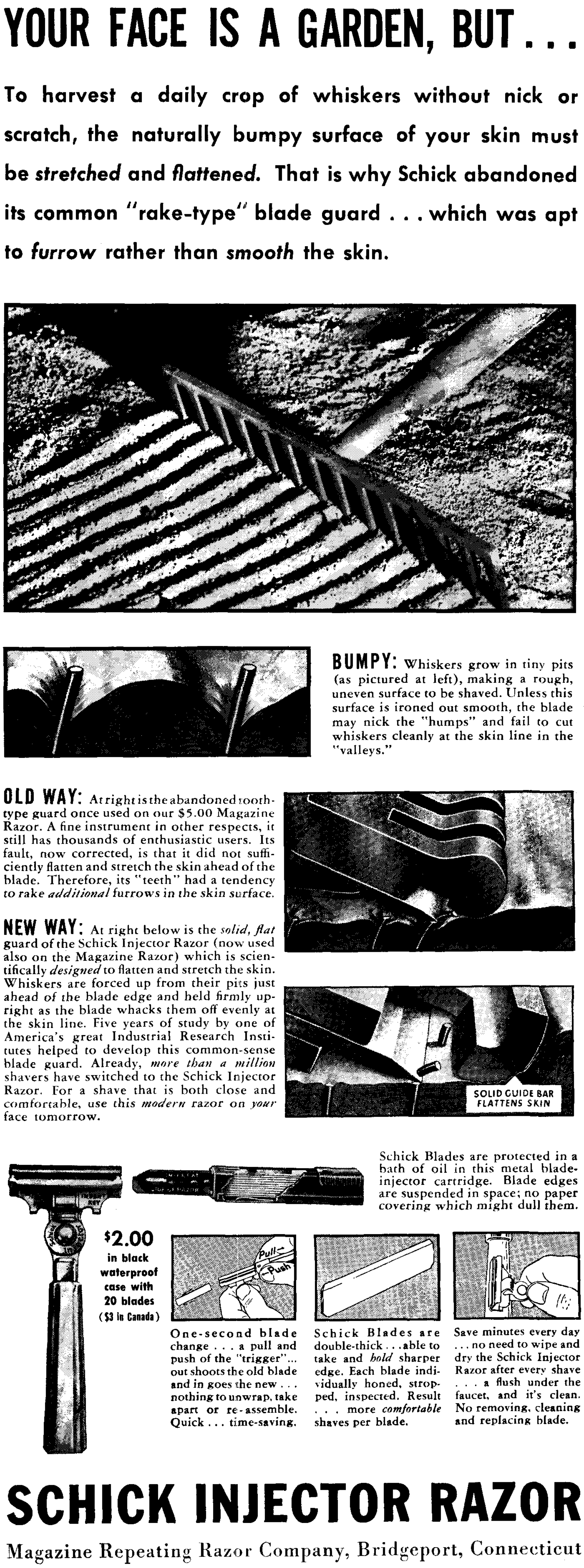


YOUR FACE IS A GARDEN, BUT...

To harvest a daily crop of whiskers without nick or scratch, the naturally bumpy surface of your skin must be *stretched* and *flattened.* That is why Schick abandoned its common "rake-type" blade guard . . . which was apt to *furrow* rather than *smooth* the skin.

BUMPY: Whiskers grow in tiny pits (as pictured at left), making a rough, uneven surface to be shaved. Unless this surface is ironed out smooth, the blade may nick the "humps" and fail to cut whiskers cleanly at the skin line in the "valleys."

OLD WAY: At right is the abandoned tooth-type guard once used on our $5.00 Magazine Razor. A fine instrument in other respects, it still has thousands of enthusiastic users. Its fault, now corrected, is that it did not sufficiently flatten and stretch the skin ahead of the blade. Therefore, its "teeth" had a tendency to rake *additional* furrows in the skin surface.

NEW WAY: At right below is the *solid, flat* guard of the Schick Injector Razor (now used also on the Magazine Razor) which is scientifically *designed* to flatten and stretch the skin. Whiskers are forced up from their pits just ahead of the blade edge and held firmly upright as the blade whacks them off evenly at the skin line. Five years of study by one of America's great Industrial Research Institutes helped to develop this common-sense blade guard. Already, *more than a million* shavers have switched to the Schick Injector Razor. For a shave that is both close and comfortable, use this *modern* razor on *your* face tomorrow.

SOLID GUIDE BAR FLATTENS SKIN

Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them.

$2.00 in black waterproof case with 20 blades ($3 in Canada)

One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.

Schick Blades are double-thick . . . able to take and *hold* sharper edge. Each blade individually honed, stropped, inspected. Result . . . more *comfortable* shaves per blade.

Save minutes every day . . . no need to wipe and dry the Schick Injector Razor after every shave . . . a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

Wild Gold

Continued from page 35

crazy Americanos who pay him and thousands of other Filipinos a peso or two a day to take gold out of one hole in order to put it back into another—but a few score inhabitants of the country town of New Richmond, in the Ohio Valley, are growing rich as a result of this same cockeyed bit of economics. And that story is just one more surprising angle to the saga of Luzon's gold.

One of New Richmond's contributions to the Spanish-American War volunteers was a boy named Johnny Haussermann. After the war, Johnny stayed on, to become Judge John W. Haussermann. He got mixed up in mining from taking as fees stock in various ill-fated gold ventures. Some years ago when he needed some cash to develop a hole in the ground up around Baguio in the Mountain Province, nobody was interested. The stock could be bought by the bale in Manila, but nobody wanted it.

So Johnny Haussermann packed a bale or so in a suitcase and peddled it around his home folks' farms and stores in Ohio. The Schmidts and the Mullers and the Johnsons dug a few dollars apiece out of the teapot and bought at a nickel a share. For $100 a New Richmondite got 2,000 shares, which usually he promptly stuck away beside the mortgage and the receipt for the lightning-rod payments and forgot. Just helping out Johnny.

No Poor Man's Game

But today the main diversion in New Richmond is waiting around the post office for the quarterly checks—which figure out at around five times the original cost of the stock. . . . And everyone in New Richmond, while waiting, makes it plain that he just knew, when he put his money into Benguet Consolidated, that Johnny couldn't miss.

Benguet—you don't sound the "u"—today is kingpin of the gold-mining industry in the islands, accounting for over half the production. There are about twenty other producing mines.

There also are nearly two hundred concerns selling stock. The Manila presses work overtime turning out red, blue, gilt and purple certificates. Crowds of Filipinos and Americans, Dutchmen and Chinese, Britishers and strange, silent hill tribesmen mill around the tickers and boards in the air-cooled stock exchange on the river bank and watch the gold-fever thermometer skyrocket and crash and skyrocket again. Manila's gold stock market is the most jittery on earth.

Last year, more than forty tons went down the bay past Corregidor and across to San Francisco. Manila wouldn't be surprised to see a ton a week shipped in 1938.

However, before you cable across the Pacific to buy five thousand Tictoc Amalgamated Auriferous at three centavos, listen to the other side of the story.

Gold mining in the Philippines is one of the craziest games on earth. It has been going on for more than two thousand years up in the wild mountain country of the northernmost big island of the group. The hill people—Igorots and Bontocs and Ifugaos and other tribes—started it. They ran short tunnels, scratched out the ore, pounded it between rocks, smelted out the metal by crude methods that lost half the value. Mining drifted along haphazardly until a few years ago when Filipino capital and American brains got together and went after the yellow metal in a big way. The real development started when gold jumped from $20.67 to $35 an ounce.

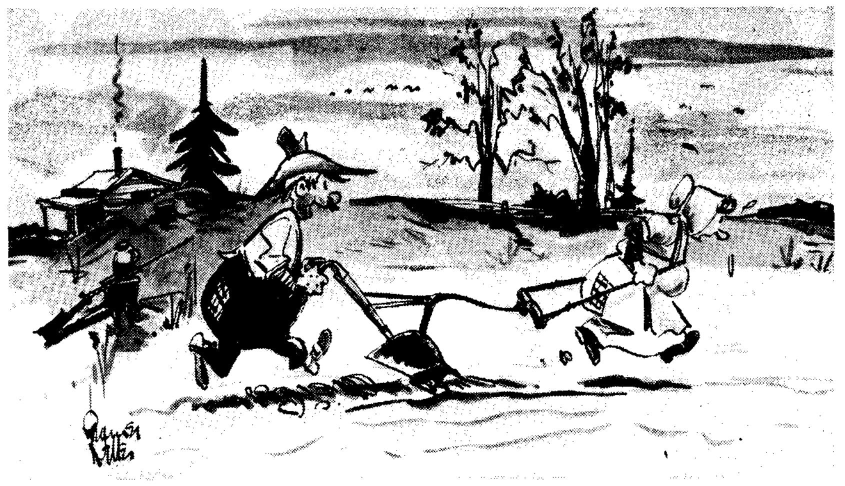
The stock boom was the brain child of a wild Irish-Canadian who opened a brokerage office in Manila and started trading. A few Filipinos came in, got emotional about the thing and started bidding up stocks. The Irish-Canadian faded away on a sea of liquor, but the gold bug had bitten the islanders. Brokerage offices multiplied. Exchanges started up, consolidated, branched out, died and were reborn in bewildering profusion.

Everybody made money, on paper. Everybody bought because everybody was buying. *Taos* in the rice paddies heard about it and told the peasants on the sugar haciendas. Runners carried the news back into the hills and some of the Igorots gave over head-hunting for a spell and came down with rolls of greasy peso bills to get in on the bonanza.

But on the other hand, thousands of Filipinos and Americans have lost their money in mines that never existed except on paper. They have watched their stocks rise during feverish hundred-million-share days, ten, twenty, fifty points, only to drop again as one shrewd trader started to sell and touched off the explosion of compressed excitement. Every night, hundreds were rich—as long as none of them tried to cash in.

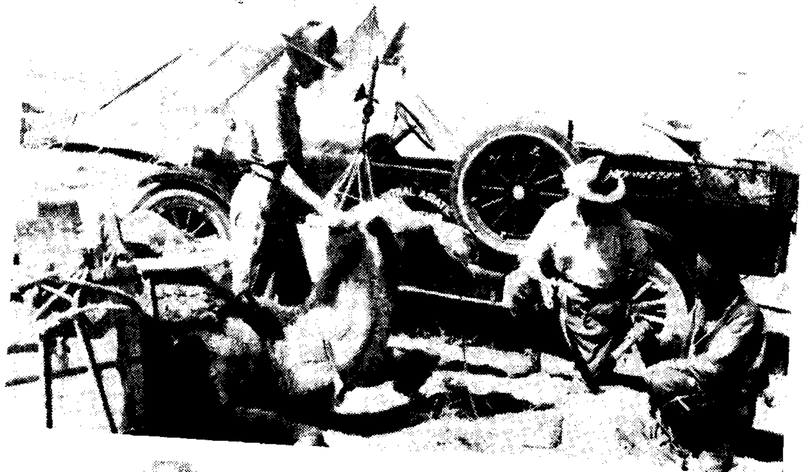
Tempted by the emotionalism of the "investors," a few score cunning promoters cleaned up. A favorite dodge was to sell stock, appoint half a dozen insiders directors and then hold five directors' meetings a week, with each director pocketing a fee of from $10 to $25.

Philippine mining is no poor man's



"Feels good to be back in harness again, don't it, Bessie?"

REAMER KELLER



"DODGE SAVED OUR LIVES!"

SAYS Roy Chapman Andrews
FAMOUS NATURALIST AND EXPLORER

"MANY TIMES, in the uncharted wastelands of Mongolia, Dodge saved our lives!" says Dr. Andrews. "Dodge always came through under circumstances where a single failure would have meant slow death from starvation and thirst. No wonder not only myself, but Mrs. Andrews as well, appreciate the even greater dependability that has been built into our new 1938 Dodge!"

BELOW—*Mrs. Andrews in her new 1938 Dodge.* LEFT and ABOVE—*Dr. Andrews in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia.*

DODGE CAN "TAKE IT"!

MANY THANKS, Dr. Andrews...few motorists will ever encounter the kind of car-wrecking trails you've traveled...desert trails where car failure might easily have meant starvation, thirst, disaster. But Dodge owners are glad to know that in the toughest spots they will ever face, their car can "take it," with plenty of heart to spare.

That's been Dodge history from the beginning ...and it's truer today than ever. For the new 1938 Dodge is not only an eyeful of wind-streamed beauty...it's the *ruggedest* car Dodge ever built! There's no cream-puff structure here. No clinging vine in her makeup. The men who designed it were battleship-minded—eager to give motorists "the toughest and safest thing on wheels."

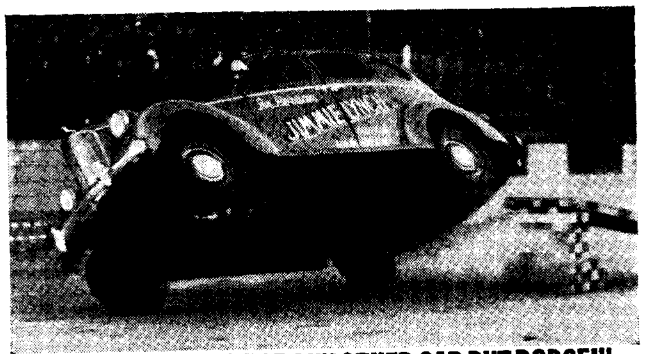
So no wonder your loved ones ride *safer* in Dodge. Steel walls, steel roof like a vault in the mint! *Genuine* hydraulic brakes that stop *smooth* and safe at the touch of your toe! Power that levels hills and smooths out the bad lands with an ease you've never known before!

But dependability isn't all. Don't forget, Dodge is the traditional miser on gas and oil. Owners everywhere report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline—savings up to 20% on oil!

Best of all is that famous Dodge price tag! It's marked far less than some cars that don't give you as much. So why pay more money?...Or if you're making the mistake of thinking that you can afford only a *small* car, listen to this: Dodge is priced so close to the low-priced cars that you'll hardly notice the difference! No wonder owners say Dodge is the *best-priced* car in America! But why not get the whole amazing story from your dealer right away. Phone him now!

BEST-PRICED CAR IN AMERICA!

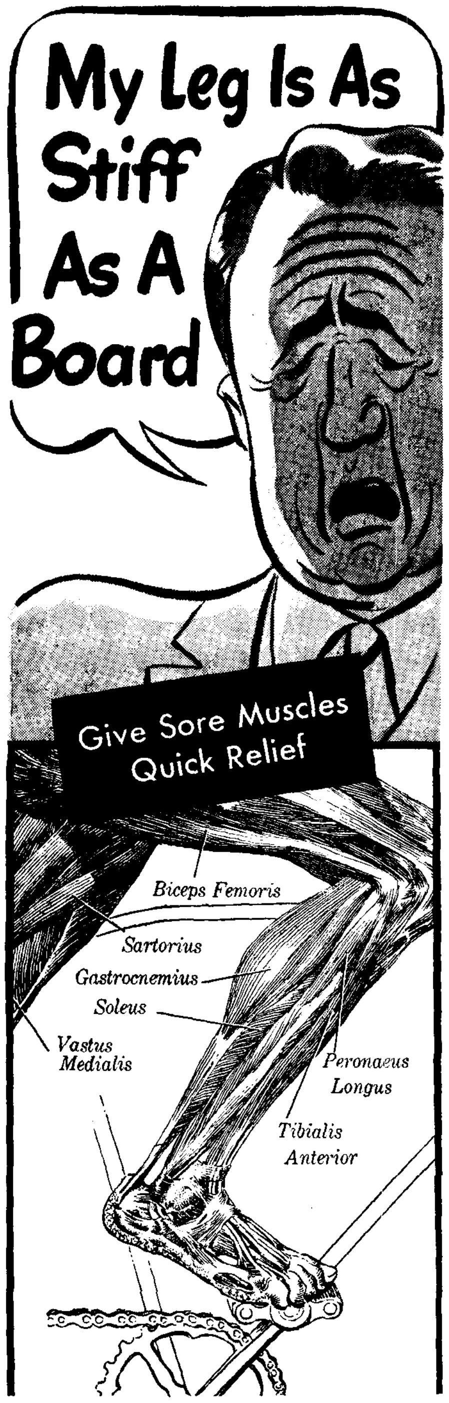
This advertisement endorsed by the Engineering Department, DODGE Division of Chrysler Corporation



"I'D BE A SUCKER TO USE ANY OTHER CAR BUT DODGE!"
Says Daredevil "Death Dodger" Jimmie Lynch

Jimmie Lynch literally makes a living by laughing at death! Every week thousands pay to see his cars roar at top speed on two wheels...play leap-frog over other cars...crash through walls of fire...the most fiendish punishment any cars ever took! "In my work," says Mr. Lynch, "I'd be a sucker to use any other car but Dodge! I simply can't afford to drive cars that won't stand the gaff."

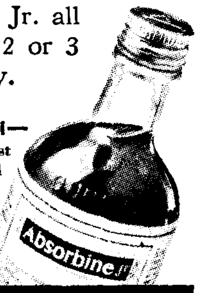
TUNE IN ON THE MAJOR BOWES ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 10:00 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME



Wash FATIGUE ACIDS Out of Aching Muscles

● When your legs get stiff and sore after unusual exercise, there's a reason for it. It means fatigue acids in your muscles are making them swell and stiffen.

But there's a quick way to overcome this. Rub on Absorbine Jr. immediately. It speeds the blood through the muscles and the blood washes away the fatigue acids. Prompt relief follows. Aching muscles are soothed. Soon they limber up. Rub Absorbine Jr. all over the sore area 2 or 3 times during the day.



Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi—Absorbine Jr. protects against surface infection. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

game. More than $750,000 went into Balatoc before any ore came out. It has taken years to build up the better mines, with most of the profit going back into the ground, with little assurance it ever would come out again. Operating a producer calls for about a million dollars' worth of equipment—with a junk value of about ten per cent when the ore gives out. Nothing is so worthless as mining machinery in a played-out mining country, far from cheap transportation, useless for any other purpose.

If you want to start mining in the islands you go into the hills of Luzon, fifty miles from a railroad, into a country of 5,000-foot peaks slashed by 2,000-foot canyons, their slopes a tangle of rank vegetation.

First essential for a mine seems to be a geologist's report saying there isn't a speck of gold within five miles. This always intrigues mining engineers, who love geologists as marine engineers love captains. Give a miner a geological report damning a claim, and he will spit on his hands, run a doghole into the hill and emerge with samples of pay dirt showing free gold and assaying $86.75 to the ton.

The islands are so geologically insane that the only safe rule is the old one: Gold is where you find it. Almost always, in Luzon, it's where the experts say it can't possibly be.

Anyway, you have your doghole and your assayer's report. Then all you have to do is move a complete town for three thousand people and several thousand tons of machinery into the hills, mainly by man power. Freight alone, from the United States, will set you back $25 a ton. All the machinery must be in small pieces, for transportation, and you must break in native labor to put it together.

You'll have to put up a mile-long cableway across the canyon to lower your supplies into the valley and build yourself anywhere from ten to twenty miles of road—gouging most of it out of the cliffs—for your trucks. You'll have to have a complete hospital and a *bodega*—a store—for supplies; a telephone system, police and fire departments, water and sanitary systems—including means of purifying the drinking water. There must be a school, too, for the workers' children.

Tons of Rain

After that, you can buy a forest, to supply you with mine timbers, and build another cableway to it from your millsite, maybe ten miles away. When you get all this done you can sink your shaft a thousand feet or so and run fifty miles of tunnels through water-soaked rock. The rainfall runs a couple of hundred inches a year, mainly in the typhoon months of July and August. You'll need fifty miles of track and a dozen electric locomotives to haul ore cars around underground.

When you've invested all this money and performed these labors, you can go ahead and work your mine, using Americans for shift bosses and executives and natives for the muscle work. You will have to guess pretty accurately how much ore you have and how much machinery it will pay to install—or you'll be caught with machinery plus and ore nil before you realize it.

Gold mining in the Philippines looks incredible—but come along with Read Miller, the mine boss, and L. W. Lennox, the Coloradan who runs the whole Antamok show, and take a look at it.

You put on denim pants, a sweat shirt, rubber boots, hard helmet and grab your carbide lamp. The cage drops you 700 feet into the damp heat, the blackness made blacker by a few electric lights. Everything drips. Water rushes underfoot down the drainage channels. Outside, the typhoon is pouring tons of rain down on the mine every minute.

You crouch down on a car behind the electric mule and go roaring away through the winding tunnel with the trolley flashing blue sparks. Keep your head down—the tube is only about six feet square. Here and there other tunnels branch off. Half-naked men press themselves into the rock face between the timbering to let the car go by, saluting as the Big Boss passes. A mile or so of this and you leave the main line to slosh along a dark, narrow tunnel and up to the working face where the bore ends in solid rock.

Up here, in the glare of carbide lamps, a white man and half a dozen Igorots are guiding the rattling drills into a round of holes for the blasting powder. The air pumps send a gale roaring through a fat pipe, but the air is wet and hot. Almost-naked bodies glisten in the light. Up and down the face of the rock the shift boss paints a couple of black lines with the spurting flame of his lamp. The lines are hardly six inches apart. Between them, looking pretty much like the other rock to you, is the pay streak. That's the gold vein—the reason for all this incredible labor and hardship.

Samples from the vein already have been taken. A card tacked to a timber gives the result. A ton of this ore will yield $6.80 worth of gold.

Antamok's average ore runs about $16 to the ton, but almost anything that has gold in it is worked. The mine could make a profit on $10 ore.

Ironically enough, of the 3,000 men working at the mine, hardly a dozen ever see gold. Five or six work in the pouring room, where twice a month an oil furnace melts down what looks like a black powder into gold. A man or two in the assay office looks at the dull yellow bricks.

Baloc is coming down the stone steps from the head of the shaft, shedding the rain with his fiber helmet and his palm-frond poncho. Hi, Baloc, what do *you* think about it all? How long will the gold last? What will you do after the last golden brick is poured and taken up the long trail gouged out of the hillside?

"My esteemed progenitors," says Baloc, "apprehended that gold grew in the ground like trees. They were accustomed, after discovering an auriferous deposit, to make a blood sacrifice and assemble for a *canao*—a fiesta. Scientifically they were in error, of course—but the Americanos neither shed blood nor assemble for a *canao* after they plunge upon a vein . . . So I do not know. . . .

Baloc is Amused

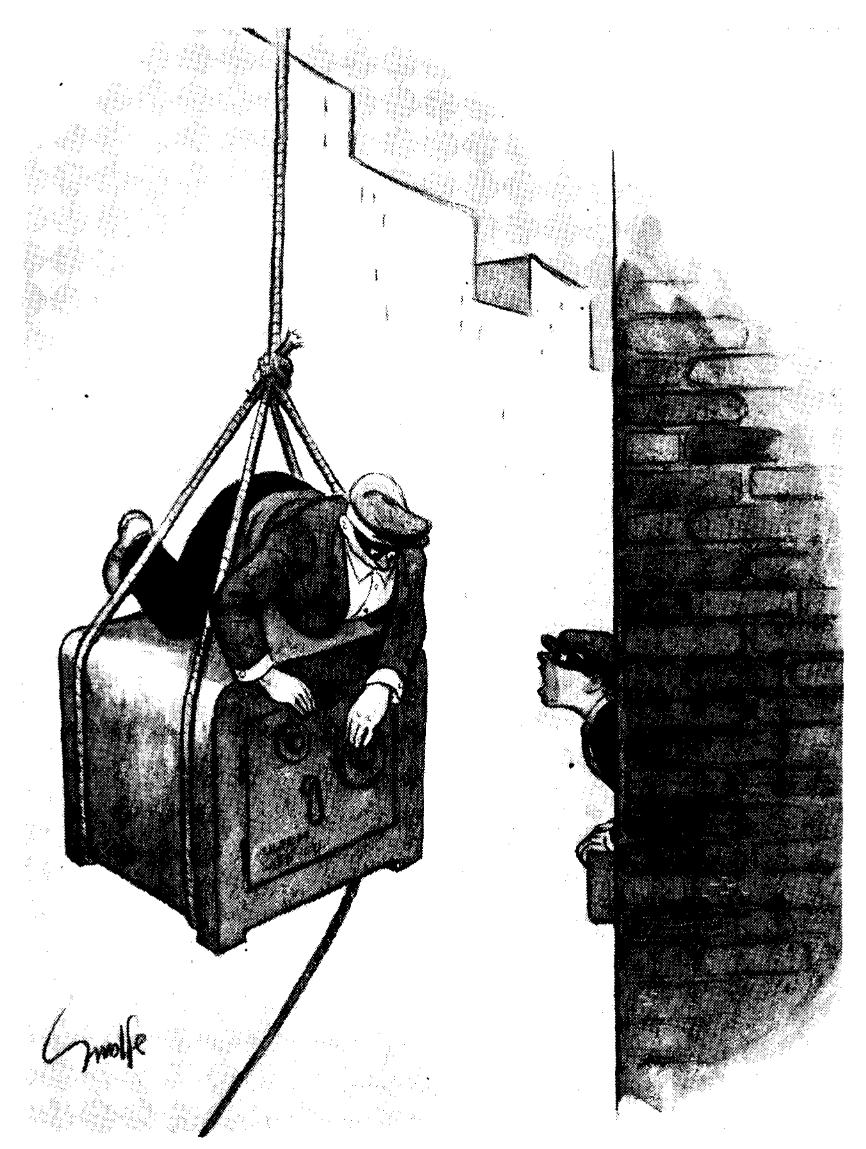
"Perhaps my progenitors were right and because of the lack of proper ceremonials the gold grows no more beneath the hills. If so, the Americano scientists are right, too, and in ten years I shall suffer a surcease of employment."

The curvy golden-skinned girl leaned out of the window of the iron shack, waiting patiently for Baloc the Igorot. He flashed white teeth at her. Then, still smiling, he said:

"Though it be but ten years, sir, still ten years of laughter are not to be considered with despicability. . . . My people, they will continually be convulsed by the Americanos, who confer upon us emollients. . . ."

"Emoluments, Baloc!"

"Sir! . . . Emoluments of a stipendary nature for conveying the gold—the balatoc as we say—out of one hole in the ground in Luzon that they may transport it far across the ocean and deposit it in another hole in the ground in the *barrio* of your Kanatocki. . . ."



"Hurry—they've almost got it lowered!"

GEORGE WOLFE

"Our Packard pays us $39 cash every month"

In the last few months, Betty and I have been having a pretty surprising experience.

We've been getting money *out* of a car, instead of putting money into it.

You see, ever since we've been married, we've made monthly payments on some car. We got used to that way of doing it, and arranged our income to provide for it. And just about the time we'd finish paying for one car, it would be so much out of style we'd go and get a new one.

About two years ago we decided to get a Packard. We found that our old car covered the down payment, and our monthly payments came to only a few dollars more than we'd been used to paying. The car has been such a delight to own and drive that we've never regretted the little extra it cost.

Then a few months ago, Betty said, "Jack, do you realize we've finished paying for the Packard? I've already set the money aside just as usual, so what do you say we bank it?" Well, it came to me then that a Packard is almost like an insurance annuity. You pay in for awhile, and then begin to collect.

So here we are with a car that's all paid for. But *this* time it's a car that's still smart, still in style, and running like a fine watch. Moreover, it's still a car we are proud of.

So we're going to drive our Packard another year—and tuck an extra $39 in our bank account every month!

MORAL: *Get the facts—*
they'll lead you to a Packard!

With the recent $100 price reduction on all body types of the new 1938 Packard Six, the 4-Door Touring Sedan as shown is only $**1070**—delivered at the factory in Detroit with standard equipment; State taxes extra. Convenient terms can be arranged through your Packard dealer—and if your car is of average value, it will probably cover the down payment on a Packard Six. The minimum down payment on the above factory delivered price would be $**357.**

Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Time

to change—

[illegible] for Summer STOP and [illegible] —and you need it NOW!

TIME to have that thin, dirty winter oil drained out. Time to have your crankcase flushed clean and filled with heavier oil. Motor-car manufacturers urge that you do it *now* . . .

Millions of dollars and 3 years of research went into a process that gives you oil especially made for summer stop-and-go driving. The correct grade of summer Golden Shell Oil is heavier, yes. It's TOUGH-BODIED, yes—takes the heat and beating of summer driving without breaking down into sludge and carbon.

But more than that, it's FAST-FLOWING—*starts* with your *starter*. If your heavy summer oil is *sluggish—slow to move*—engine parts grind together "dry" of lubrication every time you start. *Hence, your 10 daily starts can cause as much wear as a 500-mile non-stop trip.*

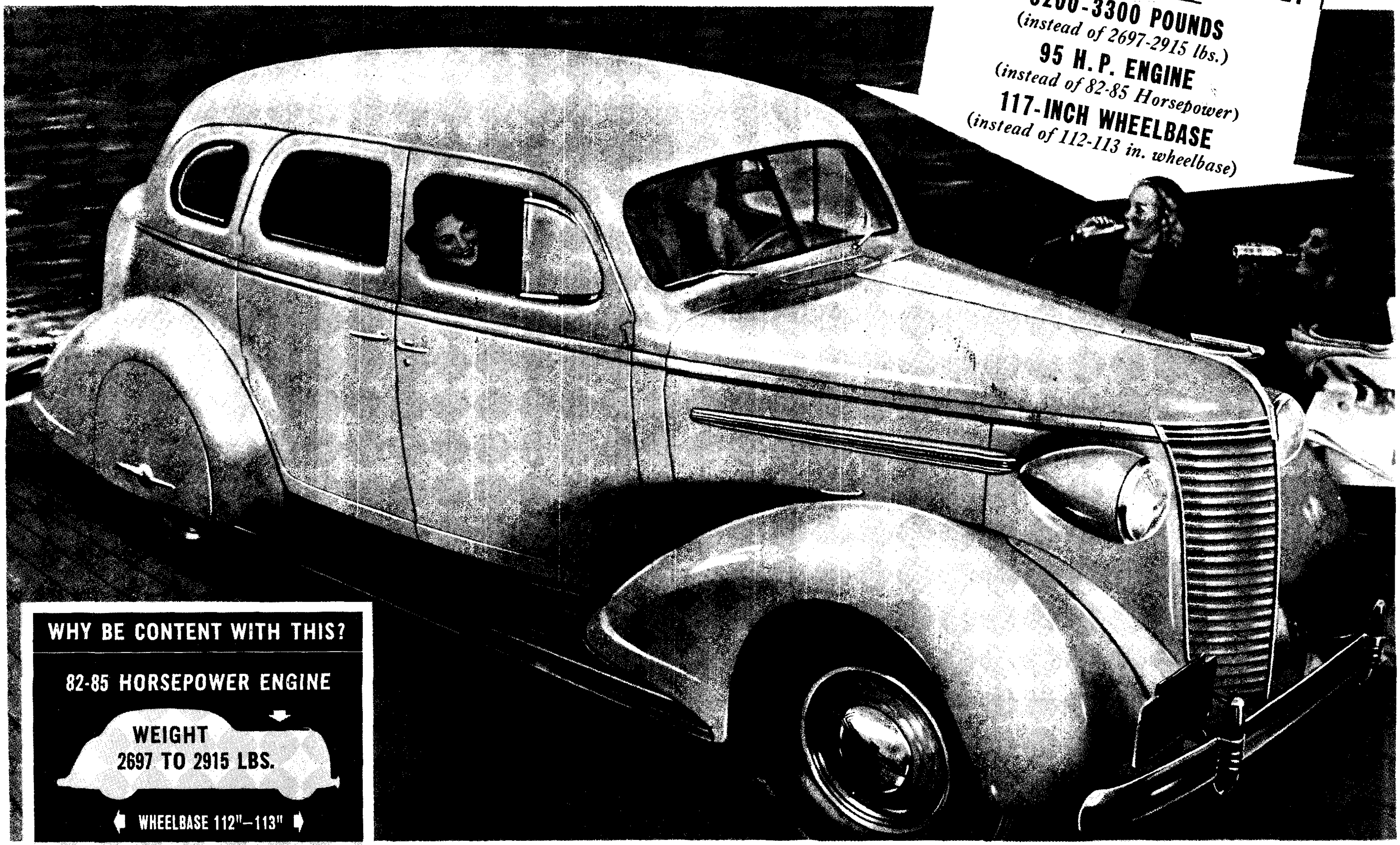
Your Shell dealer will drain, flush and refill your crankcase with the correct grade of summer Golden Shell Oil in 15 minutes. And charge you only 25¢ a quart.

Summer GOLDEN SHELL Motor Oil 25¢

BIG? YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

LOOK HOW NASH LEADS "ALL THREE" CARS IN VALUE!

3200-3300 POUNDS
(instead of 2697-2915 lbs.)
95 H.P. ENGINE
(instead of 82-85 Horsepower)
117-INCH WHEELBASE
(instead of 112-113 in. wheelbase)



WHY BE CONTENT WITH THIS?

82-85 HORSEPOWER ENGINE

WEIGHT 2697 TO 2915 LBS.

WHEELBASE 112"—113"

The 1938 picture on "All Three" leading low-priced cars. Compare with figures on big Nash LaFayette above. Which do you want?

Small Car Money BUYS—*and* RUNS—*a 1938 Nash!*

IT'S NOT EVEN a close race this year! Your small car dollar buys so much more in this big 1938 Nash that your youngster can see it!

—SO MUCH MORE in solid value (see figures above) . . . in traditional fine car engineering.

—SO MUCH MORE in new car features like the famous Controlled Air* System . . . and dozens more, no other low-priced car offers! 83 Sensational Improvements in all!

—SO MUCH MORE in Economy, too! Only Nash has the sensational, new "Super-Thrift" Engine . . . a new design that gives you 10% more power on 12% less gasoline . . . and a dozen new thrills in performance!

—SO MUCH MORE in safety . . . with a double frame, a huskier body, and over-sized hydraulic brakes.

Yet the difference in price is so small you'll never miss it. This is NOT the year to be a "habit buyer". Get up-to-date on 1938 prices and values—see Nash now. Three great series—Nash LaFayette, Nash Ambassador "6" and "8". Convenient terms on Nash C. I. T. Budget Plan. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash Kelvinator Corp., Kenosha, Wis.

1938 X-RAY now at your Nash dealer's. Reveals the inside story on 1938 car values. See it before you buy.

**Optional equipment—slight extra cost.*

NO DUST, NO SMOKE, NO DIRT

OCEANS of fresh air . . . filtered of road dust, bugs, pollen . . . no smoky interiors . . . by exclusive Nash Controlled Air* System.

Nash Tells the Truth About Gasoline Mileage

The nation-wide average determined by *owner* survey: 17.5 miles per gallon—over 20 with Automatic Cruising Gear*!

WHAT—A BED IN A CAR?

YES! This Nash is so big . . . roomy . . . that it can be quickly turned into a sleeping car with full double bed. Tourists will enjoy this exclusive Nash feature*!

IS THE ENGINE RUNNING?

FOR ABSOLUTELY startling freedom from road noise and engine hum—see how "Dancing Sand" sound-proofing has made Nash the quietest car on the road.

You Can't Beat A
NASH
THE GREAT INDEPENDENT

Hope Chest

Continued from page 11

the rest of his life in an insane asylum.

Intent on the serious job before them, the iron-lung crew goes into action. One nurse unbolts the headpiece and pulls it out. Attached to it is a rolling cot. The patient is put on this; his head is pulled through the tight-fitting rubber collar in the headboard. Then, like a folder in a filing cabinet, the patient is slid into the lung, bolts are snapped, and the pump is turned on.

Alternately the pump sucks air out of the iron box, then forces air into it. Thus, in one phase of the cycle there is a partial vacuum within the chamber. This vacuum lifts the chest wall and sucks air into the patient's lungs. Then the pump reverses, forces air into the chamber, and this pressure drives air out of the lungs.

Don't think for a moment that infantile paralysis is the only disease that can paralyze your respiratory apparatus. Both tetanus and diphtheria can do it. Electric shock, too many whiffs of illuminating gas or an overdose of morphine are equally effective in this line. Or a properly placed brain tumor or clot of blood can stop breathing. In many cases newborn babies refuse to start breathing. The obstetrician can paddle their little behinds, douse them in cold water or pucker his lips over their mouths, trying to inflate their lungs with his own expired breath. Too tragically often all these measures fail.

To take care of these adults and these babies, there are between 300 and 400 iron lungs in the United States. These life-giving engines have made death take many a holiday. People with paralyzed chests have spent months, and even years, in the contraptions while breathing muscles were being built up until they could handle the job.

You've read in your newspapers about mad efforts to get an iron lung to some isolated spot in time to save a life, and about those ghastly predicaments that occasionally face doctors: where they have one respirator and two patients needing it, where they must detach themselves, play God, and decide which one shall have a chance at living. Such a case came along in San Francisco not so long ago. One patient was a 25-year-old married man with two infant children; the other a successful young businesswoman who was unmarried. The man was given the lung. The woman died.

The Real Story

Possibly you will recall the case of the little North Carolina girl who was rushed to Baltimore as post-diphtherial paralysis closed in on her chest. The story made the headlines for a day—a race with death and that sort of thing. But she was forgotten by the time she was lifted out of the lung, well. That was three months later.

It is the mad rushes and the predicaments that make the headlines. But the real story of the iron lung concerns a young man by the name of Philip Drinker. He isn't even an M. D. Although he is on the faculty of that supposedly frigid and aloof university, Harvard, there isn't even a tinge of Back Bay in him. "I am," he says, "just an ordinary guy."

After Philip Drinker finished his education at Princeton and Lehigh he followed his family to Harvard. His older brother, Dr. Cecil, was teaching in the medical school there, and his sister-in-law, Dr. Katherine Rotan Drinker, was helping edit the Journal of Industrial Hygiene. He got a job teaching applied physiology in the Harvard Medical School. A little later on he switched to the school of public health and began specializing in ventilation and illumination.

On this job he had ample opportunity to examine the apparatus that gas-company life-saving squads, beach patrols and hospital emergency departments were using when people stopped breathing. It was called the pulmotor and it worked on a bellows principle. It forced air into lungs, then sucked it out again. Doctors didn't like the thing and got none too good results using it.

The principle seemed all wrong to Drinker. It would be better, he figured, if you could make the lungs *pull* the air in instead. Also, it would be more comfortable for the patient. He made a few inquiries. It appeared that at the Physiological Institute at the University of Lund in Sweden a man had been working on the problem. Dr. Thorsten Thunberg had constructed a small-sized room in which he could alternately apply pressure and vacuum. In this room he had even saved the life of a woman who was stricken with infantile paralysis. Still, the machine wasn't a howling success.

ROY'S BEER
P.D-2
ROLAND COE

"I was gonna give him a ticket, but he talked me out of it!"

ROLAND COE

Drinker thought he saw the flaw in it. Dr. Thunberg didn't allow the patient's head outside. Hence the patient didn't get as much air as he should have. Furthermore, it was a pretty unpleasant business—that constant pressure and vacuum. So Drinker set himself up a workshop in the basement of Harvard's School of Hygiene.

Drinker had to build a machine that would hold a man. But it would cost money that he didn't have to spend. So he hopped a train to New York. Gas-company officials cocked ears. Constantly they were having to revive people who had been gassed or shocked or overcome with smoke. It was expensive business and they had 40 men on the job. Furthermore, they didn't like the tools they had to work with. So they readily put up the few hundred dollars Drinker wanted.

The next months were busy ones for the lanky researcher. He worked nights and week ends building a big sheet-metal casket. Underneath it he bolted a vacuum-cleaner motor and fan and attached a valve, which would have to be operated by hand. He got hold of a secondhand garage dolly—those rolling beds on which mechanics slide under your car and on which he could slide a patient into the respirator. When all this goofy apparatus was fitted together, one of his helpers stepped forward.

Vacuum-Cleaner Motor Worked

Drinker rolled him into the machine, hitched his head through the rubber collar, and bolted the end in place. Then he turned on the vacuum cleaner and put his hand on the valve, periodically releasing vacuum which had been built up in the casket. Immediately the assistant's chest started going up and down as the vacuum-cleaner motor said it should—not as his chest muscles decreed. That proved the machine would work all right! If it would work against good strong chest muscles, it would certainly work when there were no muscles at all. Phil Drinker hurried back to New York to tell his gas-company patrons what he had done. They enthused in the way a researcher with a problem half solved likes people to enthuse—they gave him another wallet full of money.

Scientific men never seem to think of possible historical interest that may attach to their discoveries. It obviously never occurred to Drinker that one day the Smithsonian Institution might find a corner for his bizarre creation. So he broke it up, took his money and started building a new and better machine; one with an automatic valve, a good motor and a powerful air pump.

While he was working on it doctors at Children's Hospital in Boston kept pestering him. Word had leaked out about what he was up to and they wanted to know when this lung would be finished. They needed something like it desperately; something that would give sick babies a second chance at life.

The last rivet had just been hammered into place when the machine got its first chance to prove what it could do. Paralysis was spreading to the chest muscles of a little girl. They would surely be involved, doctors said, in the course of a few hours. Drinker responded.

A half dozen doctors and nurses kept hopeful eyes glued to the big silvery machine as the youngster's body slid into it on a rolling bed. Her breathing was feeble and irregular. The "polio"—infantile paralysis—organisms had almost destroyed the nerve of a vital horn cell. As her breathing ceased the motor went on.

With wonder in their eyes doctors watched that youngster for five days. The machine huffed and puffed, kept her alive. By the end of the fifth day the doctors were nodding to each other knowingly. This was the trick all right, all

"You get teeth cleaner by using this brush with the TWIST!"

"IT'S HARD to believe that such a simple thing as a 'twist' in the handle can make the *Double Duty* such a superior brush. The dentist I've gone to for years advised the *Double Duty*—said it was more efficient for gum massage as well as for cleaning the teeth. I grip the *Double Duty* so easily that I'm practically *forced* to brush with the 'rotary motion' dentists say is best."

It's the unique "twist" in the handle of the Double Duty that virtually forces you to grip the brush correctly for that "rotary motion" so many dentists recommend. You almost automatically massage your gums as you give your teeth a thorough cleaning.

IT'S THE TWIST

Designed to

1. Massage Effectively

2. Clean Scientifically

More than 1,000 dentists gave their aid in perfecting the *Double Duty* with its revolutionary "twisted handle," designed for gum massage as well as for cleaning the teeth. In this day of soft, creamy foods, gums need *extra stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong. Try the *Double Duty.* Notice how its more natural grip makes it easier to use—how its firmer, finer quality bristles get even hidden crevices clean. And notice most of all how it helps you to brighter teeth and a more attractive smile! The *Double Duty* is made by the Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J., world-famous for quality.

RUBBERSET'S

DOUBLE DUTY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TOOTH BRUSH

HERE'S THE MODERN WAY TO

DANGER ZONE

You demand 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body, safety glass for your car... Now you'll want Goodyear LifeGuards for your tires!

GOODYEAR

BUY TIRES!

GOODYEAR CASINGS FOR MAXIMUM TRACTION AND WEAR!

LIFEGUARDS . . . FOR SAFETY!

MOTOR CAR BUYING has changed radically within the past few years. You wouldn't consider a car without 4-wheel brakes . . . all-steel body . . . safety glass.

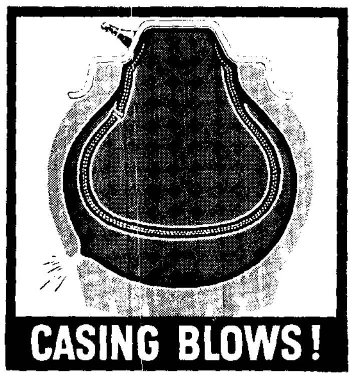
And when you know the truth about LifeGuards, you'll buy your tires this modern way: Goodyear casings for maximum traction and wear . . . Goodyear LifeGuards for tire safety, *at any speed.*

No tires are blowout-proof . . . not even Goodyear tires, the best in the world. But LifeGuards take the danger out of blowouts.

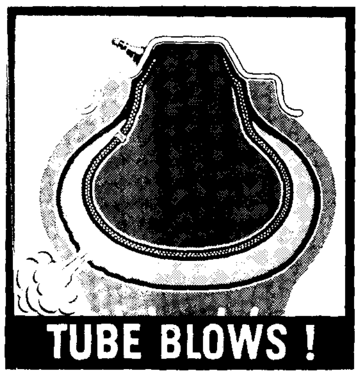
You needn't wait for LifeGuard safety. LifeGuards make any new or old tires safer.

LifeGuards are reserve tires within your tires. If outer casing and tube fail, LifeGuards remain inflated, enabling you to bring your car to a safe, smooth stop, no matter how fast you are driving. No skid . . . no swerve . . . no danger.

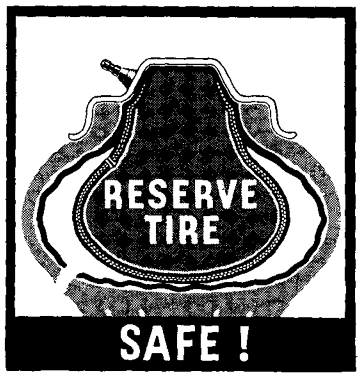
That's why LifeGuard tires are revolutionizing tire buying . . . why thousands of motorists have bought hundreds of thousands of LifeGuards, and Goodyear casings too. No LifeGuard has ever failed in a crisis. No tire is complete without LifeGuard. Ask your Goodyear dealer why.



CASING BLOWS!



TUBE BLOWS !



SAFE !

HOW LIFEGUARDS WORK: The Goodyear LifeGuard is a 2-ply *reserve tire* inside the tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.

* * *

NEW LOW PRICES. . . with convenient terms for new LifeGuard buyers! Goodyear LifeGuard tires are made for passenger cars, trucks, buses and motorcycles.

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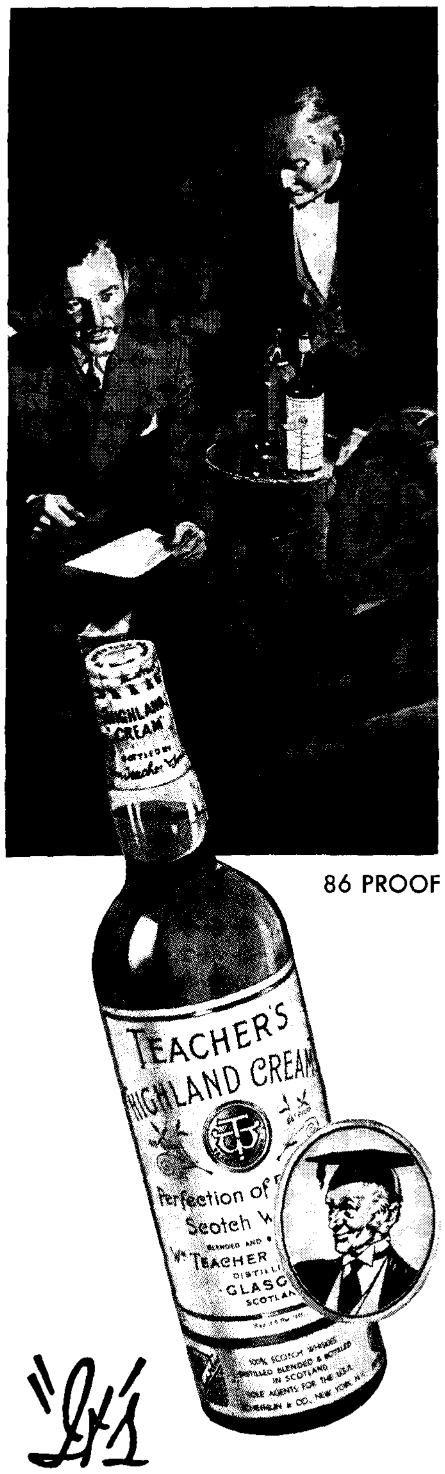
LIFEGUARDS*

MAKE MOTORING COMPLETELY SAFE!

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended

SCOTCH WHISKY



"It's the flavour"

TEACHER'S outstanding popularity among men everywhere is always apparent. Their preference for Teacher's Scotch is due to its rich, familiar taste which never varies.

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right. These kids didn't have to die now.

It would make good drama to be able to report that the little girl is graduating from Smith or Vassar or Wellesley next year. But truth is that she died after five days in the lung—not, understand, from failure to get enough air. The polio virus reached the nerves that control heart action.

Drinker was understandably sick about that first attempt. It was like the old medical wheeze about the operation being a success but the patient dying. His machine had worked, but . . .

Clear-Cut Victory

Pretty soon another case came along. This time it was a Harvard senior—a promising-looking youngster who had been struck down with infantile paralysis. The disease had crept through his legs, and up to his chest. Drinker had another chance to see if he could deal off the bottom of the deck in his game with death.

For three weeks the machine breathed for the college boy when he couldn't breathe for himself. Meanwhile his chest muscles began rebuilding and nerve ends started healing. When he was taken out of the lung doctors kept it near by just in case. But it wasn't needed. The boy's muscles were able to handle their own work. It was a clear-cut victory. That patient is in business in Boston now.

After its baptism of experimental fire, that successful machine was shipped to Bellevue Hospital in New York. Drinker wanted a large-scale clinical test and Bellevue—with its 2,600 beds—was the best place in the world to get it.

Patients by the dozen went into the lung. Would-be suicides who had swallowed 20 grains of morphine—the usual clinical dose is a quarter-grain—responded beautifully. In some cases they were breathing only once a minute when artificial respiration began. Instantly the lung stepped this breath rate up to fifteen or sixteen per minute. Meanwhile, emergency ward attendants worked on the protruding head—forcing a stomach pump down the throat. Nurses, arms stuck into the casket through portholes with tight-fitting rubber gaskets, massaged muscles and manipulated needles to give shock-reducing glucose. Within three or four hours most of those patients were breathing normally.

What is life in an iron lung like? How comfortable is a patient? It is no more comfortable than any other form of confinement, but the patient knows that life outside his armored bungalow is impossible. That is solace of a sort.

How does it feel? Imagine a heavy sandbag being placed on your chest sixteen times a minute and you'll get a fair approximation of the sensation. The writer speaks from first-hand knowledge—he tried an iron lung out.

But persons confined in the machine for long periods become used to their surroundings.

Frederick B. Snite, Jr., the world-cruising young Chicagoan who was stricken with infantile paralysis in Peiping in the spring of 1936, has lived in an iron lung ever since. It was, as you probably recall, only the happiest circumstance in the world that saved his life. The sole iron lung in the Orient just happened to be immediately available at the hospital run in conjunction with Peiping Union Medical College. It was one of the first fourteen ever made.

His trip home, elaborately publicized and reputed to have cost $50,000, was probably the strangest journey ever taken. Yet Snite was comfortable then, and still is, cased in his iron cottage. By means of a mirror set over his protruding head at a 45-degree angle, he is able to enjoy moving-picture shows. He also plays chess, directing moves, and can read specially sterilized books held in a rack above his eyes.

After close to two years' imprisonment, he can now spend seven minutes outside the lung at one stretch. He can also wriggle his toes. A feeble triumph, you may think. But it means that his muscles—all of them below his neck were paralyzed—are beginning to come back. So one day Snite may step from the contraption he likes to call his "boiler." The chief obstacles in his way are pneumonia and tuberculosis—diseases which ofttimes strike people who spend too much time in one of the breathers.

A new machine, just going on the market, is the product of the laboratory of Dr. Thunberg, of whom we've already spoken. It was designed and built by Professor Bo—pronounced boo—Sahlin, one of Thunberg's assistants.

Sahlin, a big, heavy blond, looks like the Swede that he is. When his clothing-manufacturer father died a few years ago and left Bo—still pronounced boo—a castle and a large fortune, the researcher hitched up his baggy pants, sighed sadly, and went right on working and living in modest hospital quarters.

About four years ago he got the idea for a portable respirator. It would be nice, he thought, if he could make one small enough to be carried in ambulances and cheap enough to be available everywhere.

Emergency Machine

The result of this idea is a grotesque dome that fits over the chest like breast armor and clings to the body by means of rubber edging. Three sizes are made, adjustable to anything from a baby to a barrel-chested wrestler. It is a marvel of compact efficiency and will probably sell in this country for something under $300—as opposed to $1,000 to $2,500 for the larger sizes. The Swedish government has already bought 40 of these machines, donating them to hospitals. While they are unlikely to compete with Drinker's machine for long confinements, their value for emergencies is undoubted.

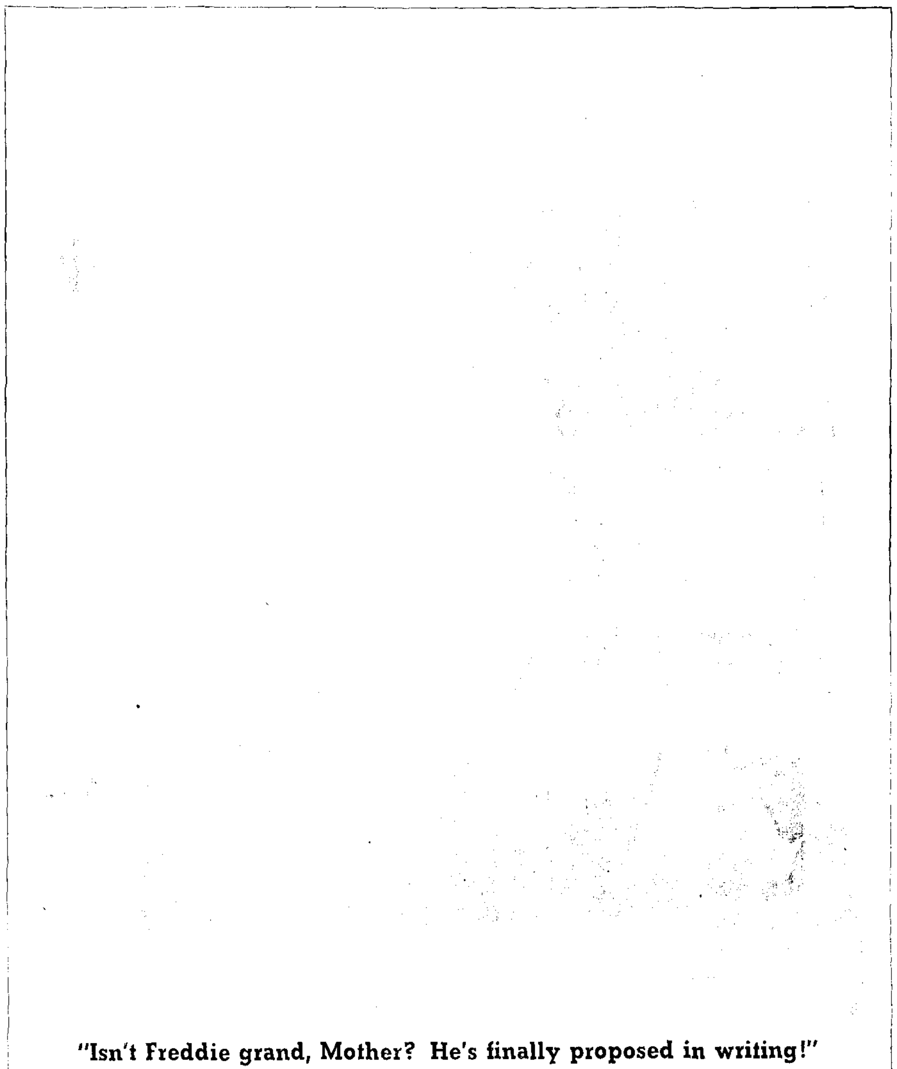
Another recent development in "lungs" is the respirator room Drinker has built for Children's Hospital in Boston. About the size of a large kitchenette, it contains double-decked beds on either side of the entrance door. The heads of the four patients it holds protrude from the wall opposite the entrance. All breathe together to the rhythm the machine decrees—like so many gymnasts in a German stadium.

The advantage of this machine is that nurses and doctors have ready access to the bodies of the patients. Once locked inside, doctors can operate while the machine breathes for physician and patient alike. Likewise nurses can enter to bathe and massage the patient, and to take care of bodily needs. These staff members, however, must plug their ears tightly with cotton—otherwise the rising and falling pressure will cause marked discomfort.

To leave the chamber, the door must be opened during the pressure phase of the cycle. During the vacuum phase it is tightly sealed. Another interesting angle of this large machine is the means the doctor uses to communicate with the outside. To hear what an outsider is saying, he simply puts a stethoscope against one of the celluloid windows.

The new infant respirators are also interesting—they serve a double purpose. Equipped with heating apparatus, they also act as incubators.

All these various machines look singularly useless as they sit, unused, waiting for a patient. But if someone happens to touch a defective electric socket while standing in a tub of water, or forgets to open the garage door while racing the car motor, or sniffs in a few too many polio bugs, an iron lung is a great thing to have around.



"Isn't Freddie grand, Mother? He's finally proposed in writing!"

MEDILL

So you can dial a telephone number

One reason your calls go through quickly and accurately is because of the skill with which Western Electric workers build the equipment which makes up the telephone network.

One phase of their activity shown here is assembling and wiring dial exchange equipment—a most intricate manufacturing job. This involves in a single central office the installation of thousands of items of apparatus, more than 4,000 miles of wire and 2,500,000 electrical connections.

Western Electric's long experience in telephone manufacturing has enabled it to fulfill its responsibility in the Bell System with a progressive record of improved products and low costs.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

The Grave on the Hill

Continued from page 21

sleekly combed, and one of them, that Ke-ling, had a flower above her ear.

"The poor young goose. Why had she come there? What did she think was going to happen then? Remember now that it was three years since the betrothal, and then only my son's wife and I had seen the girl. No one recognized her, and we sat staring, for it is not every day strange girls come knocking at your door. Then my son called out, 'Ah-fong, ask them if they would enter,' and at the same moment my daughter-in-law whispered in fright, 'It is Ke-ling.'

"They had in their hands small baskets of fruit, but what errand they had invented for their coming, what story they would have told, I cannot say. For when Ah-fong's name was called, Ke-ling's laughter and blushes fled her face and left it yellow as bean curd. It's true Ah-fong was not looking his best. You have seen him; you know that he is fat and has no eyebrows, that his mouth is always open. And he would have been the sweeter for a washing. She had done better to wait and see him in his wedding clothes, enlivened by a few cups of rice wine. Even then it wouldn't be too easy. I remember at the time of my own marriage—ai-ya, what a hot day that was! How the gnats buzzed over the wet rice as we crossed the dikes. Let me tell you that the curtains of my chair were trimmed with silk, and I had three flute players in my procession. But—"

"Meanwhile you leave Ke-ling blanching in the dooryard," said Ah-sing, "and I wait shivering to hear the end of the tale."

"Patience, old man. Why should I not recall when I rode in a chair like a *Tai-yan?* Forty years ago it was, and since then I have been nowhere that I did not walk on my own two feet. And when next I am carried on the shoulders of men, I shall not know if the day be hot or cold. But as for Ke-ling—

"Imagine a blossom that sees itself about to be devoured by a fat white grub. She turned and ran from our doorway, her friend running after her with malice streaming from her squints of eyes. The younger sons of my son, who followed to the gate of the village, saw them scurrying across the rice fields like boys caught stealing wong-pei fruits.

"AND the next morning, the morning of five days ago, while the wonder of her coming still troubled us, they sent from Nine Dogs the word that she was drowned. Drowned, they said, and our hundred dollars sunk with her to the bottom of the canal."

"The young are brave!" exclaimed the farmer. "How easily they throw away the breath that you and I will keep in our shriveled bodies as long as we can gasp."

"Brave," Ah-saam replied, "if to die is harder than to live and grow old, looking into the eyes of pain, and cold and hunger, which crowd you closer year by year. And in the end, death gets you anyway. That one is not to be outwitted."

"But at least," argued Ah-sing, "one who has lived out his life will lie in a proper grave and his descendants will do honor to his bones."

"For how long, glib one? Look at this great grave, see how the moss has grown over the writing on the tablets, and not a soul in the village now can say who lies here. In a cycle of years or so, it's all one whether you sleep in a tomb like this, or under a hummock as I shall sleep."

"Or on the canal bottom like Ke-ling?" the farmer queried. "But you have still to tell me how she got there."

"I have much to tell you still, unless you tire of listening."

"I am glad to hear the tale, grandmother, but I can spare the moralizing."

"Well, then—well, then. Word came from Nine Dogs as I said. I was not at home, but my son and my son's wife ran at once to that village, lamenting their money as loud as the widow lamented her child. And there they found scant comfort, for with all her wailing and head-pounding, the woman never forgot to say that the money was spent, all spent.

"KE-LING, she said, rushed home and tore in upon her, swearing that never as she lived would she be taken to wife by our Ah-fong. Most unkind things she said of the youth, who means well, though he is not beautiful. In return what a tempest of words roared about the girl's head, what a rating for her shamelessness in coming to New Village, what promises of close watching in the future, and threats of a hastened wedding day! Half the night they were yelling at each other, with the younger children whimpering in their beds, and the neighbors pounding on the wall for quiet.

"Ke-ling, so used to her own way, now found her teasing and her tears both useless, for how is a betrothal to be broken for a girl's whim, especially without returning the dower money? So each sharpened her tongue against the other and their hearts were bitter, until on a sudden the fire went out of Ke-ling. She lay on her bedboards and slept, pale as a lotus bud, and her mother believed she had been scolded into docility. But beware the smoldering ashes after the flame dies down!

"In the morning Ke-ling rose up and washed and dressed herself with care. She spoke respectfully to her mother, but when the rice was ready, left her bowl untasted and went out into the street. It was still early. The water buffaloes were going out with the herd-boys making a great racket behind them, and women were running from doorways to snatch up their babies and shoo the pigs and chickens out of the way. These saw Ke-ling, who walked with quick steps, and looked neither left nor right, nor answered any greeting. Out of the gate she went, and through the lai-chee orchard to the big canal. It was old I-soh, leading her string of geese to the pond, who saw her stand there with one arm about a tree trunk, looking long at the water."

"Ai-ya," said the farmer in a pitying voice. "A girl so young and strong, bubbling with life—and none has seen her since, eh?"

"That is what they say," Ah-saam replied. "Over she went, they say. And the big canal is deep. The bottom is thick with mud and lily roots—they say."

"They say, they say," echoed Ah-sing, looking at her sharply. "There is more, old woman. Or why are you grinning there like a fox? Come now, try one of my cigarettes, and let me hear the end."

"Ho, you are kind. It is long since I have smoked. But how can there be more? If the girl were living, she must marry our Ah-fong. She is not to marry him, therefore she is dead. Heh, heh, heh!"

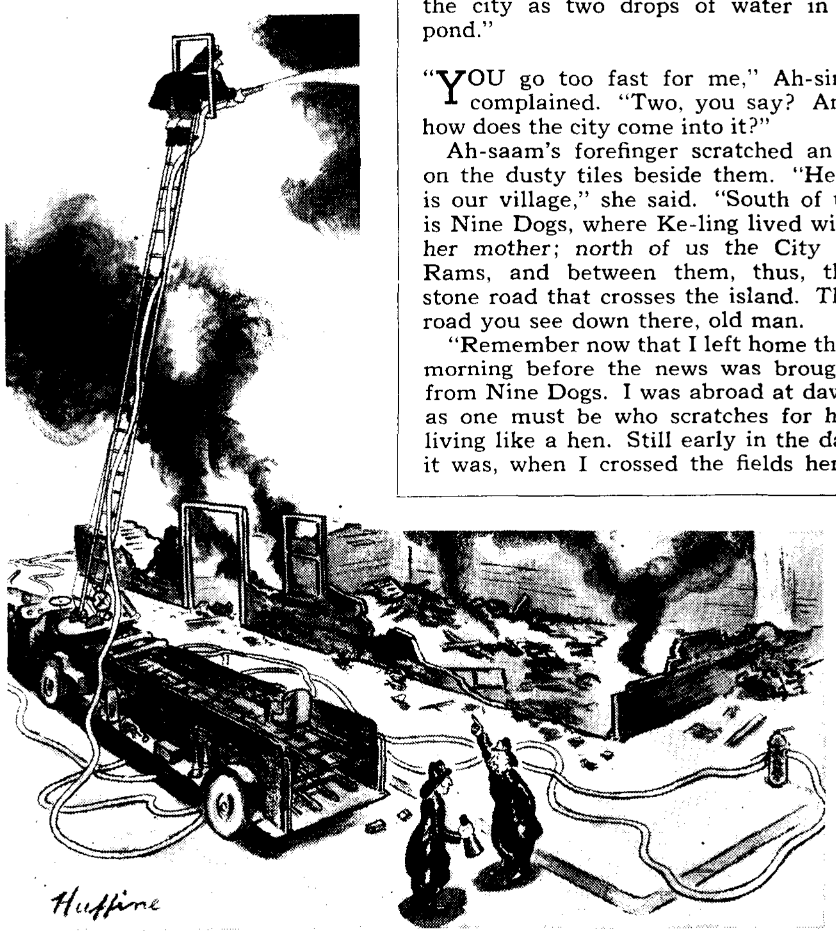
"Come, grandmother, come. Another cigarette. And perhaps a small measure of rice to carry home with you?"

Ah-saam was silent for a moment. "I will tell you what I have told no other," she said at length. "It can make no difference now. Those two have had five days, and I warrant you that in one they were as well hidden over there in the city as two drops of water in a pond."

"YOU go too fast for me," Ah-sing complained. "Two, you say? And how does the city come into it?"

Ah-saam's forefinger scratched an x on the dusty tiles beside them. "Here is our village," she said. "South of us is Nine Dogs, where Ke-ling lived with her mother; north of us the City of Rams, and between them, thus, the stone road that crosses the island. The road you see down there, old man.

"Remember now that I left home that morning before the news was brought from Nine Dogs. I was abroad at dawn as one must be who scratches for her living like a hen. Still early in the day it was, when I crossed the fields here,



"Tell Wilson to come on down now—I think we've done all we can"

D. HUFFINE

America's
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playground
Air-Conditioned
OREGON

Top: Mt. Hood—where you may ski in mid-summer.
Below: On the Oregon Coast Highway—400 miles of beauty.

● Ocean breezes sweeping inland, cool mountain air surging downward, make Oregon an *air-conditioned* state. Nights are always cool; days sunny and exhilarating.

Here is a new unspoiled vacation country that contains more of beauty, more of interest, than you have ever dreamed. It holds all in store for you that it held for the pioneers who followed the Oregon trail to the setting sun nearly a century ago. The same great forests, jeweled mountain lakes, rushing rivers where gamy trout lurk, cascades and waterfalls, Crater Lake, the Oregon Caves, the majestic Columbia, hundreds of miles of free beaches—all these are now so easily accessible over a magnificent highway system.

Oregon vacations are economical too! In 1937 the average expenditure of motorists was only $3.60 a day per person. Write for the State's free illustrated booklet.

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SO SEAGRAM COULD PROVE THAT CROWNS TASTE FINER THAN FAMOUS BLENDED WHISKIES OF "THE OLD DAYS"

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Five Crown
5
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
7
Blended Whiskey

SEAGRAM advertised for rare old whiskies...paid $25 for each bottle of a bona fide blend bottled before 1919. Then Seagram asked its qualified experts to compare these old blends...side by side with 5 and 7 Crown. Unanimously these men agreed: "Crowns are finer tasting, smoother, mellower."

Blending skill explains it. It was *master blending* that produced the unrivalled Crown taste. A taste so fine that—from July, 1935, to December, 1937—in 14 states that publish records*—more people bought Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other blended whiskies in their price class *combined.*

At the bar—or wherever you buy—think before you drink...say Seagram's and be sure.

**Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to $1.50 per pint. Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.*

THINK
before you drink
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

Seagram's Crown
WHISKIES

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BECAUSE THEY'RE *MASTER BLENDED*

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.
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● "Making whiskers disappear like magic is one of the easiest tricks on earth," says Blackstone, who amazes crowds nightly with his startling feats of wizardry. "Just slip a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and—presto—you've got the closest, longest-lasting shave money can buy. Nobody can fool me on blades or shaving methods. I've tried them all. That's why I say, the cheek is quicker than the eye. Shave the Gillette way and your face *feels* the difference. What's more, it *shows* the difference—looks cleaner and smoother—for hours to come!"

THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

● An alarm clock may get you up—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to *wake up your face!* No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade tones your skin magically—keeps it looking and feeling like a "million!"

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● A few passes whisk away Blackstone's steel-gray stubble quickly and cleanly. You don't have to be a magician to duplicate this feat. Simply use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor. You'll get the world's best shaves for *less than one cent a day.*

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I SAID GILLETTE!

REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

● Misfit razor blades may fool the eye—but not the cheek! When shaving edge protrudes too far, or not far enough—your face is quick to detect it! Avoid misfits. *Demand* Gillette Blades. They are precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor accurately!

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buys the world's finest blades

Gillette
BLUE BLADES

PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

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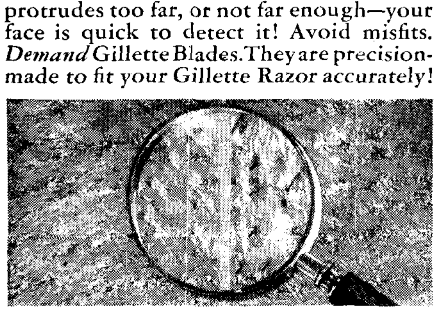
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette removes whiskers cleanly—at the skin line—giving you a shave that really lasts!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

and came to this very grave, but from the hillside instead of from the road. And there below me, where you and I sit now, I saw two people. Ke-ling I knew at once, after her strange appearance on our doorstep, only the day before, and with her was Ho-chih the peddler who goes from village to village selling paper toys for children. You know him doubtless, for in every village on our island he has been well known. Gilt and scarlet fishes he had that day, swinging from little sticks. They were very gay to see.

"I crouched down at the lip of the grave, to listen to their talk. Why not, when there was my son's hundred dollars seated just below? They did not observe me. They were looking only at each other, or at the road as if they feared pursuit, and soon enough I was able to guess how the thing had happened. Later, of course, when I saw my son, I knew it all, even as I have told you. You remember that I-soh saw her standing above the canal. And it seems that just as she made up her mind to go over, along came this one and held her back. They were not strangers to each other, and he had persuaded her that it was better to run away and live, than to run away and die. So they had come this far, but now she was growing frightened, and like a woman wished to change her mind. She wanted to go home.

"'I must return,' I heard her say.

"And he replied, 'Next time I may not be there to catch you by the hair before you jump.'

"'No,' she answered. 'I shall not try again. I will go back to my Honorable Mother, and do her bidding, henceforward.'

"HIS voice grew angry then. 'Perhaps you are not so loath as you pretend, to marry your betrothed.'

"'You know it is not so,' she said. 'Ah-fong is fat and stupid. But even had he been otherwise, tall as you are tall, and good to look on, even so I would not have been willing. For since first we met in the market place, I have thought only of you.'

"'And I as well,' he said at that. 'You know it is true. You know how many times I have gone out of my way to reach your village; how many moments I have wasted, waiting for just one glimpse of you. Only a month ago I stood beside you while you bought silks for your embroidery, and well I know that you heard me say I am unwed, that I am free to choose myself a wife, and able to buy rice for her.'

"'It was after that,' she whispered, 'I could not rest till I had seen Ah-fong, though none knew why. And having seen him, you know what would have happened, if you had not been so early on your way to Nine Dogs. Almost I wish that you had come five minutes later, for then I was strong to do the thing, and now my courage is gone.'

"*'But mine has not,' he said, and he* was laughing. He stood up, and pulled her by the hand. I have not come so far only to turn back now. We are going on together.'

"And on they went, sure enough," Ah-saam concluded. "The last thing that I saw was his bundle of gilded fishes bobbing out of sight across the hill. There is your story, friend."

"You did not try to stop them?" cried Ah-sing. "You have not told your son? But has he not paid down the money? *Does not your grandson want a wife?* Does not the family stand in need of the silver a skillful needlewoman could bring in? And you know a betrothal may be as binding as a marriage. You know she could be forced to come back—and still you have said nothing?"

There was silence for a moment before she answered. "Were you never young, Ah-sing? Was there never one whom you saw in the market place, whose eyes met yours as if by chance? One who managed to stand beside you sometimes, and speak words for your ear alone?"

"When I go to market," Ah-sing replied, "I go on business. I am too much concerned with my bargaining to let my glances jump about like fireflies. And so it has ever been since I remember. But was it different with you? Tell me then—"

"I promised you one tale, not two, my friend."

He laughed as he stooped to lift the baskets of grain to his shoulder. "So be it, then. Tell your son next time to keep the money in his pocket till the bride is in the bed. I must about my business. *Maan-maan-hang.*"

Swinging his burden, he trotted out of sight down the stone road, but Ah-saam sat on, though her cigarette was finished and the afternoon shadows grew long. She thought of one to whom she had said farewell on a hillside much like this, one day long since past. Tall and strong and young, Lau Ti-lau was, with a fine thick queue such as no man could boast of nowadays. And she herself had not been ill-looking, in the far-off years when the blood of youth ran warmly through her veins.

She thought of Ti-lau coming toward her across pastures green with spring.

"My bride comes home tomorrow," he had said.

And she answered, "Aw. Good luck to you both."

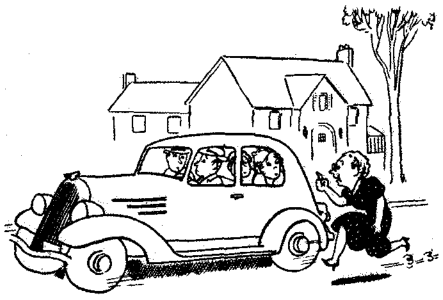
"You know whose face I would choose to see behind the veil of beads."

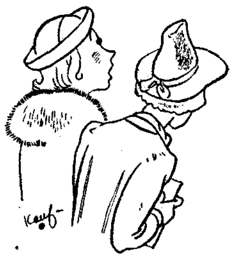
"Such things cannot be," she replied.

He had not argued. He had not said like that one the other day, "We are go*ing on together.*"

The old woman stood up, lifting her bag of scraps, and the little sack of rice Ah-sing had given her. If he had said it, she would have had courage to go with him. But he had not spoken, and on a day soon afterward she had climbed obediently into the red bridal chair, and had ridden across the dikes to the stranger who was her husband. Yet between those days there had been a moment when she too stood above water that shone dark and cold, and al*most seemed to beckon. In the end,* however, she had turned away, and she was glad that it had happened so.

"Better be a live cricket than a dead butterfly," she murmured, as she turned down the path toward the village. Her eyes were bright in her wrinkled face, and the thought of the girl Ke-ling made warmth around her heart.





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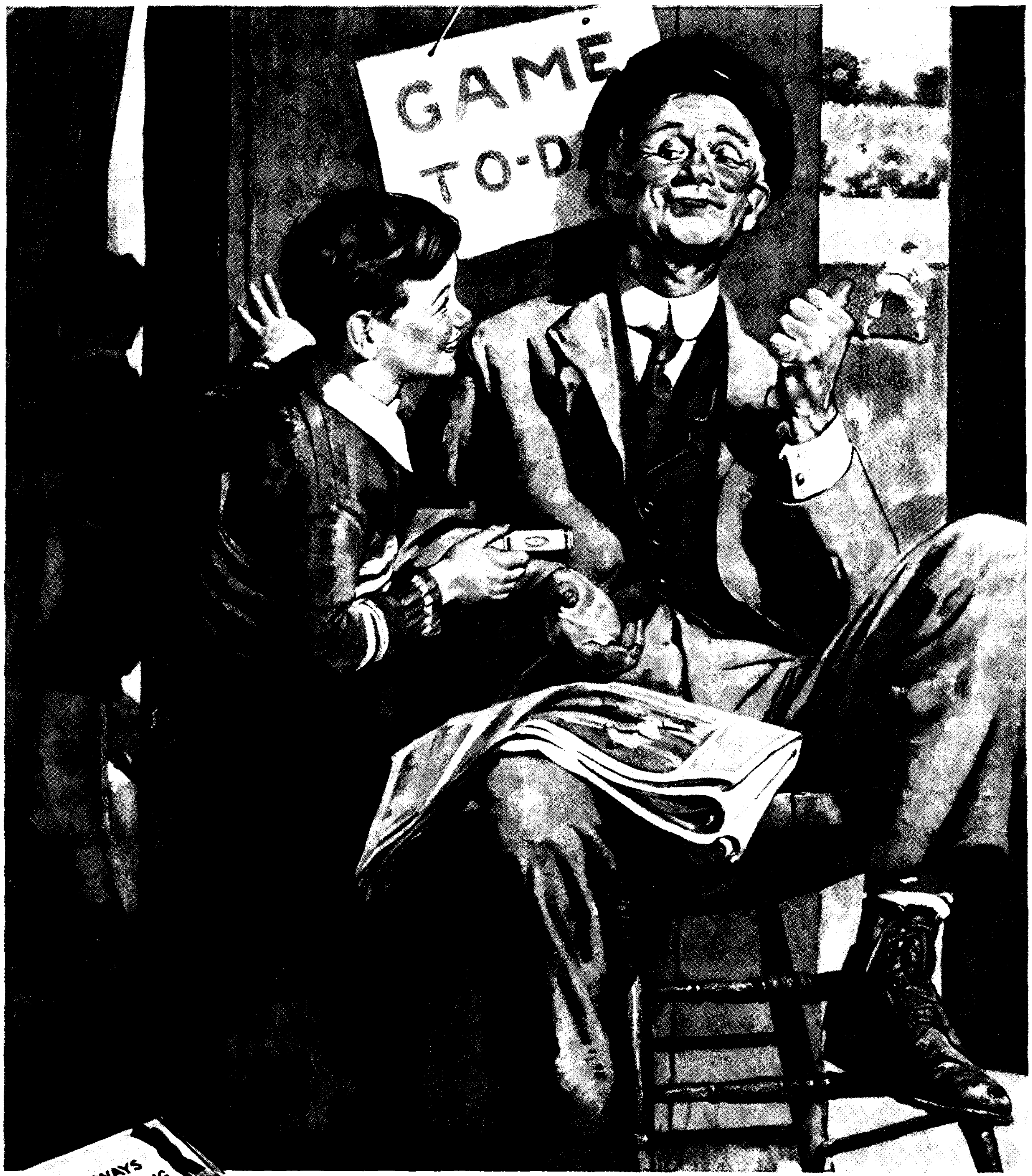

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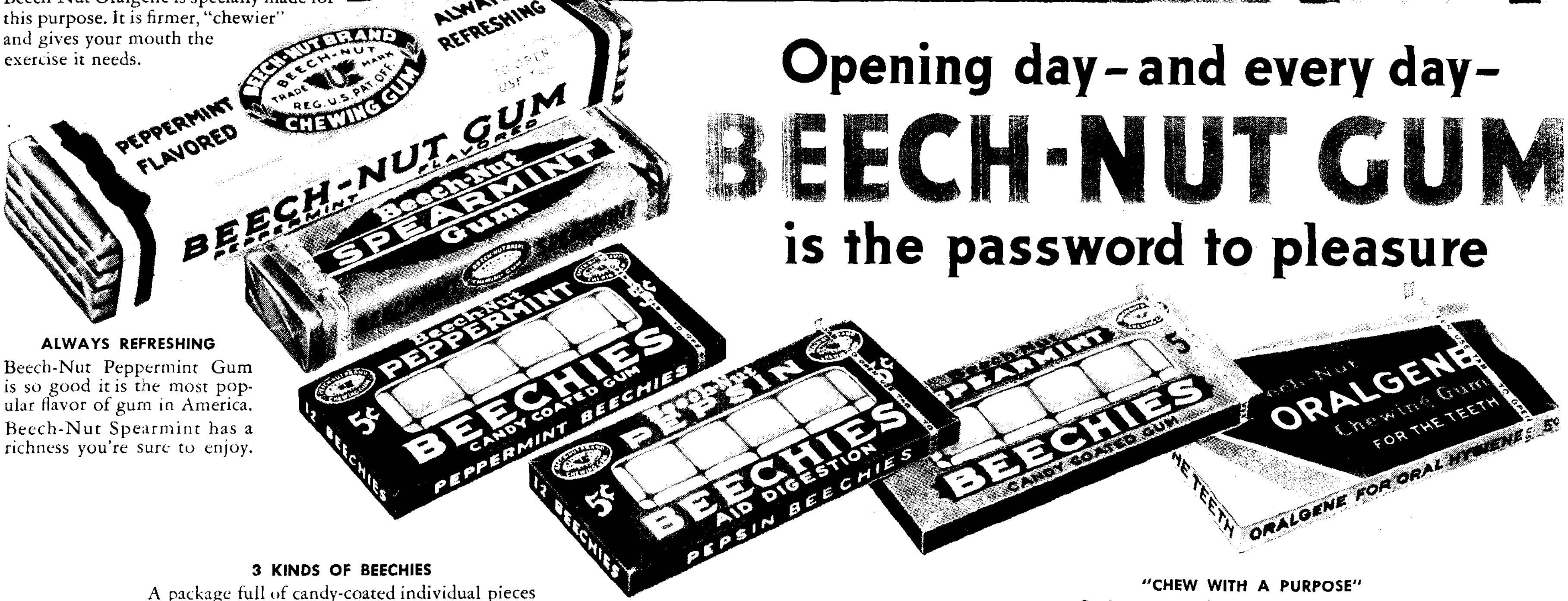
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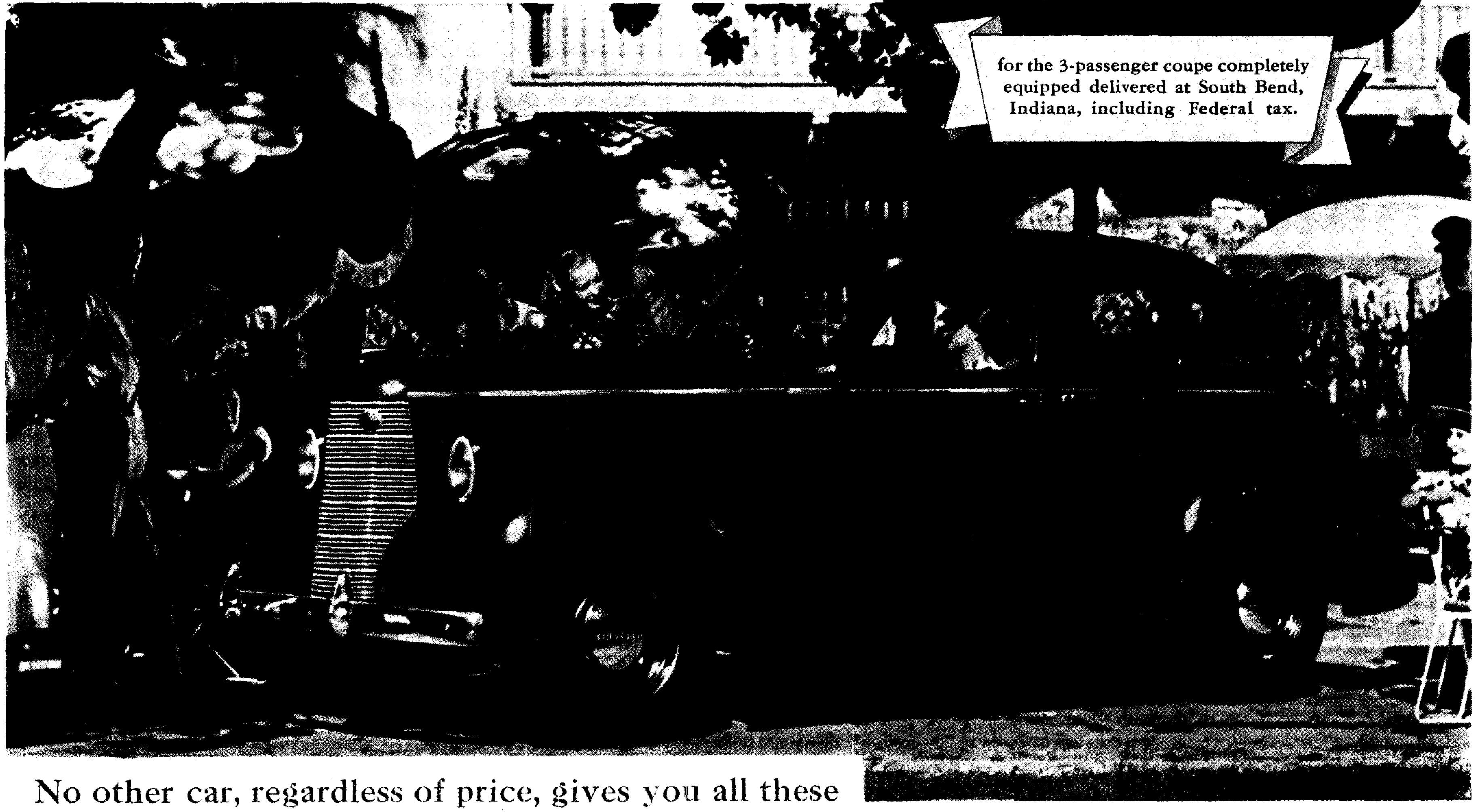

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America's greatest car craftsmen are the 7,300 painstaking Studebaker veterans who build surviving soundness into every Studebaker. Pictured at left are Victor and Martin Slott, one of many Studebaker father and son teams. Studebaker workmen are friendly, responsible fellow-townsmen who average 40 years of age.

Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 22

something like an answer to all his mortal questions—so near that a sensation ran down his spine; and then the answer faded away, and left him riding, and wondering. Then he was thinking, because everything led back to her, of Sally Bidwell. No—Sally Isberg now.

AT TWELVE o'clock when he returned to the fire he found George Vird hunkered before it, cross-legged like an Indian. The light showed the long, half-bitter lines of the man's face, the thin pressure around the lips. Vird was near forty, small and tough and wiry, and showing the knocks of a pretty hard life. He was a deceptive man, and though he had been with the Christmas Creek ranch five years he had never spoken of his past other than to say that once he had been in the Seventh Cavalry. All Merritt knew was that this man, so taciturn and melancholy and secretive, had the instincts of an Indian. He slept lightly, he rode always with an odd vigilance, scanning the country and the ground around him and seeming to listen after dark for the little sounds of night. He never went without his revolver and never put himself far away from the carbine lashed to the horse, and at those times when strangers came to the ranch he invariably disappeared from view. He had ash-white hair and the steadiest blue eyes Merritt had ever noticed in a man and his language was better than average, and though all these habits pointed to some kind of past, Merritt trusted him without reservation. He was a good hand in time of trouble.

Merritt said: "Night-owlin' again?"

Vird looked up at him oddly. "Can't sleep," he murmured and rose to saddle his spare horse. Merritt had rolled up in his blankets when Vird came back in the saddle; and Vird remained there a little while, looking down with a plain impulse to speak. But his habitual silence controlled him and presently he turned out to the herd. Looking up at the cloudy glitter of the stars Owen Merritt thought: "Maybe I did wrong. I could have taken her away from that wedding. Which is the worst regret? Not to have a woman, or to have half a woman?" And then, with the cold, wild-scented wind blowing against him, he fell into a healthy man's instant sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing on his feet and his gun lifted against the night. A quick burst of firing rolled over the dark and a voice howled in the near shadow and ponies' feet made a solid arriving rumble. Racing for his saddled night horse he called, "George," and caught George Vird's answering halloo through a fresh volley of gunfire. Up in the saddle, he turned and rammed the pony straight toward the herd. The shadows there were stirring along the earth; all this racket had spooked the steers and they were on the verge of running. George Vird plunged toward him. "We better keep together! Those fellows are comin' dead off the hills!" Pale shafts of light stabbed the night and died, and bloomed again. He swung beside Vird. They rushed on, cutting around the edges of the herd.

Lead laced around them and the attacking party wheeled in the foreground and began to turn the far edge of the beef, pressing it toward Merritt and Vird. Merritt heard a man's easy, unexcited call: "Here, here," and thought it was the voice of Hugh Clagg. He went on with Vird beside him and laid a sight on a vague yonder shape and let go. Vird began firing at the same time and that group over there wheeled again and came back around the side of the herd, straight on. Steers pitched past Merritt and his pony bucked against this pressure. The campfire was scuffed out. Clagg's voice was more definite: "Here!" Merritt saw shapes clearly above the general line of the herd. He fired and kept going, and smelled powder smoke's rank back-drift. There were, he thought, four of them, and suddenly they wheeled and ran away and were absorbed in the black, and a man's voice, Clagg's again, let out a long whoop. That was all.

IN THE middle of the afternoon, two days following, Merritt and Vird drove the beef down a gentle hillslope, crossed the Humboldt and threw the beef into a loading pen adjoining the Central Pacific. Winnemucca town, raw and dusty and bare, lay adjacent, its single street paralleling the track. Lee Benneckdorf, who did a cattle-shipping business here, came pegging down the gravel and tallied the beef and gave Merritt a receipt, whereupon Merritt and Vird took their horses to the stable and idled into the saloon to wash away the dust of the drive.

Merritt had his drink. He said to Vird, "We'll stay over till morning. I'm going to get a little sleep." Vird was nursing his thirst with a kind of jumpy, taciturn humor, and so Merritt left him like that and went to the hotel. The room was on the second floor, facing the depot and eating house. Stretched on the hard bed, he felt the trapped heat soak into him and loosen up sweat. Heat had likewise warped apart the rough partition boards and in the next room a man and a woman were violently quarreling. The woman said: "Not in this Godforsaken country. I'm taking the next train out!" Merritt fell asleep with this in his ears. When he awoke dusk turned the room blue and he lay thoroughly soaked in his own sweat—and Bourke Prine stood at the foot of the bed, calling his name. It brought him upright immediately.

"What're you doing here, Bourke?"

"Just the ride," murmured Bourke. But he had something in his face that gave him away. Merritt pulled off his shirt and sloshed around a basin of lukewarm water; the heat wouldn't leave the room. He said, irritably, "Let's get out of here." They went down to the street and stood in a faint breeze drifting off the hills.

GEORGE VIRD sauntered from the saloon, walking with a stiffness that showed he was drunk. He looked hard at Bourke Prine but said nothing. His eyes turned to Merritt, round and strained, and somewhat wicked.

"Owen," said Bourke, "we found Juke Slover dead last Monday morning, up on Skull's land, just beyond Pay Lankershim's line. He had two bullets in him and had drawn his own gun. There was a quarter of antelope on his chest, which they laid over him deliberate. They shot his horse."

George Vird wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, watching Bourke Prine.

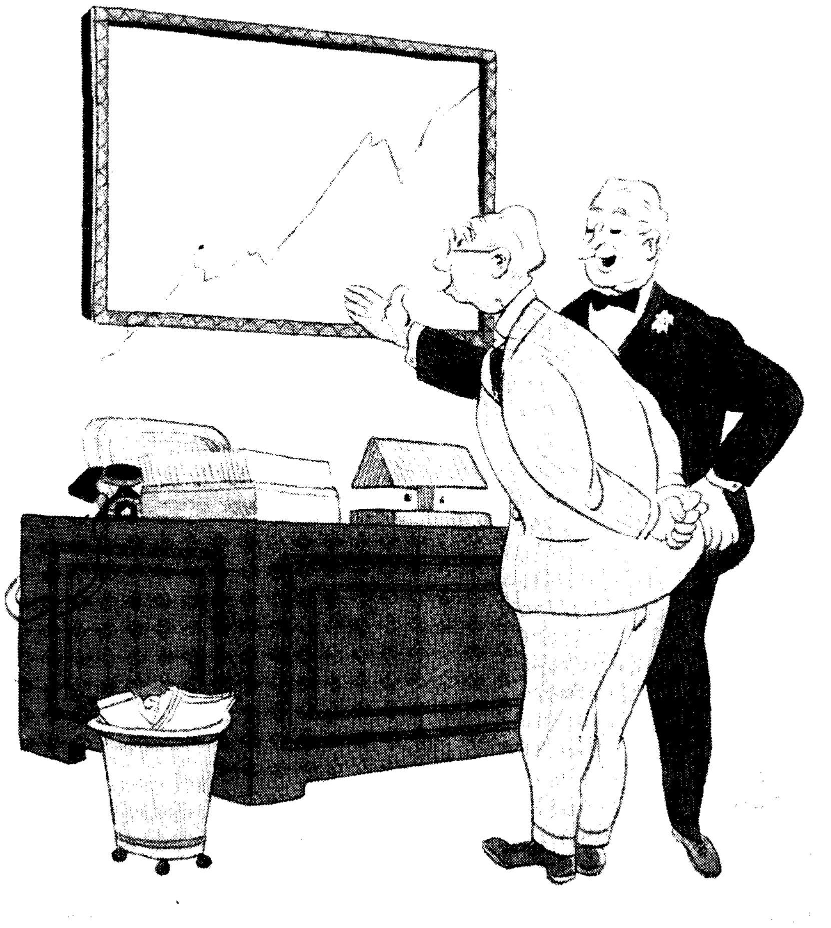
Merritt said, "How did you know it?"

"He came by Pay's house pretty early and told Pay he was going in to hunt. He didn't come back. Pay went to look." Bourke cleared his throat. "Pay said he thought he heard the shots. About the time Skull's trail herd passed out of the timber into East desert."

"Same time I left," mused Merritt.

Vird said, breaking his long silence, "Skull just got into the loadin' pens."

A train came ringing into Winnemucca and stopped with a huge grind of



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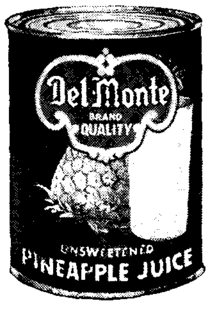

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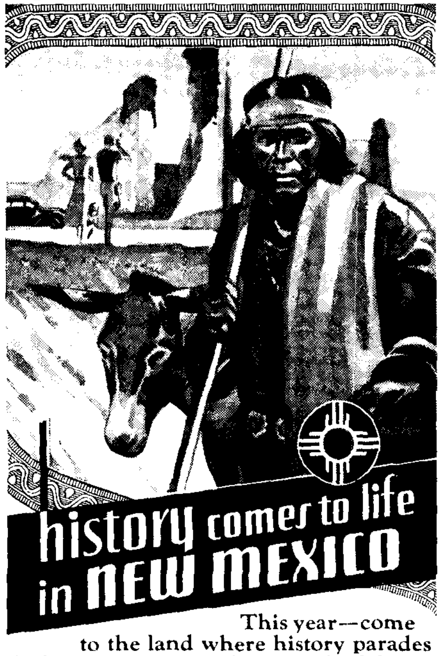
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brakes. All the coach windows threw out squares of yellow light; people stared through the glass. The conductor called, loud enough for train and town alike to hear: "Twenty minutes for supper!"

The three of them moved over the dust, into the railroad dining room, and sat up at a long table set ranch-style, with all the food before them. Easterners, men and women, came in from the train and took places around them, making a great racket. A man across the table murmured quietly, "Cowboys," but Merritt and Bourke Prine and George Vird ate rapidly, with a glum indifference. When they were finished they rose to go. George Vird lagged back and at the door Owen turned to see the cause and found Vird paused in the middle of the dining room with an odd half grin on his mouth, with a sort of deviltry showing; and suddenly Vird lifted his revolver and fired twice at the ceiling and let out a long wolf howl. A woman screamed, and faces turned toward Vird, very pale in the lamplight, and one man knocked over his chair and rushed toward the track door. Vird wheeled from the room, stopping in the street's dust until Prine and Merritt came up.

"George," grunted Merritt, displeased, "that's the first time I ever saw you make a sucker out of yourself."

VIRD wasn't smiling now. He said: "Just wanted to please the pilgrims. They expected it." His face was solemn, it was gray. A long-legged man came over the dust, pointing his hand at Vird. He was in his shirt sleeves and a star glittered high up on his chest. "Friend," he said evenly, "do your shootin' after the train's gone. You got no call to scare hell out of travelers."

"Yeah," murmured Vird, and watched the marshal go away. Rashness stirred again in his odd eyes. He was, Merritt saw, on thin edge. Twilight came down from the roundabout hills; it swept up the Humboldt Flats and laid its softness over the unlovely edges of this desert town. Dust was in the air, and the smell of scorched boards was all around, but the heat of day was fading before a slow wind out of the east. Lights laid yellow bars across Winnemucca's single street and riders drifted into town from ranches deep and lonely in these hills and a row of Indians sat on the edge of the walk, all slumped over. Looking toward the saloon, Owen Merritt saw Skull's trail crew—Theodore Bale and three others—standing by its door. He said, "Come on," to Prine and Vird and led them back to the hotel.

The room was still hot. Light crept through the interstices in the board partition and he heard the woman in the next room crying with a stifled, heavy labor. The train's bell began to ring and in a little while it pulled away from Winnemucca. Vird stood by the window watching the street with a surly expression. Merritt spread out on the bed. Bourke Prine, standing with his back to the door, said, almost sharply: "You got nothing to say, Owen?"

Merritt shaded his eyes. "It's a funny thing—what a man will think. I've been remembering that girl Juke was going with. Alice Langdell. She rode him pretty hard sometimes. I wonder if a woman ever thinks of things like that when it's too late. Well, Juke was a skookum man. We had some good times. Now he'll ride no more. Bourke, the country's changing pretty fast."

Vird, still watching the street, said in a low tone: "They're goin' in to eat—Skull."

Bourke continued to watch Merritt. His glance was sharp, it was impatient. "You keep dodging."

"I keep thinking," murmured Owen Merritt. "It must have happened pretty near where Theo Bale was camped with the trail herd. Corral Flat. Would it be Bale? I don't know if he'd cool a man off—unless Fay Dutcher was along to start the play."

Bourke said: "You're still dodgin'. Dutcher stands behind Bale. Sure. But somebody stands behind Dutcher. That's what you keep dodgin'."

"Why should I dodge?" said Merritt. But before Bourke Prine answered, he added, "We'll keep off one subject, Bourke. I told you that before."

Bourke said: "Two things I never argue over with a man. Whisky and women. But maybe you don't know something else. Pay Lankershim sold out his hill range to Skull. Isberg wanted that—and got it. You're up against Skull's fence now, my boy. If Isberg wants your graze he'll get that, too. I figure he wants it."

"Why?"

"Growin' big is like playin' poker. It gets into a man's blood." He came over to the edge of the bed. He had a temper, this Bourke Prine, and sometimes it got away from him, as now. He reached out and pushed aside the hand that shaded Merritt's eyes. He stared down at Merritt. "Listen, you fool, wake up. You lost a girl and you go around moonin' over that while other things are happenin' to you. I said Isberg had made a sucker out of you when he married Sally. You lost a lot of standin' when you let him do that. Now he'll scare you off the hills, because it's the way he plays. Likewise, maybe you don't remember Lee Repp was one of Hugh Clagg's men. What you figure Clagg's going to do?"

Vird said, "Come over here, Bourke." Bourke walked to the window, looking out. He turned back, a change on his cheeks. "Fay Dutcher."

Merritt said: "Here?"

Vird crossed the little room and opened the door. "I'll be on the street," he said, and went out.

Merritt sat up on the bed and rolled and lighted a cigarette, and lay back again. Smoke swirled around his face until Bourke, tramping back and forth in the drab room, couldn't see his partner's eyes at all. Bourke paused at the window again, watching the street. His big shoulders bent down and rose, and he shook them, as though irritated by what he saw and felt. "What's the man here for?" he grumbled. "Well, for something. What are you going to do, Owen?"

Owen Merritt let the question hang in the heated air. The woman in the adjoining room quit crying. A man plugged up the stairs and went into her room, his voice pretty plain to the partners. "I thought you figured to take that train?"

THE woman said, in a sadder voice than Owen Merritt had ever heard, "I guess I've got to stay with you, Claude. Pillar to post. Always broke and always in trouble. Is it always going to be like this?"

The man said: "I know. I'm leadin' you a hell of a life. Caroline, I'll try—I'll try to make it up!"

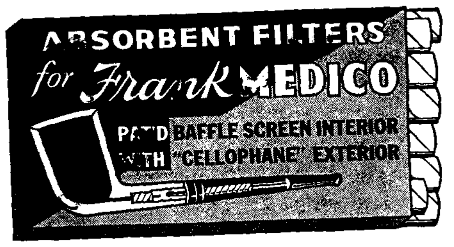
Owen Merritt rose; he went to the window. Store lights brightened the street's deep dust. Night lay black and star-brilliant across the great arch of the sky and riders drifted like vague shadows in from the surrounding desert. He turned to observe Bourke Prine's face.

"What did you come here for?"

Bourke shrugged his shoulders. "You're a fool to go battin' around the country without help. It's too risky."

"Bourke," said Owen, "you keep pushin' at me. You keep telling me something I don't seem to get."

"All right. You're a gone coon but you don't know it. Your mind's cluttered up from thinkin' of a woman and you don't realize that Will Isberg is after your hide—and will get it because he never lost a play yet. I know why you don't say anything. You figure you won't fight Skull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because Sally is there now. I know Isberg better than you do. The man can't bear anything to stand in his way. You do. Not just your ranch, kid. But you had Sally before he did and he won't forget. He's an Indian. I'm telling you."

Merritt shook his head. "After all, Isberg can't afford—" He stopped, a new thought cutting across his mind. He came away from the window, jerking open the door. "Come on, Bourke. I just remembered about George Vird." He took the stairs two at a time and came to the street, Bourke close behind. Vird wasn't on the street. "Saloon, naturally," Merritt grumbled, and turned that way, at once noting Fay Dutcher's big sorrel mare standing at an adjoining rack. Men came out of the saloon, and turned and made a little group by the door, a dozen of them or more. When Prine and Merritt came up, one man said in clear caution, "A little warm in there, mister."

THERE were two windows to the place, both painted over; and a single swinging door that was closed. Another man came out, opening the door long enough for Merritt to see Vird standing in the middle of the room, alone and motionless, with his face turned to one corner. Merritt couldn't see into that corner.

Bourke called, "Wait—" and touched Merritt's shoulder. Merritt shook free, kicked the door open again and stepped into the smoky, ill-lighted room.

The place was square, with a few poker tables on one side, a bar at the far end, and a hallway leading off one corner of the bar to rear rooms. This much he caught at a glance, meanwhile watching Vird's head turn, watching Vird's shoulders loosen in real relief at sight of him. A barkeeper stood behind the counter, not moving. Near the hallway corner the bar turned at right angles, and here, half protected by it, three of the Skull riders stood in apparent idleness, shoulder to shoulder. Vird had his back to these men, more interested, apparently, in Theodore Bale, who had maneuvered himself over to the bar's other end. And then, looking to the near-by poker tables, Merritt found Fay Dutcher's big shape planted in a chair.

The quietness of this place was a thorough thing. No man stepping into it could mistake its meaning, or the intent of all those quiet shapes in the dismal light. Dutcher sat in a manner to command whoever might come in the front way. It was, Merritt considered, a deliberate situation; and now Dutcher's long and surly face came together at all its angles. He stood up, kicking the chair back of him. He said: "Hello, Owen, what's news?" It wasn't a question. It wasn't anything except so much sound flattening into the silence, calm and unhurried and very deliberate. The saloonman took this moment to sink down behind the counter. One Skull man in the hallway corner moved half a dozen steps deeper into the room, the sound of his boots very loud.

George Vird was sober, as Owen Merritt saw. But the rash and crazy temper that had ridden him all evening still held. He looked around the room; he made a complete circle on his heels, and then showed Merritt the pale surface of his eyes. He was smiling his insolence at them, eager for what was so surely on its way. "Owen," he said, "these boys are a little tough. Go back outside a minute and let me oblige 'em."

Merritt turned to Dutcher: "What's the matter here, Fay?"

Dutcher said: "You can see, can't you?"

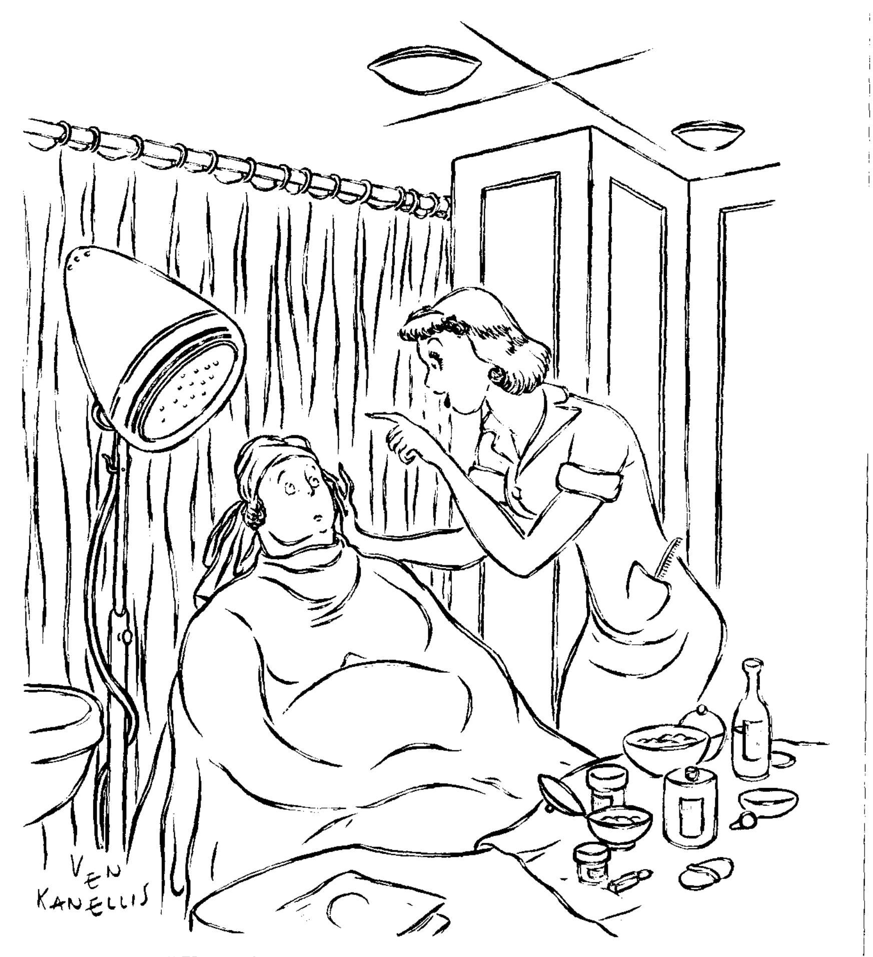
"George," called Merritt, "shut up and come on out of here. You're drunk again."

"No," broke in Dutcher, "he ain't drunk."

"Wait a minute," broke in Merritt, actually curious. "You're all standin' around here braced for a fight. Now just which one was going to handle George—or was it the whole four?"

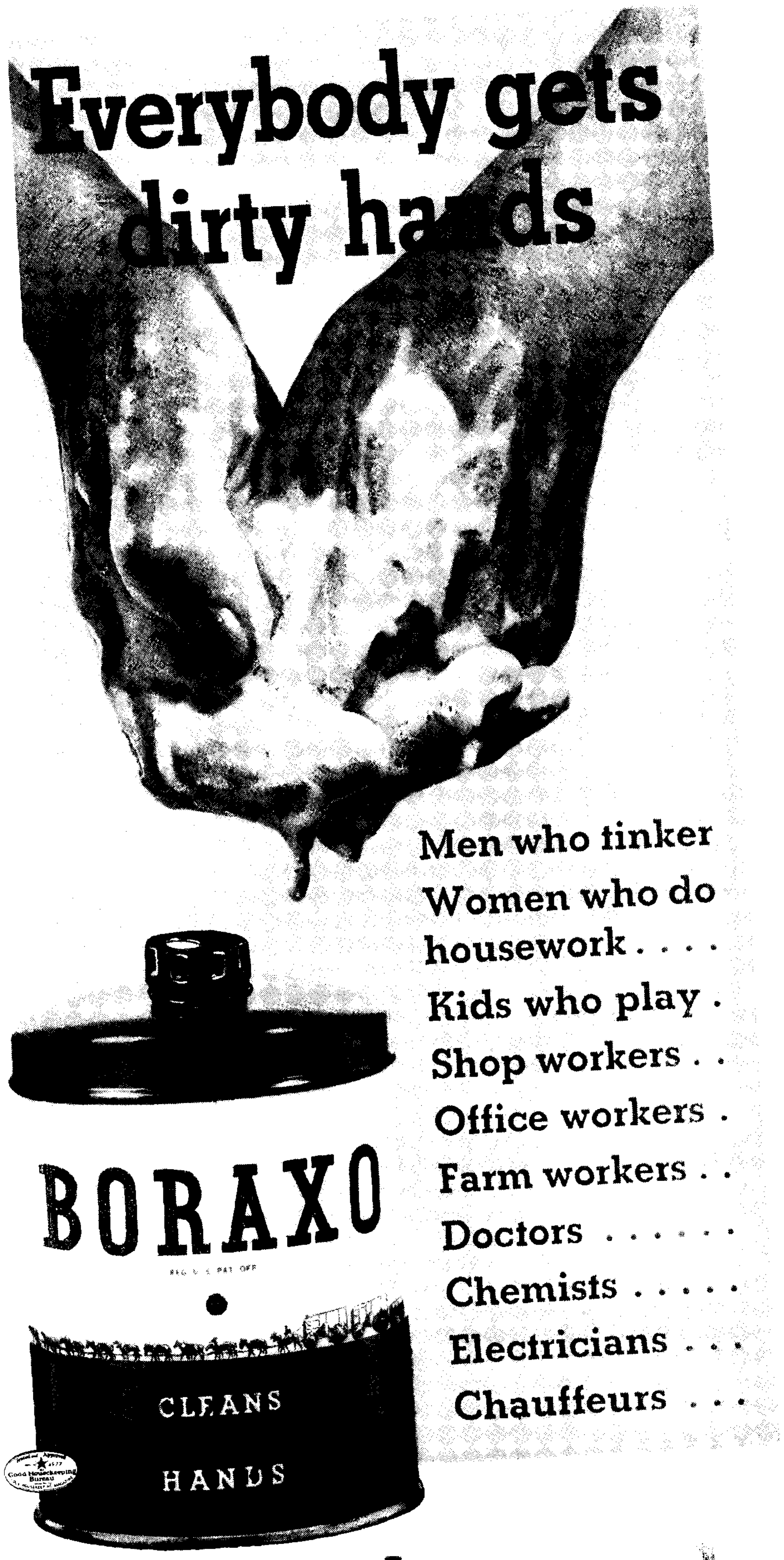
"You can find out," said Dutcher. He was affected by the talk. His bold face turned red and the surly temper came up into his eyes more powerfully.

"Skull style," murmured Merritt, and



"Then, finally, you wash your face with lots of soap and warm water and it's really clean"

VEN KANELLIS



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then he said, "You're a fine bunch of dogs."

"You want some?" said Dutcher.

"I'll just cut in," agreed Merritt coolly. "And I'll call my ball, to boot. You and me, Fay."

George Vird said, in his high, taunting voice: "A little fun, Owen. But I don't think they like the odds."

"Why, you damn' fool," said Theo Bale in the far corner, "you're dead when the music starts."

"Me and Juke Slover, hah?" said George Vird.

Silence came down then. On Dutcher, Merritt kept a steady eye, waiting for the break. There wasn't any fear in Skull's foreman, and no doubt at all. The man hated everything that stood against Skull and he had a contempt that was very real for everything that was in Skull's way. He remained dark-faced and taciturnly composed; physical power flowed out of him. But there was something else that Owen Merritt clearly caught, something that told him more than he had hitherto known about Skull. Fay Dutcher wanted this fight. He was playing for it.

Theodore Bale called to Dutcher in a quick, disturbed voice: "What's it goin' to be, Dutcher?"

Owen Merritt let his arms hang. Coolness came to him. He said, "Let's find out, Dutcher." A man's life was full of trouble and full of question—and so it was like relief to stand up to certainty, to know that he was in front of reality; he would survive or he wouldn't, and at once he realized that for him there was no fear of going out. He lived this long, long interval with a sureness, with a strength; and then he was thinking of Juke Slover and mercy died in him.

This was the moment when Bourke Prine, having circled the outside of the saloon, came down the little hallway back of the bar and laid his risen gun against the three Skull men in that corner of the room. He said: "You fellows scratch air."

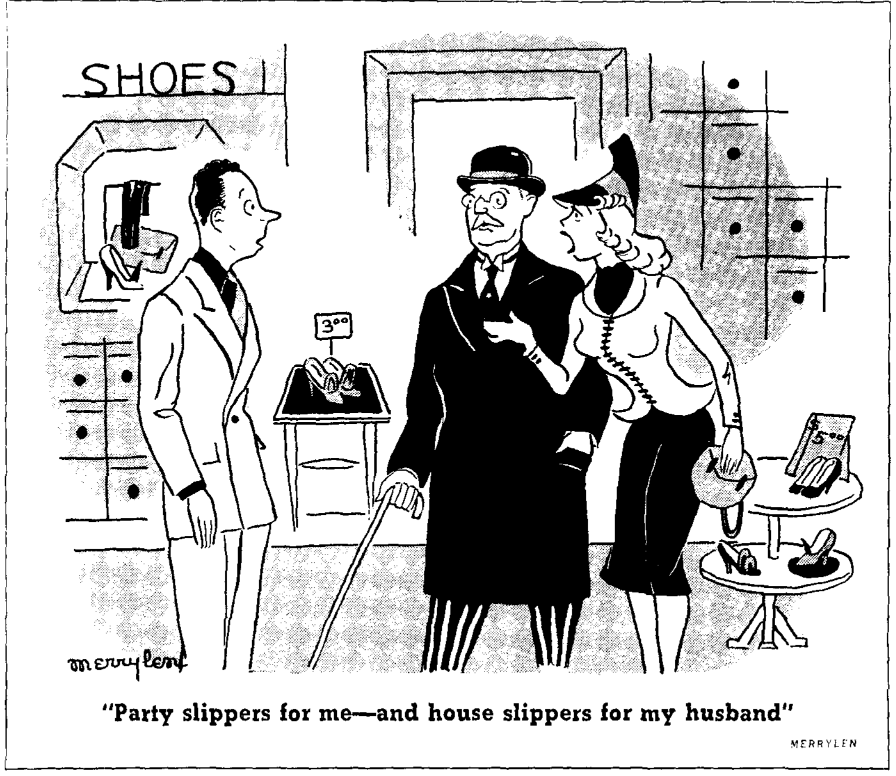
It knocked them out of the play; it evened up the fight instantly, and some reflection of this showed on Fay Dutcher's face. His eyes grew round, grew blacker as he stared at Bourke Prine. His words flattened into the silence. "Better stay out of this, Bourke. You ain't so big." Theodore Bale was obviously disturbed; he scraped his feet on the floor and threw Dutcher a silent appeal and afterward, for a reason Owen Merritt never understood, Dutcher left his corner of the room and walked deliberately over to Bale. He turned there, pushing Bale away. Bale came half down the room, clearly puzzled and not knowing what Dutcher wanted. At this instant the saloonman rose from behind the bar and shot out the saloon's three lamps.

Darkness crashed down upon the room, and Owen Merritt cat-stepped aside, hearing the rip of cloth and Theodore Bale's long loud cry fade into a full roar of aroused gunfire. Everybody opened up at once. Owen Merritt kept side-stepping toward the wall to clear George Vird in the middle of the room. He spotted the flash of Dutcher's gun, and laid his shot on that; he saw muzzle light leap from Vird's piece, flashing and fading and flashing again. Something seemed to come apart in the corner where Bourke was; Merritt heard the smash of bodies against the wall and the fall of table and chairs. Sound battered the saloon room, it shook the walls and rang painfully against Merritt's ears. He kept moving, he kept shifting his feet like a dancer; he kept throwing his bullets at the corner.

EVERYBODY in this place stirred around, as the powder flashes showed. Somebody went down, striking with a dead-solid weight. A bullet hit the bar's back mirror, dropping a shower of glass to the floor. The saloonman shouted. A rolling body clipped Owen Merritt behind the legs and threw him flat on his back. One man went out of the saloon doorway low and fast, falling on the yonder walk, and loudly swearing. Rising, surrounded by blackness and oppressed by the stink of close-held powder, Merritt heard the heavy run of a man's feet in the back hall. The firing had quit and somebody's breathing sawed up and down. He stood there a long while, sweat crawling down his cheeks. He said: "George," and stepped aside quickly. But it was Bourke who answered, from the far corner: "All right." Bourke's voice had a flat sound, a faraway sound. This was what the racket had done to Merritt's ears. The saloonkeeper said: "Wait a minute, boys," and a little later a light went on by the bar.

Vird was still in the center of the room, impossibly surviving the criss-cross of fire. He said, "Put out that damned light."

Merritt spotted Bourke immediately. Then he saw a man lying near Bourke, one of the three who had been in that corner. Theodore Bale huddled, face



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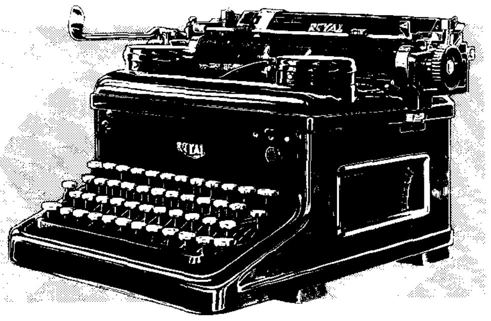

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down, near the opposite wall. Vird repeated, "Put out that light." His cheeks were pale and his ash hair was disheveled. He was a good-looking man, a little tired around the mouth and no longer showing the trace of wickedness in his eyes. His expression was almost serene.

The saloonman whipped his hand across the globe and the room fell into darkness again. A single shot smacked through the saloon's flimsy wall and boots scuffed the walk. Merritt jumped to the door. Bourke and George Vird were rushing over and both were warning him but he charged through the doorway and faced a street fast emptying. Men were vanishing into alleys and into the smooth velvet shadows surrounding the depot. He put himself flat against the saloon wall, looking to his left where Skull's horses were. Fay Dutcher was an obscure shape yonder, backing unhurriedly away; the two other Skull riders had paused by the horses but now they moved farther into the street. George and Bourke ran out of the saloon. Merritt turned from the wall and walked toward Dutcher. He fired when his left foot hit the walk, and moved on, and fired again in rhythm with his pacing. Dutcher gave ground slowly, saving his lead. Bourke and George Vird were out in the middle of the street; they pounded away at the two Skull men who whipped their bullets up from the shadows.

Dutcher halted and raised his gun, taking careful aim. The steady racket of all this fled away into the high night sky and instantly faded in that vastness. One of the other Skull men cried, "Dutcher!" and dropped in the dust. Dutcher took his aim and pulled the trigger but the hammer fell on an empty. He wheeled and rushed for his horse and the other surviving Skull hand raced back. In a moment they were mounted and rushing away.

Merritt stopped. Bourke Prine sent a useless shot after those two and George Vird walked toward the dropped Skull man. Quiet came back to Winnemucca. Light flowed freshly through the saloon windows and people of the town began to drift from the shadows. The sound of horses diminished in the black distances beyond town. Bourke and Vird came back to Merritt and for a while the three of them stood together. George Vird's face maintained its gentle expression. "I can sleep a little better now. It kind of takes care of Juke Slover."

WHEN Dutcher returned from Winnemucca with the other survivor of the Winnemucca fight, Isberg was out in the home meadow, watching a crew work on an irrigation ditch. He came straight up to Dutcher. The first thing he said was: "Where've you been?"

Dutcher's solid face was covered with a steel-black beard. His eyes were red from dust and from the need of sleep and the man's surly temper made it hard for him to be civil. "Winnemucca."

"I didn't tell you to go there," said Isberg. Part of the home crew had come up. Isberg said to them, "Go on, boys," and waited until they were out of earshot. He had a temper of his own, which was rising now, but he was cool enough to spare his foreman embarrassment in front of the men. He said: "Where's Theodore Bale? Where's the others?"

Fay Dutcher stood with his legs apart, with the powdered dust of the trip clinging to him. He had lost a fight. This was the thing that burned in him. He said, "In the graveyard by now," and then this man who was afraid of almost nothing on earth dropped his glance. It was the bright heat of Will Isberg's eyes that made Dutcher look down.

Isberg said: "Come in the house," and led the way. He walked over to close the dining-room door; he looked at the stairs. Sally stood on the upper landing. She called, "Is there something wrong, Will?"

When Isberg was really stirred, his manner always turned quiet and smooth and very soft. It was now. He said, "Nothing, Sally," and waited till she went back along the hall. He listened to the tap of her footsteps. Dutcher was a huge, waiting shape in the center of the room. Isberg said: "You went down there and started a fight, and took a licking. What did you go for?"

Dutcher murmured: "Merritt started down with some beef the same morning. I got to thinkin'—"

Isberg made a sliding gesture with his hand, instantly cutting off the explanation. For Dutcher didn't need to explain what he had thought. The hint of it was in the corners of his eyes, it lay arrogantly in the thick-fleshed line of his lips. Isberg said: "I told you to be careful."

Dutcher burst out: "Before God, I'll make up for that!" A raging sense of defeat unsettled him. "I'll take care of Merritt. I'll—"

ISBERG'S hand once more checked Dutcher. Against the bulk of his foreman Isberg was a small, almost ineffectual shape, thin in all his features and possessing little hint of physical power. But his coolness grew and his talk, so soft and so smooth, was like acid on the dismally listening foreman.

"I warned you about him. Merritt's different from other men. We can scare most riders out of the country. We can break most of them by fear. But it won't work with him."

Dutcher said sullenly: "The hell it won't. I'll find out about that."

"Be quiet while I talk," said Isberg with a lecturing insistence. "In some things, Dutcher, you can't be beat. In some things you are a fool. I give you credit for being loyal to the ranch. But you have caused me a lot of trouble. I'll have to share the blame for telling you to be tough. The thing is done and we've got to stand it somehow. But why didn't you use your head?" He stared at Dutcher. "I'm not talking about Merritt now. I'm talking about Juke Slover."

Dutcher gave his grumbling, heated answer. "We caught him cold. He had a quarter of venison on him. I told him I figured to beat hell out him, for warnin'. That's the way you got to treat these people unless you want 'em all swarmin' over our fence. The man wasn't smart. He decided he'd try a fight. What else could I do?"

"You could have put him out of sight," said Isberg. "Instead you leave him for Pay Lankershim to stumble over."

Dutcher said earnestly: "Well, what's the matter with that? It'll teach the country a lesson. Dead men ought to be seen."

Isberg weighed his foreman unfavorably, at last saying: "After this you let me know when you figure to do something."

Dutcher immediately hoisted his great shoulders. "Listen, Mister Isberg, I have done my best for Skull. If I don't suit you any more just say so and I'll pack my bed."

"If I wanted to fire you," said Isberg dryly, "I wouldn't waste this much talk on it. You're all right, Dutcher, but just leave the thinking to me. And let Merritt alone until I say something to you."

Mention of Merritt's name increased the somber glow in the foreman's eyes. It hardened the muscles of his face. His defeat cut deep in him. He couldn't forget it—and wouldn't rest until the injury had been wiped out. Isberg saw this much and warned Dutcher more definitely. "Do you hear what I say?"

Dutcher said, "Yeah," and scowled, and turned to the door. But protest swung him around. His own philosophy was too positive to let him alone. "It won't work at all. The man's got to pay for what he did. If we don't do something about it everybody in the country will be shootin' at us. You got to keep 'em afraid, Mr. Isberg. Maybe I ain't so smart but I know this country. You can't crowd a fellow and expect him to grin. You been crowdin' this country. Well, those folks will crowd back if they can. That's my job—to keep 'em humble. You can feed 'em at your table all you like, and you can set up the drinks in the Palace all you like, but you ain't goin' to make any friends that way. Skull is too big to have any friends, and it has been too tough. I don't think you got that straight, Mr. Isberg. You can have things your way—if you're prepared to fight. Well, you've got things your way, and it is too late now to think of soapin' people to make 'em forget. You got a lot of enemies and there's only one way to keep on top, which is by beatin' hell out of 'em. If you ain't prepared to do it that way, then you never should've started to crowd other folks in the first place. People don't forget. Think that over."

Isberg opened his mouth, and closed it again. He studied his foreman carefully and in the end only nodded, whereupon Dutcher left the room. Isberg took a fresh cigar from his pocket and lighted it. He stood by the fireplace, hands locked behind him, considering Dutcher's talk. Considering it and vaguely feeling its truth. Slover's death would be a scandal and Medary would be questioning him about it. He'd have to smooth things down somehow. It left a bad impression on the Piute, it made the rest of his plans that much harder to accomplish. He thought of all this as he smoked, his little shape motionless and drawn together. Of this and of many other things.

Sally came out of an upper hall and down the stairs. She said: "Are you going in to town with me, Will?"

He said, "Yes," and studied her face, wondering how much of all this she had heard. He couldn't tell. Her expression was reserved, almost willfully so, and she had nothing in her eyes that gave him a clue. She was, he thought, a poker-faced girl when she chose to be; and always just beyond reach.

IMMEDIATELY on returning from Winnemucca, Owen Merritt took a swim in the creek behind the house, and saddled a fresh horse and lined out for The Wells. Within a mile of town he met Mark Medary, who turned back to The Wells with him. "I was comin' to see you," said the sheriff.

"I'm on my way to Skull."

The sheriff gave him a considering glance. "We'll have a little talk first."

They were on the edge of town then. Merritt pulled up at the Palace and went in with Medary. They had a drink and walked on through to the back room. Medary took a moment to adjust the door so that it was within an inch of being shut, which gave Merritt an idea of the sheriff's state of mind.

"Owen," he said, "there's trouble enough for a lot of us. Yours, the other fellows', and mine. We'll talk about your troubles first. Who was with you when you went home from the weddin'?"

"Bourke, for half the distance. I went on alone."

"And who was with Repp when you ran into him?"

Merritt said, gently: "I wouldn't know about that, Mark. Did I run into him?"

Medary said: "You remember what you did to Lee Repp in this saloon? And what you said you'd do to him?"

"I remember," said Merritt. "But I didn't do it. Somebody saved me the trouble."

"It may be," murmured Mark Medary. "But the remark does you no good. I hear you had trouble in Winnemucca."

"That got here in a hurry."

The sheriff gave him a sad nod. "Sure. Bad news always does. You'll find it's like a smell in the wind. And the smell sticks to a man. Then Juke Slover dies, who is a friend of yours, and now you're on the road to Skull. I believe I wouldn't go, Owen."

"I'm not after trouble, Mark."

Medary said: "Trouble just comes." He made his long appraisal of Merritt. The big man sat loose in the chair, his arms idle on the table and his face composed. But his lips made a solid roll across the tanned skin and his eyes were fathomless at the moment. It made the sheriff say: "If I was you, there's a couple of things I'd do. I'd be mighty careful of my own temper, and I'd look sharp at the other man's. Things are kind of rollin' up on you. That's what I came to say."

"About Repp," said Merritt. "What was it you meant?"

"Nothin'," said Medary. "Nothin' yet—and maybe nothin' ever. But—" He stopped, searching himself for a word. The years had made Medary pretty smart. "But if you should ever see me comin' toward your house in the next couple of weeks, Owen, I'd just say to myself: 'There comes Medary—and I wonder what for?' "

MERRITT grinned. "Thanks, Mark," he said, and rose. Medary turned to the door, looking back. He answered the grin, but was soon sober again. "My boy," he said, "I'd hate to see you laid out like I saw Juke Slover."

Merritt said: "You talk like Bourke Prine."

"Bourke," said the sheriff, "is a pretty sharp man. Use your eyes like he uses his." With this admonition he went out.

Merritt built himself a cigarette and lighted it and sat a little while in the room's heated silence. Afterward he walked through to the street to his horse, got in the saddle and went on toward Skull's road. Passing the hotel he saw Helen Tague in the doorway. She said, "Hello, traveler," and beckoned. He went over there, smiling at the sight she made. He said, "You're the prettiest thing—" and then heard the quick run of horses around the bend of the hotel. A moment later Isberg and Sally galloped in.

They rode to the hotel's porch and for a moment silence was a solid wall around these four people. Owen had removed his hat for Helen Tague. He held it in his hand, watching Sally's face change. It was this way between them, and had always been, and always would be. Nothing was any different. She had her effect on him, her eyes and her lips and the flow of her smooth body holding something for him, something he remembered and couldn't forget. There was a riding color on her cheeks, a color that remained while the moments passed, and this was what Will Isberg saw with his suspecting glance—this scene between his wife and the man she hadn't married. At that moment he was ignored, and knew it. Helen Tague, so quietly in the background, saw the dangerous lines on Isberg's cheeks just then, the pale composure, the stiffening of his small shoulders.

Sally's eyes dropped and Merritt turned to Isberg. "I was riding your way."

"Glad I saved you the trip," said Isberg. He got down and gave his hand to Sally. She rose to the porch, joining Helen Tague, and called: "I'll be here quite a while, Will." Both women went into the hotel.

Merritt stepped down and for a mo-

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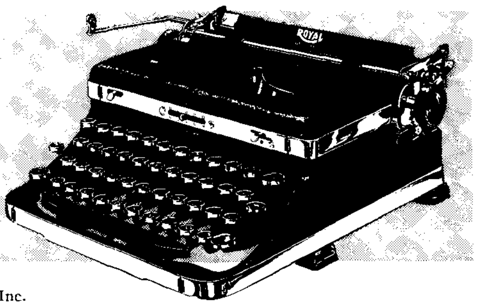

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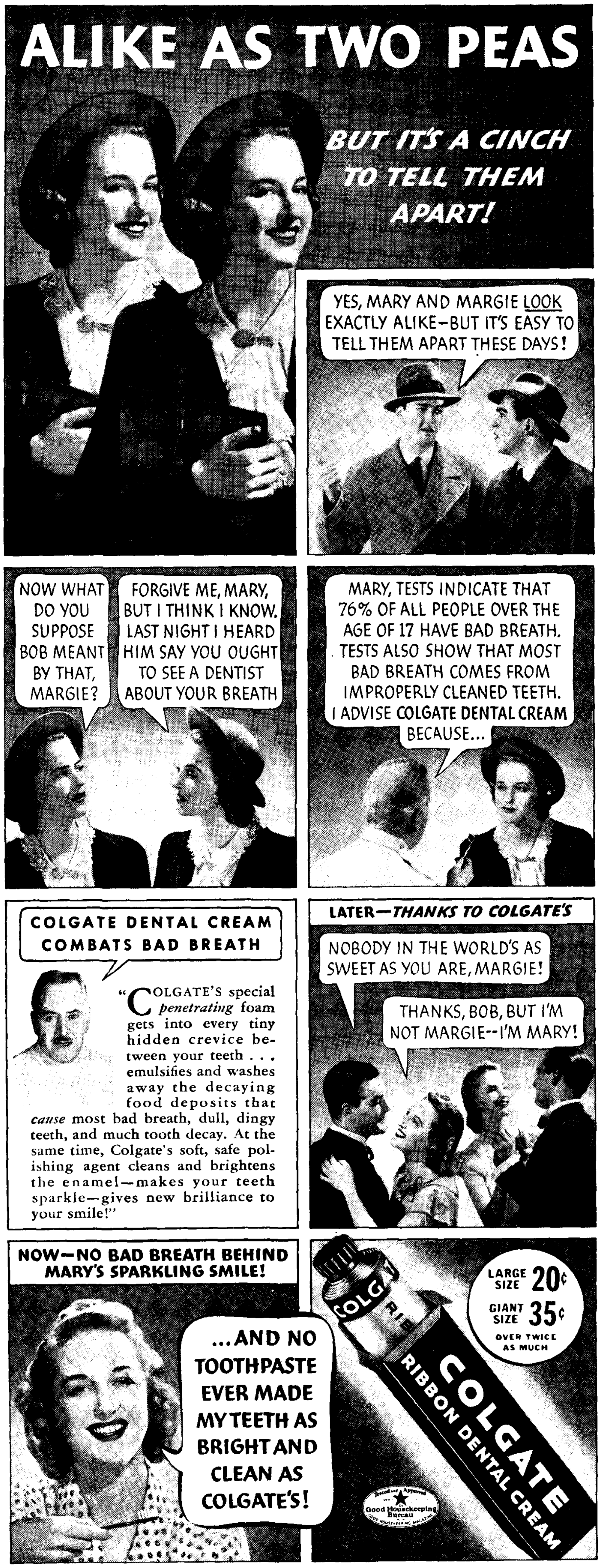

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ment was close to Isberg, standing head and shoulders over the Skull owner. Isberg, always quick to feel the affront of such comparison, moved quickly back from Merritt until the added distance made the disparity less pronounced. Ruffled pride put a change on his cheeks. He showed it, as a man shows weakness in an unguarded moment.

Sun slanted out of the west and late summer's light was golden, clouded here with the street's disturbed dust. Sam Nankervell's hammer pounded hard echoes into the drowsing day. Medary came from Shannon's store and turned toward the hotel. But he saw the two men here and wheeled around. Owen Merritt used a fresh match on his cigarette; when he cupped his hands around the match the knuckles of his hands made solid welts underneath the tanned skin. Little things like this showed his physical toughness, the punishing power of his body, as Will Isberg noted with a slow, deep jealousy. It was hidden and no man suspected it; but the feeling always came bitterly to him when he stood by Merritt.

"Will," said Merritt as direct as he could be, "did you send Dutcher down to Winnemucca to start a fight?"

"No."

"I'm glad to hear that."

Isberg said: "Don't draw your conclusions too fast. I didn't send him. But he went on ranch business and I'll stand by him. Skull takes care of its people. Who started that fight?"

"Ask Dutcher," said Merritt, constantly watching Isberg. The little man's eyes were cool and uncompromising; they were not friendly. Merritt said then: "Better make it a little clearer, Will. If you stand back of Dutcher, then you stand back of everything he does. He had his fun down there. I don't propose to be a target for Skull. If that's what it is going to be I want to know."

ISBERG took it with a growing restlessness. He showed it. He said, suddenly: "It comes poorly from you to complain of that affair when you killed three of my men. I can't let that go by." They were on the border of a quarrel, but his feelings kept pushing at him, and afterward his talk went at Merritt with a greater and greater intolerance. "You can't expect to bait Skull's riders and not get a play. Well, that's what you've been doing a long time. You're like the rest of this country, figuring Skull is fair game for anything. If Winnemucca was in Oregon I'd ask Medary to lock you up."

Merritt said: "I get this a little bit clearer. All right, if you want it that way you tell Dutcher to take care of himself."

"Hold on," challenged Isberg. "I won't listen to a threat. If I told that to Dutcher the crew would be on your trail before night."

"It's been on my trail longer than that," pointed out Merritt. "Which I'm just beginnin' to realize." He grew calmer and drier-voiced as Isberg's temper slipped.

Isberg realized it and made a strong effort to pull in his talk. For a moment his voice was conceding. "Wait now. *The fat's in the fire and I can't* answer for the men. It wouldn't make any difference what I said. They'll be remembering Theodore Bale and the other boys. There's one way out of it. I'll buy Christmas Creek from you, Merritt."

Merritt said: "You been playin' freeze-out with me a long time. So far, no luck. You can go to hell."

"Wait," demanded Isberg. He stepped another pace backward and stopped and made a thin shape in the golden daylight. Something bitter and implacable came out of him, clearly reaching Owen Merritt. A state of mind that wouldn't yield, a pride that burned higher and higher. "I don't care for that, Owen."

"No?" said Owen. "You don't?" His tone was summer-soft. It was within his power to reach forward and break Will Isberg with his hands, and some of the old anger ragged at him and the old sense of loss had its hard effect on him. He held it back, knowing that for once he had broken through Isberg's surface, unsteadying him and so getting the truth out of Skull's owner at last. "Some things I never believed about you, Will. I gave you more credit than you ought to have. I been thinking of Juke Slover the last two, three days. I've been wondering what he thought about, up there in the brush, when Skull brought him down. He was a better man than anybody you've got on your ranch. I don't know who did that, but maybe I'll find out. When I do, you'll find that fellow lyin' in the brush too."

"Hold on," warned Isberg. "Do you want trouble with me?"

"I've been having it, Will. The point is now, you're going to have trouble with me. Skull is getting too tough."

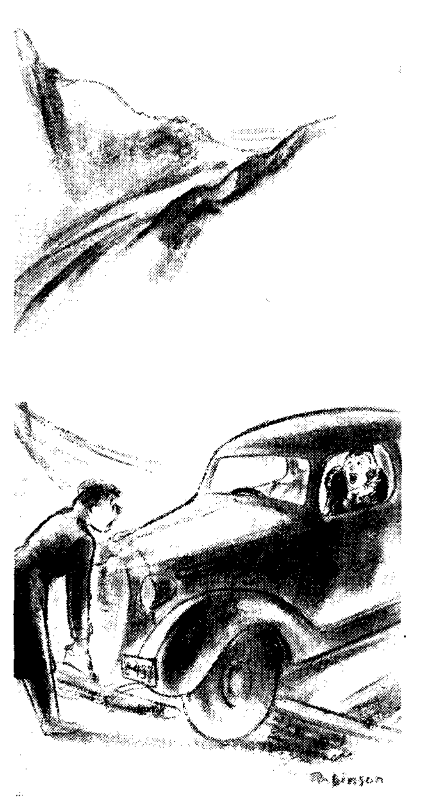
Isberg said: "If that's an offer, Owen, all right."

"Yeah," murmured Merritt, "it's an offer."

Isberg wasn't armed, and had never to Merritt's knowledge carried a gun. But at this moment, considering the pure temper rise to the man's narrow face, he wondered what Isberg would have done had he been armed.

It was Merritt who turned away; it was Will Isberg who said in a voice turned rough by a suppressed passion: "Merritt!" Owen turned about. A distinct *pallor lay on Isberg's face,* as though a venom deep in him had drawn all the blood from his skin. He said: "I will tell you something. I have never liked you—your manners or your style. You're too easy for my taste, too easy entirely, friend. I am thinking of something—and you know what I'm thinking. What belongs to me is mine, land, stock —or anything else. Remember that. You hear? Stay away from anything that belongs to me. I know what's in your mind. But stay away! I don't forget things, and I don't give up easy. You had better remember it."

(To be continued next week)



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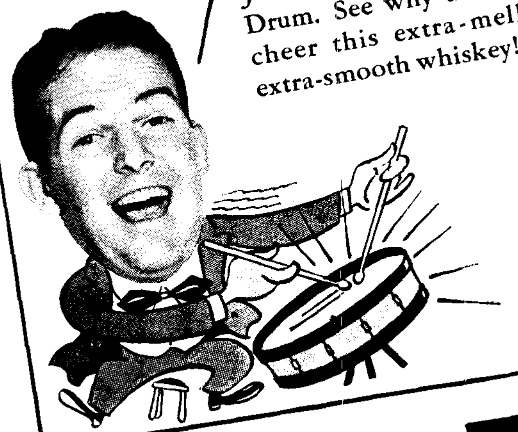

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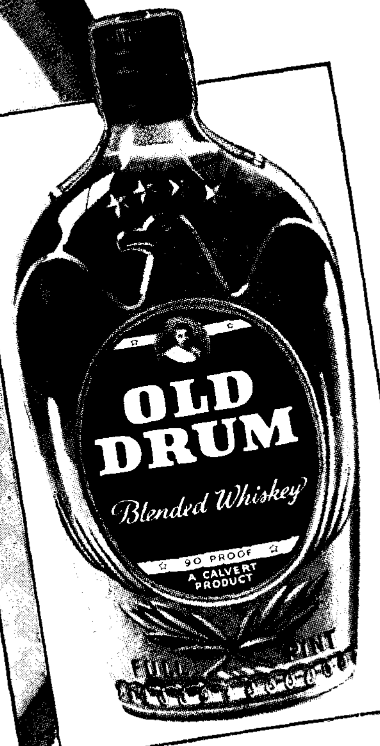
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OLD DRUM

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Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 16

I waited a while longer, and when he didn't come in, I put on my raincoat and went out to look for him. I found him—dead!"

"Where was he?" Larkin demanded.

"Exactly where you saw him an hour later. I didn't touch him."

"Then how did you know he was dead?"

"Well, I did touch him. I felt his pulse. But I didn't move him."

"And you didn't call anyone, either. You didn't send for Dr. Bioki to confirm your opinion."

"I intended to," moaned Jeremy Hood. "I had every intention. But first I wanted that affidavit Bonner threatened me with. It was my chance to destroy the evidence of my own lapse. . . ."

"So you killed Bonner to get it?"

"I didn't! He was already dead. I swear it!"

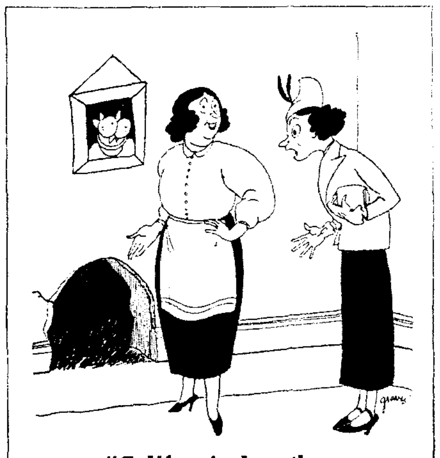
"Go on. What next? You destroyed the affidavit."

"No, I didn't. There wasn't any. Bonner was bluffing. I went through all his pockets."

"And they were empty?"

"No, not empty. There were no affidavits, but there was a set of photographs. Photostats, I guess they were. Plans."

"Plans?" Larkin flung away his cigarette. He got up, stood in front of Hood. He asked eagerly: "What kind of plans?"



"California has the largest mice, too"

H. TEMPEST GRAVES

"I don't know exactly. Machinery of some sort," said Hood. "One of them looked as if it might be a cannon. It—"

"WHERE are these photostats?" Larkin broke in.

"In my cabin. I hid them in one of my portfolios, with the color prints."

"Why did you take them to your cabin? Why didn't you leave them where you found them?"

"I don't know, Mr. Larkin. I was frightened. I didn't mean to take them. But I'd just finished looking through Bonner's pockets when I heard someone walking along the deck. I turned and saw that Mrs. Greeve. She was quite intoxicated and could hardly stand. I was terrified that she would think I had killed Bonner. Then I thought perhaps she was too much under the influence to have noticed anything. I went toward her and said 'Good evening.' She gave a little cry and bolted for her cabin. I ran for my own stateroom. It wasn't until I'd locked myself in that I realized I'd carried the things with me. I wanted to get rid of them, but I was afraid someone would see me throwing them overboard."

"You could have burned them."

"Not the hypodermic, Mr. Larkin."

"So *you* have the hypodermic! Where—?"

"Wait. When you came to question me, after Bonner's burial, I began thinking about the hypodermic. When you left, I got it out and examined it. There were a few drops of liquid left in it, and I must have got some on my fingers. I put it away again and tried to read. I moistened my finger to turn a page and experienced a bitter, acrid taste. The tip of my tongue was quite numb. Does morphine do that, Mr. Larkin?"

"Morphine is bitter. I'm not sure about the numbing effect."

"Anyhow, I was frightened. I thought I'd poisoned myself. I hurried to see Dr. Bioki. I found him—dead."

"Then what?"

"I hurried off to hide the hypodermic."

"Where?"

Jeremy Hood smiled wanly. A crafty look came into his eyes. He asked: "What do you want with it?"

"I'll take it to a laboratory in Honolulu and have them analyze whatever's left in the barrel. There must be at least a deposit of some kind."

"Very well," said Hood. "I'll give you the hypodermic if you do something for me. You must convince the captain and Mr. Cuttle that I'm innocent of murder. Whenever Cuttle lets me out of that locked cabin, I'll get you the hypodermic."

"How do I know you're not lying again?"

"You'll have to decide that for yourself, Mr. Larkin. After all, I've told you all this voluntarily."

LARKIN hesitated. He lit a cigarette. "Very well," he said at last. "I'll do my best with Cuttle. Where's the needle?"

"I'll tell you when Cuttle releases me," said Hood. "Good night, Mr. Larkin. You must go now. I will wait here for the steward to take me back to my prison."

"I'll wait with you," said Larkin.

"No." Hood got up and turned out the light. "The steward specified I must wait alone. Good night."

Larkin hesitated. He was still suspicious of the old man's game, still not satisfied that Hood was telling the truth. There seemed nothing he could do about it for the moment.

"I'll see you in the morning, Mr. Hood," he said. He groped for the door, flung it open. There was no one in the dim corridor. He went out, made his way to the upper deck.

He stood at the starboard rail for a few moments to finish his cigarette, to watch the weird, shifting, glittering patterns of the phosphorescent sea, to think, to contemplate the stars. The stars. . . . There was something vaguely disturbing about the way the big dipper swung low to the horizon off the starboard bow. What was it . . . ?

"I'll be damned!" exclaimed Larkin aloud.

The big dipper was in the wrong place. Last night and on previous clear nights the big dipper and the pole star had been astern, off the starboard quarter. Tonight they had moved fifty degrees, perhaps sixty or even more, toward the bow. Even a landlubber like Larkin, without benefit of sextant, knew what that meant.

The Kumo-maru had changed her course. The Kumo-maru was no longer heading for Honolulu. The Kumo-maru was in all likelihood steaming on a great circle course directly for Japan.

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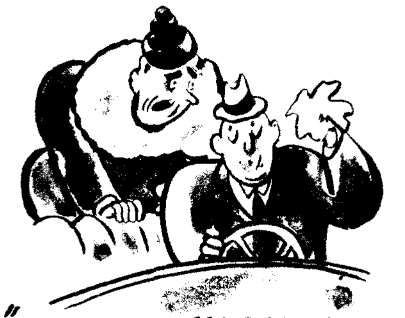

"I was once a NAGGING WIFE ... FOR MY HUSBAND USED HIS HANDKERCHIEF AS A WINDSHIELD WIPER! NOW KLEENEX DOES THAT DIRTY JOB. THANKS A LOT!" (From a letter by Mrs. W. W. D., Birmingham, Ala.)

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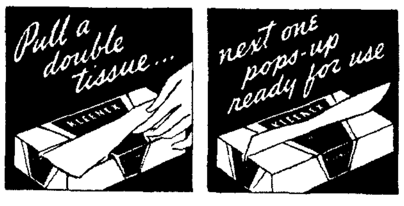
BUY KLEENEX* IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time



Pull a double tissue...
next one pops-up ready for use

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NO "MORNING AFTER" WOE,
NO HEADACHES STAY TO MAR MY DAY,
THEY SIMPLY HAVE TO GO.
TO NIP A COLD BEFORE IT'S OLD,
I ALKALIZE IT WELL, SIR.
I DODGE THE GRIEF AND GET RELIEF
BY TAKING ALKA-SELTZER

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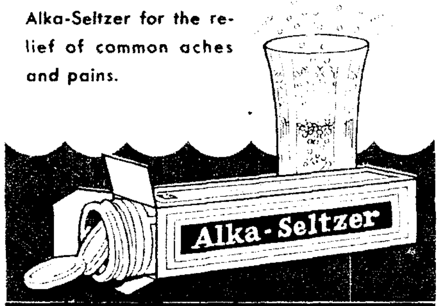

Alkalize with
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Dazzling reflections of sunlight on the morning sea shone through the porthole to project a moving panel on green-and-gold lace upon the ceiling of Stateroom "C." William Cuttle came in and closed the door behind him. He pushed his derby back from his forehead, approached the lower berth and stared at the considerable mound beneath the disordered blanket. Then he removed his hat and brought the stiff brim down sharply and resoundingly on the highest and broadest part of the mound. Instantly a mop of bright orange hair appeared at the other end.

"Hello, dearie," said Millicent Greeve.

"Can that dearie routine," said Cuttle. "Get up. You move today."

"Where to, Billie?"

"Back to your own cabin," said Cuttle. "I'm tired o' being Sir Gallantine and sleeping around in empty cabins. I like to sleep where I shave."

"That's okay by me, Bill," said Mrs. Greeve, coyly.

William Cuttle put his hat back on. "By the way: Willowby says somebody stole his passport after the ship left Acapulco."

"Yes, I know," said Millicent Greeve. "He was furious."

"What do you know about it?"

"Me? Why, only what I've told you. You don't think I took it, do you?"

"I was just asking," said Cuttle.

"What would I do with his old passport?" Millie demanded indignantly.

"I dunno," said Cuttle. "Only I hear that British passports bring good prices in Shanghai these days."

"Bill! I never stole anything in my life. I ought to make you apologize. Bill, kiss me."

"What for?"

"Kiss me and I'll get up and go back to my own cabin."

"That's a bargain," said Cuttle.

THE white walls of Stateroom "B" echoed to the nasal and bronchial noises of General Rodriguez's morning toilet. His throat injury, Larkin remarked drowsily, had not altered the pitch or volume of the general's barking, gargling, coughing and honking. Larkin watched the bearded Peruvian through half-closed eyes as he finished dressing and went out.

The door had scarcely closed before it opened again. Satō the steward came in with a breakfast tray.

"No doubt Mistah Rahkin sureeping rate," said Satō, "so am bringing ritto breakfasto. Japanese say: *Asa-meshi*."

"Why are you so good to me, Satō?" Larkin asked.

Satō removed two battered metal dish covers, disclosing a forbidding heap of inch-thick toast and a mysterious-looking creation that was either a fragment of tiger pelt or an omelet.

"Sommu day," said Satō, "Mistah Rahkin can be goodu faw me."

Larkin watched the steward curiously. Satō made no move to leave the cabin.

"Is this the day, Satō?" Larkin asked.

"No," said the steward. "Tsoo soon." He continued to wait expectantly.

"What's on your mind then?"

"Mistah Wirrowby have mis-ray passopawto," said the steward. "You know?"

"I've heard Willowby beefing that his passport was stolen, yes," Larkin replied. "What of it?"

"Passopawto not quite totarry missing," said the steward. "See, Mistah Rahkin."

Satō stepped over to General Rodriguez's berth and with a single deft movement rolled back the mattress. He reached down below the life-jacket racks, brought out a blue-covered British passport.

"How long has that been in here?" Larkin demanded.

"Discovah same changing bed-sheetsu lasto week," said Satō.

Larkin quickly thumbed over the pink pages of the passport. He idly remarked George Willowby's photograph, the vital statistics: "Born: Poole, Dorset . . . Jan. 9, 1900 . . . Chemist . . . Height, 5 ft. 10½ in., weight . . ."

"Maybe," suggested the steward, with a sly, sidelong glance at Larkin, "should notify Mistah Wirrowby."

"No," said Larkin, looking for a pencil.

"Maybe should notify captain?"

"Not yet." Larkin wrote down the number of Willowby's passport, handed the document back to Satō. "Let's leave it where you found it, for the time being," he told the steward. "I want to see what happens."

"Yes." Satō replaced the passport, rolled the mattress into place, began making the bed. Over his shoulder he said: "Maybe Mistah Frayu take Mistah Wirrowby's passopawto."

"Why?" Larkin asked.

"Maybe Mistah Frayu is Japanese spy," said the steward.

"Satō, you intrigue me. What makes you say that?"

"Maybe Mistah Frayu robbing you, Mistah Rahkin."

"Robbing me?"

"One evening dinnah-time, somebody robbing you in bass-room. Yes?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you see Frayle come out of the bathroom that night while I was in there?"

"Maybe," said Satō. He lapsed into silence, as he folded the extra blanket in accordion pleats, twisted it into a double fan, placed it gently at the foot of the bunk. He stepped back to admire his own artistry, then started for the door.

"Wait a minute, Satō," said Larkin. "Is Mr. Cuttle at breakfast yet?"

"No. Now in bass-room."

"You're apparently friendly with Mr. Hood, Satō. Did he happen to mention something in his stateroom he was anxious to give me?"

"Yes," said the steward. "*Nishiki-ye*. Kahrah p'rintsu. Very nice."

"Have you a passkey that will open Mr. Hood's stateroom?"

"Yes."

"Will you open it for me? Right now?"

"Yes," said Satō, without hesitation.

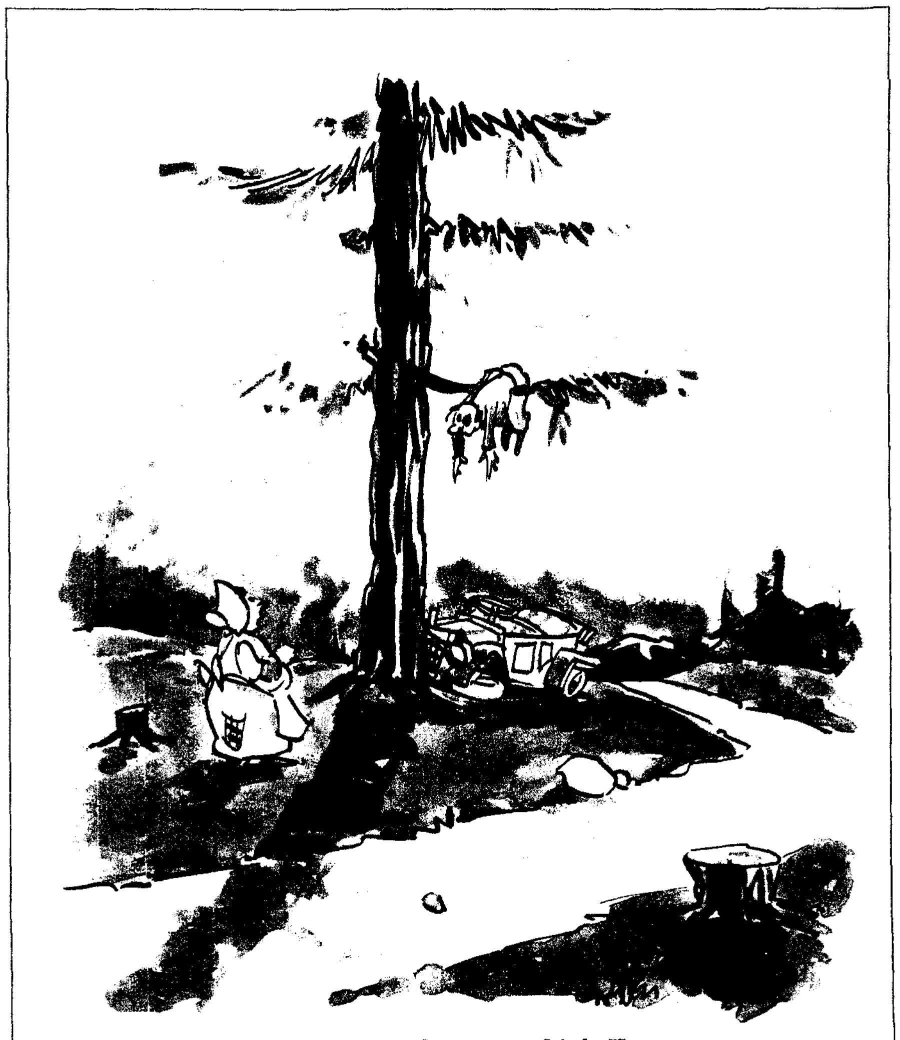
Larkin snatched his wine-red dressing gown from a hook, quickly thrust his arms into the sleeves.

LARKIN found the second set of photostats in the Hokusai portfolio—as Jeremy Hood had told him. Or were they the second set? He ran through them hurriedly. They seemed to be copies of the same blueprints. They might be the same copies. Perhaps Hood was the man who had stolen them from Larkin's coat hanging in the bathroom, and had invented this story as a way out of a situation that was getting too hot.

Larkin turned the photostats over—and his interest instantly quickened. On the back of each print was the rubber stamp of a Baltimore photographer, and the handwritten phrase: "I, Hans Schatzman, photographer and photoprinter residing in Baltimore, State of Maryland, hereby swear that this photostatic copy was made by me, from blueprints furnished by Charles Frayle." A notary's seal and signature legalized the oath.

Larkin did not remember seeing this inscription on the backs of the photostats Dorothy Bonner had given him. He did not even remember having looked at the backs. If Hood were telling the truth, therefore—if this was indeed a second set of photostats, and had been in Arthur Bonner's possession—a good many things might be explained. Why Charles Frayle, for instance, might have wanted to kill Arthur Bonner. . . .

Slipping the photostats under his pajama jacket, he continued his search of Hood's portfolios. He was looking through the Hiroshigé collection when he heard an exclamation behind him.



"Don't move now or change nuthin', Kennesaw— you know how strict these insurance companies are"

REAMER KELLER

"Hello, Gumshoe," he said, without turning around.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" demanded William Cuttle.

Carefully Larkin pulled his dressing gown tightly around his middle, stood up and faced Cuttle with great deliberation.

"I'm cracking your case for you, Gumshoe."

"I don't need no help."

"Know who killed Dr. Bioki, do you?"

"I got a pretty good idea."

"Is it the same man who persuaded the skipper to cut out Honolulu, Gumshoe?"

WILLIAM CUTTLE rubbed the end of his nose with his knuckles. "Who told you we was cutting out Honolulu?" he demanded.

"The flag watchman at the last level crossing," said Larkin. "Do you think Jeremy Hood kidded the skipper into changing his course?"

"Hood ain't talked to the skipper," said Cuttle.

"Then you'd better turn Mr. Hood loose—with apologies."

"I ain't turning nobody loose."

"Hearken to Larkin, Gumshoe. Do you know why Bioki was knocked off?"

"Because he knew too much."

"Partially correct, Gumshoe. But too general. Let's put it this way. He was the only person aboard qualified to give medical testimony that might prove that Arthur Bonner was murdered—instead of killing himself accidentally."

"Maybe," Cuttle admitted grudgingly.

"At the same time," Larkin continued, "there remains the question of maritime jurisdiction of United States courts. There's been murder committed on the high seas on a vessel plying between two American ports. There's just a chance that the district federal court might have a case here—if the U. S. district attorney in Honolulu so decides. But if the Kumo-maru proceeds directly to Yokohama, the jurisdiction becomes Japanese. And under certain circumstances, the Japanese authorities might be less inquisitive than the folks at Honolulu."

"So what?"

"So since Hood didn't have the skipper change his course, you'll turn Hood loose."

"I can't do that," said Cuttle. "The skipper don't want Hood going around killing any more people."

"Turn him loose on my say-so."

"Why should I do anything on your say-so?" demanded Cuttle. "You been riding me in every story you send out. You been riding me too damn' close to the horse's tail, Larkin."

"Then I'll change the tune," said Larkin. "I'll crack this case for you and give you all the credit. I'll put your name in headlines in every paper in God's country, Cuttle. You'll be a great detective. J. Edgar Hoover himself will be cabling congratulations. You can have your pick of jobs."

"How are you going to crack the case?" Cuttle asked.

"I've located the hypodermic," said Larkin.

"Yeah? Where?"

"Turn Hood loose and I'll tell you in twelve hours."

"How do I know you'll give me a break in the papers? How do I know you won't cross me?"

"You can pass the stuff in to the radio operator yourself," said Larkin, smiling inwardly. "We'll start right now. Come on and watch me write it."

JEREMY HOOD came to Larkin's cabin right after tiffin.

"I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Larkin. I knew I'd come to the right man," he said.

"It's your turn next," said Larkin. "Where's the needle?"

"I was coming to that. First, have you told Miss Bonner about the color prints?"

"You can tell her yourself now," said Larkin.

"I'd rather you told her. I'm so very much ashamed of myself. You can understand the delicacy of my position."

"My own position's not so robust," said Larkin. "Where's the hypodermic?"

"I haven't had a chance to get it yet. Cuttle is still watching me like a hawk."

"Hood, if you're lying to me again—"

"No, no. I'll get it for you. I'll get it within the hour. As soon as the coast is clear I'll come past your cabin and rap on the door four times—like this."

Hood illustrated.

"And what do I do?" Larkin demanded. "Mumble 'Open Sesame'?"

"Do you know where the steering engines are, Mr. Larkin?"

"Somewhere in the stern, I suppose. I'll find them."

"You go down through the second-class, continue straight aft as far as you can go, then go down the companion stairs. When you hear me knock, wait an instant; then, when you're sure you're not being followed, come to the steering-engine room. I'll wait for you there."

"You're afraid of someone," said Larkin. "Who is it?"

"I'm afraid of no one," said Hood, "now. But after all, there is a murderer among us, Mr. Larkin."

"Is there really?" said Larkin. "All right, Mr. Hood, I'll be listening for you. And if you'll excuse me now, I've got to get some work done."

LARKIN returned to his typewriter, and the personal history of Dorothy Bonner. He had been working for half an hour when there was a timid knock at the door. It was repeated twice. Larkin waited, listening for the fourth knock, but it didn't come. He opened the door. Dorothy Bonner was outside, looking very solemn.

"I'm sorry about our fight," she said.

"You shouldn't be in the least sorry. I'm an utter skunk, according to your lights. I didn't wear a press badge on my vest. I kissed you without first showing my police card, and I tipped the world that you were on this ship so you'll be again pursued by cops and reporters. I didn't have anything to do with the Washington incidents that make you the object of such intense public interest, but that makes no difference. I'm a reprehensible person and I deserve all your scorn and contempt."

"You do," said Dorothy, "but I shouldn't have made a scene about it. A lady should always be cool and self-controlled."

"That was before the invention of all-steel bodies, shock-proof steering and self-shifting. The new models are greatly improved."

Dorothy laughed. "Darling," she said, "aren't you going to ask me to come in?"

"No," said Larkin.

"Why not?"

"There are many reasons. First, I'm working. Second, I'm in my undershirt and refuse to make myself presentable and uncomfortable to receive you. And third, even if I weren't busy and in my undershirt, I wouldn't ask you to come in because I might want to make love to you and the whole business would start all over again."

"Don't I look properly contrite, darling?"

"You do not. And even if you did, I wouldn't believe you were contrite, because you didn't come here to apologize. You didn't even come here because of anything Hood said. You came because you still think I have that envelope you gave me."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was going to ask about that envelope . . ."

"Ah, you see? As long as you've

"I smoke for enjoyment; that's all!"

My brother is an ad-writer; at least, he says so. But when I ask him about some of the ads I read, he just shushes me aside. "Don't bother your pretty head about those," he tells me. "Advertising just isn't your dish!"

Well, maybe so. But I think most people who smoke, smoke for enjoyment and not to cure some ailment. For my part, I'm going right on smoking those nice Old Golds, with their fine double-mellow flavor.

I like the way Old Golds are packaged, too. That extra wrapper of Cellophane keeps out every bit of dryness, dampness and dust. It brings me my Old Golds as fresh as this morning's paper.

The firm that makes Old Gold was "Established in 1760." That's a lot of experience. I guess that's why O.G. is such a thoroughly agreeable cigarette.

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom Sealing the Top
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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

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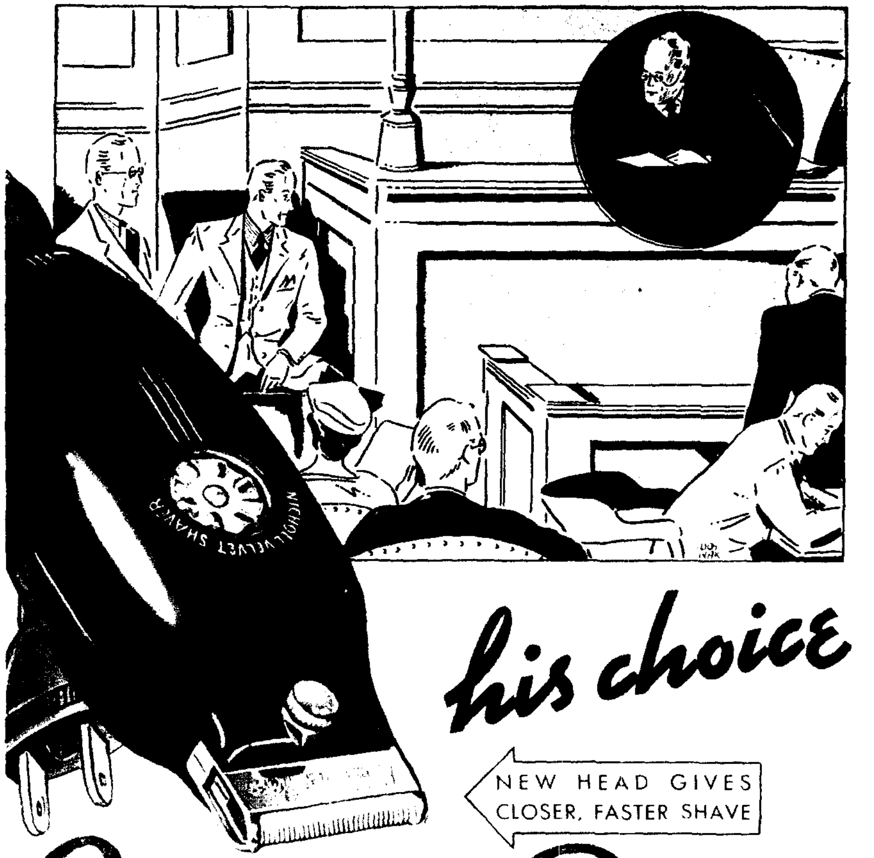
Thousands depend upon his keen judgment..


his choice
NEW HEAD GIVES CLOSER, FASTER SHAVE

NICHOLL
Velvet Shaver
Must BE America's Finest

On the world's high tribunals are men in whose warm understanding of human nature—in whose *keen judgment,* thousands of people place the responsibility for their preservation...their inalienable rights!

Today, from every walk of life, thousands of leaders with *keen judgment* are turning to the sure shaving-comfort of Nicholl VELVET SHAVER.

HERE'S WHY—Nicholl VELVET SHAVER's patented V-shape head meets all shaving needs smoother—cleaner! Beards vary, skins differ, but every man gets complete shaving satisfaction with *two* scientifically designed sides to choose from. Tough beards fade before keen shearing edges driven by an extra powerful motor; the most tender skins suffer no irritation!...The tip of VELVET SHAVER's V-shape head—by smoothing the skin *ahead* of the cutter—eliminates skin irritation!...Whiskers can't escape *guides* which lead them into shaving slots for clean, close shaving!...VELVET SHAVER's of the finest materials; its cutting edges—ground from Swedish surgical steel—re-sharpen in operation, will last indefinitely. Its powerful motor—equipped with pre-oiled bearings—needs no care, gives years of service! Here's "extra-value-years" of economical shaving-comfort

TWO SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED SIDES

This side LIGHT for Tender Skins

...Use this side where light shaving is desired. Ideal for feminine use and trimming children's necks. Shaves clean and smooth without skin irritation.

This side CLOSE for Tough Beards

...Shaves fast and close where beards are very heavy and tough. Leaves the face velvet smooth—no pull or scrape. Veteran shavers find this side perfect.

MOTHER — DAD — SISTER — BROTHER ... ALL SHOULD HAVE A VELVET SHAVER!

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Exclusive V TYPE HEAD PAT. NO. 2,105,223 ANSWERS EVERY SHAVING NEED

started telling the truth, you can come in."

Larkin's invitation was superfluous. The girl had already ducked under his outstretched arm. Almost before he could pull the page out of his typewriter, she was sitting in his chair. She crossed her slim, silken ankles and looked up at him.

"There's been a change," she said.

"No doubt," Larkin commented. "When did the captain marry you and your boy friend?"

"I don't mean that. I was referring to . . . to the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation."

"Of course."

"YOU seem slightly scandalized because I was taking my vanadium to Tokyo instead of selling it in the States," the girl said. "I have an idea that may be the reason you won't return the documents that I entrusted to you. I'll pay you the compliment of thinking the reasons were not mercenary."

"Thank you. I'm a hundred-per-cent patriot. My country right or wrong."

"Then you'll be pleased to know that the vanadium is going into American steel after all. The Eagle Steel and Shipbuilding Corporation want a ten-year option on the lot."

"No doubt the Eagle representative has just arrived by wireless to sign the contract."

"Rodriguez told me. Pendenning sent him a radio the first day out. He sent it to Rodriguez because he was under the impression my presence aboard was still a secret and he didn't want to give it away by addressing me direct. The Eagle Shipbuilding man is flying to the islands on the Hawaiian Clipper. So, if you'll stop being nasty, I'll close the deal in Honolulu. The Honolulu jail, probably."

"That's a funny one," said Larkin.

"What's so funny about it?"

"We're not calling at Honolulu. Didn't your boy friend tell you?"

The girl paled. "No," she said.

"Well, he will," said Larkin. "He'll probably claim credit for getting the captain to change his course. It's a beautiful setup. Perfidious Larkin prepares to deliver heroine into clutches of law. Old Faithful Frayle gallops to rescue, shunts ship to Japan and heroine to safety. Clinch. Fade-out."

"I . . . I don't know what to say to that," faltered the girl.

"Then I'll tell you what to say," Larkin prompted. "Say: 'Glen, now that we're skipping Honolulu and I'm not going to be arrested, I can tell you the whole story. I've always wanted to be a glamorous secret agent like these beautiful, slinky females who stalk excitingly through diplomatic Washington and the capitals of Europe. Charlie Frayle's proposition looked like the answer to a bored maiden's prayer. I was heartbroken that father discovered it and took it the way he did, but there's no crying over spilled blood, and I decided to go through with it. When it looked as though I might run into trouble at Honolulu, I planted the photostats on you—"

"What photostats, darling?"

"Either you take me for a sap, or somebody has taken you for one," Larkin said. "You know *perfectly well* that the envelope you gave me the other night had nothing to do with vanadium. It contained photostatic copies of the blueprints you say you burned."

"I don't believe it. It couldn't have."

"You got the envelope from Frayle, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Your brother had copies, too—with certificates to show that they were made from blueprints furnished by Frayle. Brother Arthur was obviously planning to shake down the charming Mr. Frayle with them."

"I still find it hard to believe you."

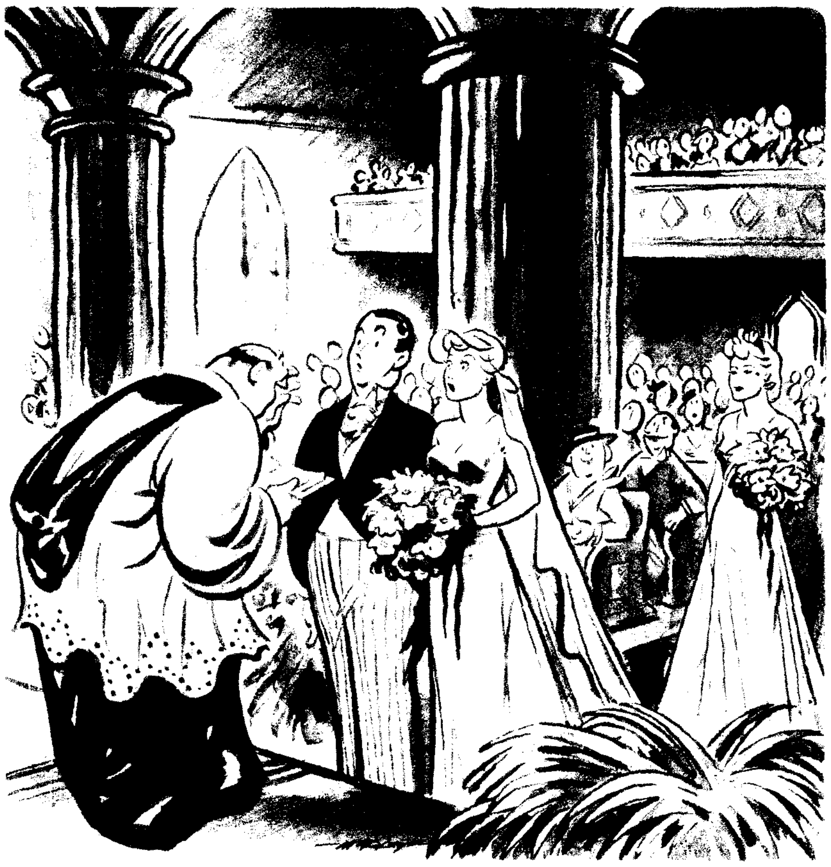
"I'll make it easier for you. Would you like to see the photostats?"

"I'd very much like to see the photostats."

"So would I," said a voice behind them.

Charles Frayle had silently opened the door. He stepped across the threshold, swinging on the balls of his feet with impudent nonchalance. Without taking his hands from his pockets, he jabbed the door shut with one elbow.

(To be continued next week)



"We haven't drawn a crowd like this in ages. Would you mind if I passed the collection plate?"

JACK MORLEY

Singing Slugger

Continued from page 38

the jealousy among old-timers toward a kid coming up," Hassett says now. "I never saw it. I know that every veteran I ever played with gave me pointers."

Finally the Yankee scouts persuaded Joe McCarthy that there was a good prospect languishing in the semipro ranks, and one day Buddy found himself bound for Wheeling, then a Yankee farm.

The afternoon Buddy made his debut, Wheeling was playing Washington in an exhibition game and all that Buddy had to do was to bat against Earl Whitehill. He collected what the ballplayers call a horse collar. He went up four times and got exactly no hits. The next day he did better. On his first time up he hit the right-field wall with a line drive and by hustling he stretched his double into a triple. It was the first time that anyone had gotten three bases on that kind of hit.

So he went through the regular minor-league routine. Eventually he was optioned to Columbus. His start there wasn't very auspicious. With his team one run in front, two men on and one out, he managed to boot a double-play ball into a home run that scored three runs. However, when June came around he was hitting .350, which is good in any league. Then he broke his leg and it looked like curtains for our hero. However, the leg healed rapidly and he was back in the line-up seven weeks later. The next winter he was bought by Brooklyn for $40,000, Johnny McCarthy and Ralph Boyle.

The kid from the West Side was to be a big-leaguer at last. He looked awful in spring training, though. He couldn't hit and he was booting balls all over the pleasant Florida landscape. Manager Casey Stengel was patient with him, however.

"You can get by in the minors if you have one or two weaknesses," Hassett says, "but you can't have any weakness in the big show. I had two bad ones when I first came up: I couldn't time myself properly coming in for bunts and I was pretty helpless against left-handers at the plate. Casey worked with me on these two. Casey made a ballplayer out of me and I'll never get over being grateful to him."

The Paternal Influence Again

He got by his first season all right. Casey kept improving him. Everyone but the owners of the Brooklyn Club thought that Casey was a great manager. They fired Casey that winter. The sports writers gave Casey a dinner, something unprecedented in the annals of New York journalism. They gave Casey a dinner and everybody showed up but ballplayers whom Casey had bossed. The boys were afraid they'd get in wrong with the front office if they attended a dinner to the man who was fired. But Hassett showed up. Buddy made a speech telling the world how much Casey had done for him and then Buddy sang a few Irish songs. Then he sat back and waited to be fired. It took a lot of courage for Buddy to attend that dinner.

"Say, if I hadn't gone that night," Buddy grins, "my father would have kicked me right out of the house. Pop is like that."

In 1937 Buddy looked even worse in spring training than he had looked the previous year. The second year is always toughest for a young ballplayer. If he gets by that second year he is taken for granted. Buddy was trying too hard in spring training. For one thing, everyone knew how he worshiped Casey Stengel; but Buddy wanted to show his new manager, Burleigh Grimes, that he'd play just as hard for him. The result was that he was terrible. He was terrible until the season started. Then he was all right.

He liked working for "Burly." Burly was a guy who wanted to win every game. Buddy was like that, too. All hustling ballplayers are like that.

"Burly taught me a lot last year," Buddy says. "He had Percy Beard down in Clearwater teaching us to steal bases. Beard taught us a couple of tricks that helped us all. I stole fourteen bases because of that."

When Memorial Day came around, Buddy was hitting .365 and fielding well. A double-header with the Giants was on tap. Hubbell pitched the first one for Terry. The Dodgers got to him early. It was the day they broke his long winning streak. But he broke Buddy's wrist, which made it even.

Headed for the Top

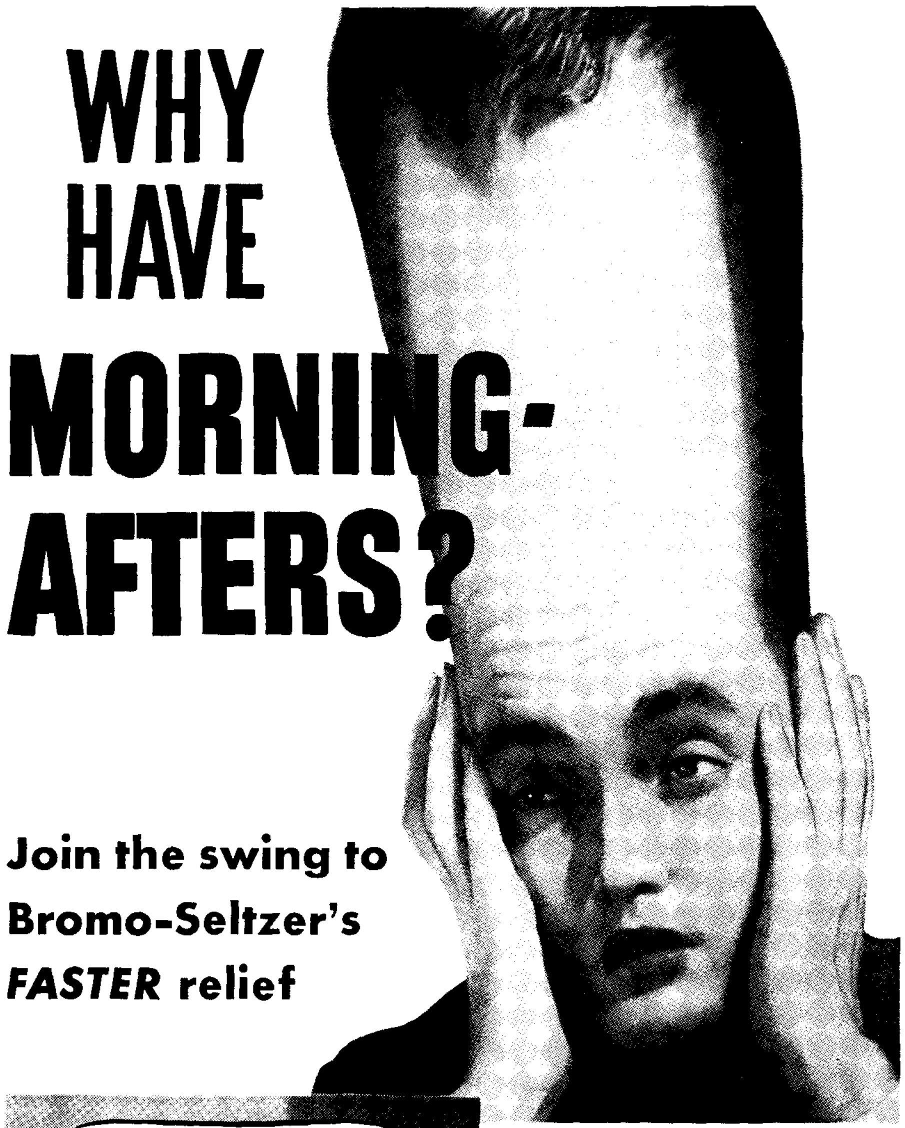
"There are some great guys on the Dodgers," Buddy says, "and they're always trying to help you out. I played a few games in the outfield and Johnny Cooney coached me and showed me some tricks. I was still a little rough around first base but Burly kept working with me. Waite Hoyt helped me too. There's a great guy for you."

The Dodgers didn't get very far last season, but in justice to Grimes it must be put down that he had an injury-riddled club from the start. Grimes did one thing no one else in the league could do. He stopped Joe Medwick. Hassett likes to talk about that.

"We were the only club in the league to stop Medwick," he chuckles. "Burly figured a way to stop him all right. He had our pitchers throwing some weird stuff to Joe."

Now it's another year. The kid isn't a rookie any more. He's a three-year man and he's only twenty-three. He's scheduled at this writing to play left field this season. The ball is deader this year and that should add fifteen points to his batting average, which was .301 last season. Buddy is a line-drive hitter. The boys who have been dropping those pop flies into right-field stands aren't going to find that dead ball willing to travel so far. The line-drive hitters won't be bothered. In fact they'll be helped because the slightly deadened ball minus its jack-rabbit injection won't be sailing into outfielders' hands. It'll be dropping fast and slashing along the daisies.

This is the year that John J. Hassett, Sr., has been waiting for. Reluctantly he has given up his allegiance to the Giants to follow the fortunes of his famous son, wherever they may lead. And where they may lead was the subject of some conjecture when it was announced from the Dodgers' spring-training quarters that Buddy would henceforward occupy the left-field berth. Buddy accepted the change with his usual good grace, but speculation continues among fans as to whether he might not become the central figure of a trade. If he is traded, it won't matter to Buddy's father. It's a long time since that Christmas when he put a baseball into the chubby hands of his two-year-old youngster. It's been a long climb to stardom, but the kid is just about ready to achieve it. Then John J. can drop around to the club on Amsterdam Avenue and look with triumphant eyes at his pals and he can say loud and often: "I told you so."



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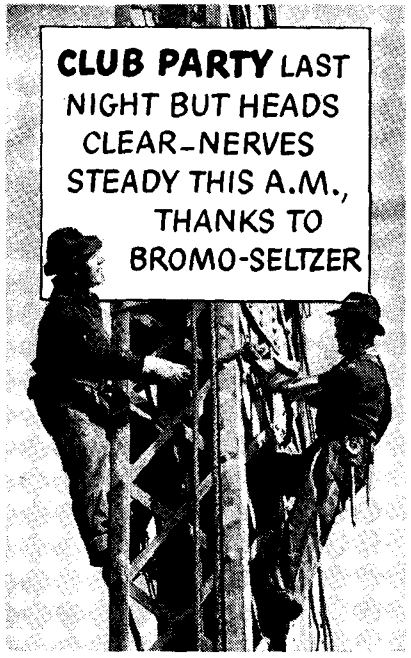
CLUB PARTY LAST NIGHT BUT HEADS CLEAR-NERVES STEADY THIS A.M., THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER

LESTER FISCHER and EINAR WEYLAND, *Riveters:*

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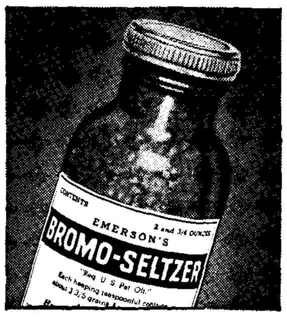
A smart tip: Bromo-Seltzer before bedtime helps PREVENT morning-after. Next morning, another Bromo-Seltzer offsets the effects of late hours.

BROMO-SELTZER



9AM
12M
3PM
5PM
12
1
2
3

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• MORNINGS typewriter clatter sounds business-like. • BY NOON the continuous clatter is annoying. • BUT BY 3 P. M. you're borrowing aspirin from your stenographer—or she from you. • AND BY FIVE noise-battered nerves rebel. Wearily you trudge home—tired not from work, but from typewriter noise. Make the five o'clock test. It's free. Have a Remington Noiseless in your office for one day of efficiency and quiet. You'll be less tired that night!

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"TIME-TESTED" Paint Dealers Display This Emblem

Maid by the Moon

Continued from page 15

wrapped in oilpaper and tied with a red ribbon. It was late when I buzzed into the village and turned up the desert trail that leads out to the Wilbur estate. To my intense satisfaction, I noted the weather was heavenly, the sky a bowl of sapphire, the breeze barely stirring the fronds. Indications were for a night of sheer romance, with the moon high and all the forces of nature lined up behind me.

Really, the town fascinates me, for there is no other like it on the footstool, with its two hundred population in the heat of summer and twelve thousand milling about in winter. You can buy a drink in seventy-three places if you are that hollow-legged, and the bare human skin passing along the main street every afternoon would make a tent for a circus and two rodeos. However, the main item is the moon.

Jane Ann leaped off the front porch to welcome me to Casa Mirdona, as the Wilbur house is known, it being one size smaller than Rhode Island. A high wall surrounded the estate, tall trees grew everywhere, shading garages, lawns, walks, fountains, and outbuildings for chauffeurs and servants. Jane said:

"We're mad about this place, Bart. We never will go home. Come on in and meet the people, but I think you know everybody."

Everybody meant eight other people, not counting Arthur. We went on in and I shook hands with the week-end guests, all nice people but not of the slightest interest to me. I moved up to the room assigned to me, making a vow to pay no attention whatever to guests, as I had come to the desert on another matter. I would be polite, but cold to all but Jane. When I barged on downstairs in the new white flannels, they were drinking cocktails, shrieking at each other and eating small fishes on crackers. Arthur greeted me with phony enthusiasm, placed his arm around my shoulders, and the casual observer would have thought he liked me. He didn't. Father and Mother Ross steamed up and down the place in high spirits, took me in charge to tell me their gratitude, thanked me over and over and insisted on showing me the detailed beauties and charms of the joint. That did me a lot of good, for Arthur took Jane by the arm, led her out for a ride or a stroll and failed to bring her back until dinnertime. Strike one on me.

DINNER was a charming meal, very lively and jolly, everyone talking at once and Phil Gargan, the radio man, so full of cocktails he couldn't see. Next to me sat Mr. and Mrs. Winslow and next to them a Miss Alice Davies from Fresno. I like everything about the Winslows except their ideas and conversation. In excited tones they informed Miss Davies that if she wished to see a startling bridge player in action she would do well to sneak into a room when I was playing and watch me bid. I blushed and denied this. Miss Davies was wild about bridge and would rather play than have two million dollars in a bank. The result of this cockeyed conversation was that after dinner I was jammed into a bridge game and the darned thing lasted until after midnight. Strike two, a foul.

Where was Jane Ann, the adored of my soul? Hell's clanging bells! Where was that clod, Arthur Trimble? They were out together in his car, roaming over the magic desert, listening to the murmur of the breeze in the smoke trees under the hypnotic moon. As I stared miserably from my bedroom window, I knew Arthur was begging Jane to be Mrs. Trimble. The big clown was using my moon at its very best and was not even aware of the fact. I stumbled into bed, using a couple of the worst words I know, and that same moon painted the rug with shadows. When I went to sleep, I dreamed of a gold cathedral, with Jane and Arthur walking down the marriage aisle, while I stood there with a Bible and presently married them. After I married them five or six times, I awakened in some distress and hunted in the bathroom for bicarbonate of soda.

IN THE morning, a few of the guests were already feeding themselves a buffet breakfast when I appeared. Jane was not to be seen. Late in the day she came back into circulation.

"I have been trying to lay hands on you all day," I said sadly. "You asked me to come down here to see you, and first you ditch me for our boy friend, and then you go and hide yourself under a leaf."

"You were having a good time with Miss Davies. Charming, isn't she? And such a clever bridge player."

I merely glared at her.

"Where's Arthur?" I asked.

"He has gone back to town. Some business matter came up suddenly and he had to rush in."

I looked narrowly but her lovely face was without guile. There was a chance that Arthur had stamped out in a fit of pique. What if he had offered Jane his hand in marriage and had his hand pushed clear back into his shoulder blades and was now sulking his way home to Los Angeles? Whoop! Ball one for Barty—maybe.

"What are you doing now, this very minute?" I demanded in a firm tone.

"In a spirit of meekness and humility, this lady is waiting patiently for you to think of something fascinating to do. How would you like to have your picture taken sitting on a wild bull from Texas or, if not that, a bucking bronco?"

I sneered.

"You want to shoot arrows at a bale of hay?"

"No. Thank you. I came down here mainly to see you. Out yonder stands my open roadster, where you can sit and breathe life-giving air. Put on a heavy coat and I will drive you over a mountain and show you the spot where the first white man crashed through the Indians' front line."

It was the last gasp of the afternoon when we started and I drove happily away from the guests. When we are not bickering, Jane and I get along like honey on a bun. We saw new trails, new canyons, new mountains, valleys filled with flowers, the names of which elude me, and little desert creatures that skipped from under the front wheels.

At first I was the stanch friend and not the hotheaded lover. I was well under control, saving everything for the big push in the moonlight, and I meant to drive so fast and so far from Palm Springs that there would be buckets of moonlight on the journey home. I intended to stay out late.

Presently I commenced to notice all was not well. The westering sun disappeared ahead of its schedule. Out of the northwest a bank of inky clouds moved briskly along, ignoring the high mountains, and at the same time the air turned colder.

"A couple of good, sensible people," Jane remarked, looking at the sky, "would turn around and drive home fast. Stop a minute while I wrap up in this coat."

I stopped. Small drops of rain splashed

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WITH NEW SILENT METER-MISER

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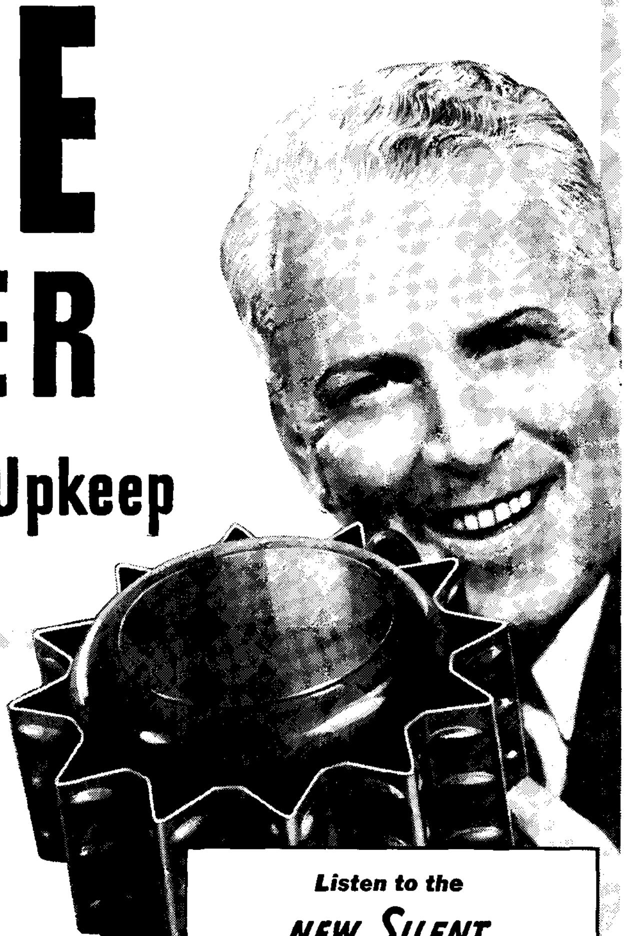

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..or you may not Save at all!

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❶ **SAVE MORE ON CURRENT.** New Silent Meter-Miser saves up to 25% MORE! See lower operating cost *proved* before you buy!

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NEW SILENT METER-MISER

Simplest refrigerating mechanism EVER built. Uses so little current — You can hardly hear it run!

Meet the NEW Miracle Maker of Cold! Saves up to 25% MORE on electricity than even the current-saving Meter-Miser of 1937. And *proves* its simplicity...So amazingly silent you can't doubt its ability to give long, economical, trouble-free service. Completely sealed! Automatically oiled and cooled! Comes with 5-Year Protection Plan backed by General Motors. Saves you more on current—food—ice—upkeep. ALL 4 WAYS! See—hear—the PROOF at your Frigidaire Dealer's today!

● America is "Savings-minded" in 1938! That's why thousands more thrifty families are replacing wasteful food-storing methods ... buying this one modern refrigerator they *know in advance* will save them money All 4 Ways!

They know that unless a refrigerator *proves* this ability it may not save at all! For example, its operating cost may be low at times, yet it may fail to keep food safe, or freeze enough ice cheaply, or run without repair expense in hot weather! It may save *pennies* one way, only to lose *dollars* through "hidden extravagance"!

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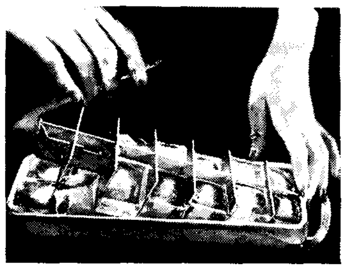
Only Frigidaire has them



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on my chin, followed by larger drops, and when I scowled at a sky that was doing me dirt the bright blue was gone, nasty-looking clouds were hurrying in and it was plain there would be no moon—no moon at all to help me found a home. I headed the car north and we pelted along the highway, daylight fading rapidly and the rain getting wetter every instant.

We stopped again to raise the top and discovered that you cannot raise the top of an open roadster if you don't know the combination. This car belonged to Eddie Bellows, cashier in our bank—a pure nut or he wouldn't drive an open roadster. I had borrowed it in a spirit of cunning. The moon cannot shine properly on a girl in a sedan and my own car is a sedan, a fine car in a rainstorm. I unscrewed the entire back end of Eddie's machine and the top remained where it was—firmly down. Jane Ann stood on the highway and stated that she had been out riding with many a man, but never with an idiot given to open cars.

"And now," she said bitterly, "you've got us so far from home we'll never get back."

"Good," I returned. "I hope we don't. You better climb into the car, as you cannot get any wetter."

We started again and now the rain was indeed something to gaze at and marvel. It turned swiftly into a downpour and then a cloudburst, and I mourned over my lost moonlight, for the spirit of romance was drowned out. Water covered the highway and tore along through self-made gullies and the wind came up and threatened to blow Eddie's car into the ditch.

I get around a bit and have seen other desert storms of some distinction. But I have never seen any baby like this one. It was the granddaddy of all hurricanes, and afterward the desert folk said nothing in twenty years had equaled it. Up in the mountains, water gathered and roared down to the flat of the desert and pretty soon the road began to give way. Sections of pavement fell off and splashed down into brand-new canyons and every so often Jane squealed in dismay and called me names of a very unusual character.

WITH new rivers rushing here and there about the desert and none of them certain of where they wanted to go, I knew what was going to happen, but concealed the news from Jane. We weren't ever going to get back to Palm Springs—not on that road. Jane suddenly shouted, I jumped on the brake and before us there was no pavement of smooth concrete—just a yawning hole, full of muddy water and thirty feet deep.

"We have to turn around," I said bitterly. "I expected this to be a glorious week end, with the moon shining steadily."

"You may have seen your last moon," she rejoined. "On a threatening day like this, why on earth did you drive so far from town?"

"Did I know in advance about this weather? If you want to be disagreeable and fight with me, go right ahead. If it gets worse out here, this may be your last chance to bicker with any human being."

That stopped her for a minute and I looked around at the world. Desolation everywhere and not another car in sight—nothing but rushing water, small and large rivers where no rivers were intended to be, cracked-up pavement and general hell to pay. We proceeded at half speed, the tires plowing through three inches of water. Darkness came on faster. I shut off the motor, put on the brake and got out, and for a very good reason. The road ahead was gone and there we were, trapped.

"Come on," I said, throwing a note of gentle commiseration into my tone. "Let us get out of here if we can. The car is of no more use."

"Where are we going?"

"I don't know. If we stay here we will drown like a couple of rats. This pavement on which we are now standing won't be here within fifteen minutes, and if we stick here, they'll never even find our bodies."

"You are one of the most cheerful men I ever knew," Jane said, but she got rapidly out of the car and clung to my arm. "I wanted to do something interesting today, but not this interesting."

I couldn't tell if she was frightened, but I know about me. My legs were shaking and I was as frightened as one rabbit ahead of seven dogs. I looked at Eddie's machine and said goodby to it and, clutching each other, we stumbled off the highway. The skies had opened wide and all the water since Noah's time was dropping on a man who had driven down to get a jag of moonlight. Jane had a car blanket around her head and shoulders and looked like an inebriated Indian squaw.

IT WAS one of the toughest strolls since strolling was invented and every hundred yards one of us fell into a hole. All I knew was that if we stayed on the flat desert there would be no Jane and Bart for the census man. If we could get to the hills and start up, we might perish, but we wouldn't drown. Jane Ann thought some of crying for a while, but gave up the idea when I pointed out how useless it would be to a couple of walkers.

"Just keep on your feet and hang onto me and save your breath," I counseled. "We are going to get to that black blob over there, which is a mountain range, and if we do, then you'll see your parents again."

We splashed onward through the muck for what seemed to be seven years, but wasn't, and while the rain never let up a second our danger lessened with every step. After a long time we began climbing, moving up the side of a ravine, the bottom of which was a mad river. It grew colder and colder; we were both soaked to the skin, glad to be alive, but not in good humor. Eventually we came to a sort of clearing in the pitchy dark and without any warning bumped spang into a human habitation, if you call a tin trailer a habitation.

"Home at last," I said and at once tackled the ambulant household. The nice thing about a trailer is that a stranger can always get into one after the owner has locked it and gone away, and in five minutes we were pawing around and bumping into washstands, stools, pails and sinks.

"This is a gift from heaven," I ventured. "If we can start a fire here, we live."

My own matches refused to light, but the trailer matches worked fine and we found everything a couple of drowned persons require—some candles, an oil-stove that would choke an Eskimo and an abandoned icebox containing one bottle of pickled cucumbers and nothing more. The owner must have gone away for good. Jane Ann sat on a stool beside the stove and dripped water on the linoleum, looking perfectly awful and succumbing to an attack of the sniffles that was to last five days and nights. I sneezed every four minutes. The rain beat against the tin top and the wind howled.

I removed my shoes and tried to dry them and myself, but Jane was too utterly miserable even to move. My watch had succumbed to desert rain water or excitement and had quit the job, so we guessed at the time and there we sat and sat, eating pickled cucumbers, and dripping water, listening to the rain, wondering if the next blast would blow the trailer over. It was indeed a

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swell night and my thoughts turned to the moon.

Crouched over the oilstove, I looked at her, my damp beloved. Her nose was red and her hair was every which way.

"Jane," I began, "this is not the way I intended things to be and I apologize to you for getting you wet and nearly killing you. This was to be a night of romance and I carefully built up to it. I thought everything out, to the last detail. By rights I should be shot, for you have no doubt caught a bad cold and may be ill. I also feel like a small order of dog meat. When the enterprise started I hoped for certain conditions, but this storm has crossed me up badly and so I will have to make the best of it."

"Of what?" she inquired tonelessly. "What are you talking about, and if it isn't important, please keep still, as my head aches horribly. And see if you can make that stove hotter."

"IT IS important, sweet and damp lady. I came down to Palm Springs for the one and single purpose of again asking you to marry me. I was going to steer you out on the desert and let the moon beat down on you, so that romance would steal into your soul and destroy your sense of values. But who got the moon and you? Arthur. . . . All right, I still have to go through with it, weather or no weather, moon or no moon, and so, sweetheart, if you live through this, will you please marry me?"

It was hard for her to smile but she did. It was a wan and feeble smile, but genuine.

"Bart," she said, "you are undoubtedly one of heaven's favorite idiots. Certainly I'll marry you. I want to marry you, but if I didn't I should, anyhow. . . . You can't take a girl out riding and keep her out all night in a sinful trailer and then go away without making an honest woman of her."

I took her in my arms and the water dripped from both of us and some of it hissed off the stove in steamy balls. I tipped up her chin and kissed her gently.

"Don't say another word," I suggested. "You said enough—and you might start canceling something. It goes to prove to me that desert moonlight isn't everything."

With the oncoming of the dawn, the storm let up and the sun struggled through. We started walking downhill, the last cucumber being gone and, while I didn't look outwardly happy, my soul was singing paeans. We walked and we walked, our stomachs craving a mug of hot coffee. The desert was a sight, churned up into forty thousand grand canyons, and I realized Eddie Bellows would not see his roadster again for some time.

Signs of life began to appear and eventually we came upon a truck engaged in hauling a sedan out of a hole. The truck driver stated he was heading for Indio and consented to take on a couple of supercargoes, so we climbed aboard, sat on a heap of wet bags and sneezed our way into civilization. Jane Ann held my hand all the way.

"They'll be worried," she said. "Everybody will think we've been drowned."

"And not only that," I added, "but when we break the news, your mother is going to fall over in a faint. I was never afraid of your father, but your mother has me on the run."

"She didn't feel faint when I told her before. In fact, neither Father nor Mother was violently shot to pieces."

"Before? Before what?"

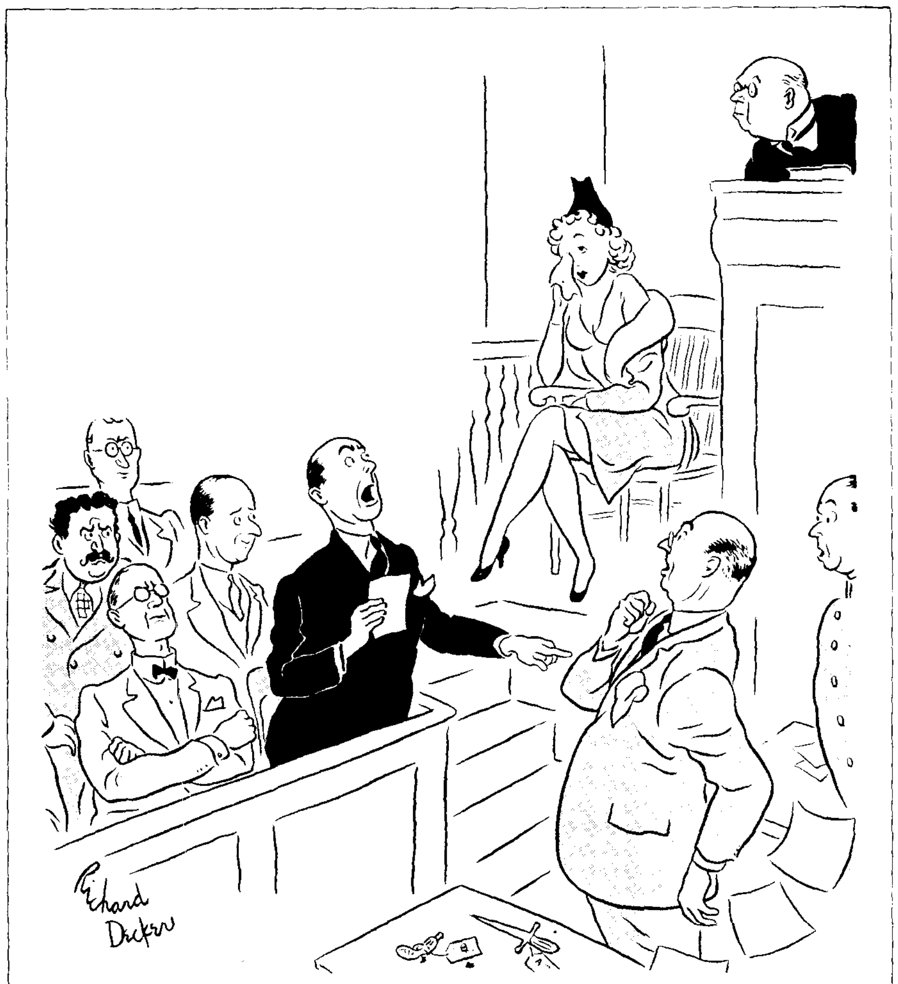
Jane turned to me with the first real smile of the day. The sun was growing warm now and the stout truck banged along toward Indio.

"I told them a long while ago there was only one man in this world I'd marry and I've never seen people take a shock so easily. They think rather well of you, Barty."

"Oh. Then I didn't need the moon after all?"

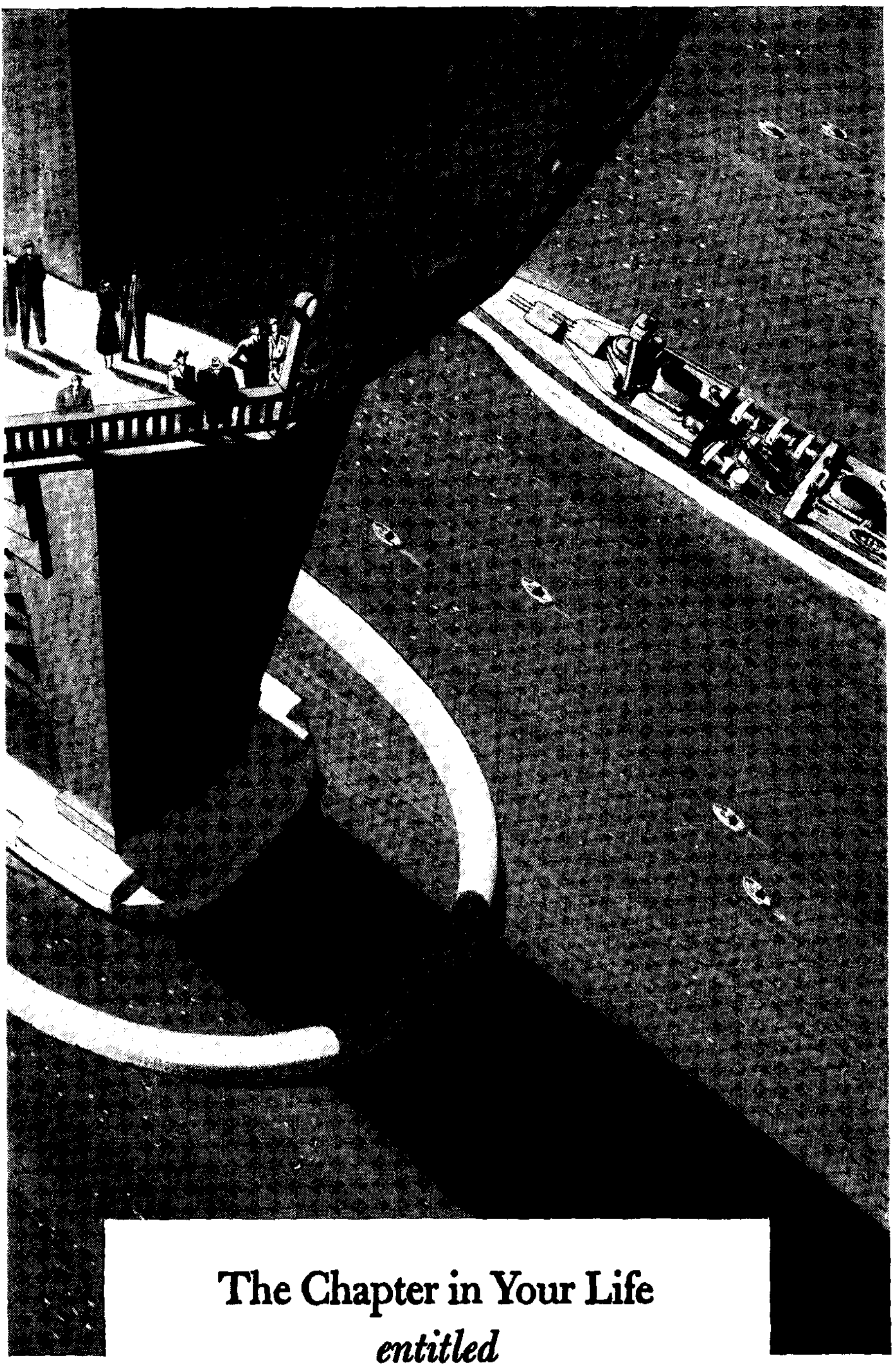
"No, but it's still a nice thought. We'll take a ride tonight—in my car. It's a closed car."

She smiled again and I gave her a hearty squeeze, although she was still pretty damp.



"We hereby sentence the prosecutor to ten years of hard labor"

RICHARD DECKER



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Dear Pensioner

Continued from page 18

estate man. They made up their minds there would be no politics in the plan in St. Louis.

The first essential of any sort of insurance or pension system is an investigating staff. When Dr. Kane and Mr. Hertenstein took up their duties they not only had no investigating staff, they didn't have an office, a clerk or even a desk. They had to borrow an office. They had to beg typewriters and pencils. The governor suggested that they ask the Junior League girls to be their staff. But these two wise men from the West knew better than that. They appealed to trained clerks and investigators out of work to volunteer. Many good people came forward, and thus equipped the pair set out to investigate and register the hordes of old people who swarmed to the improvised offices.

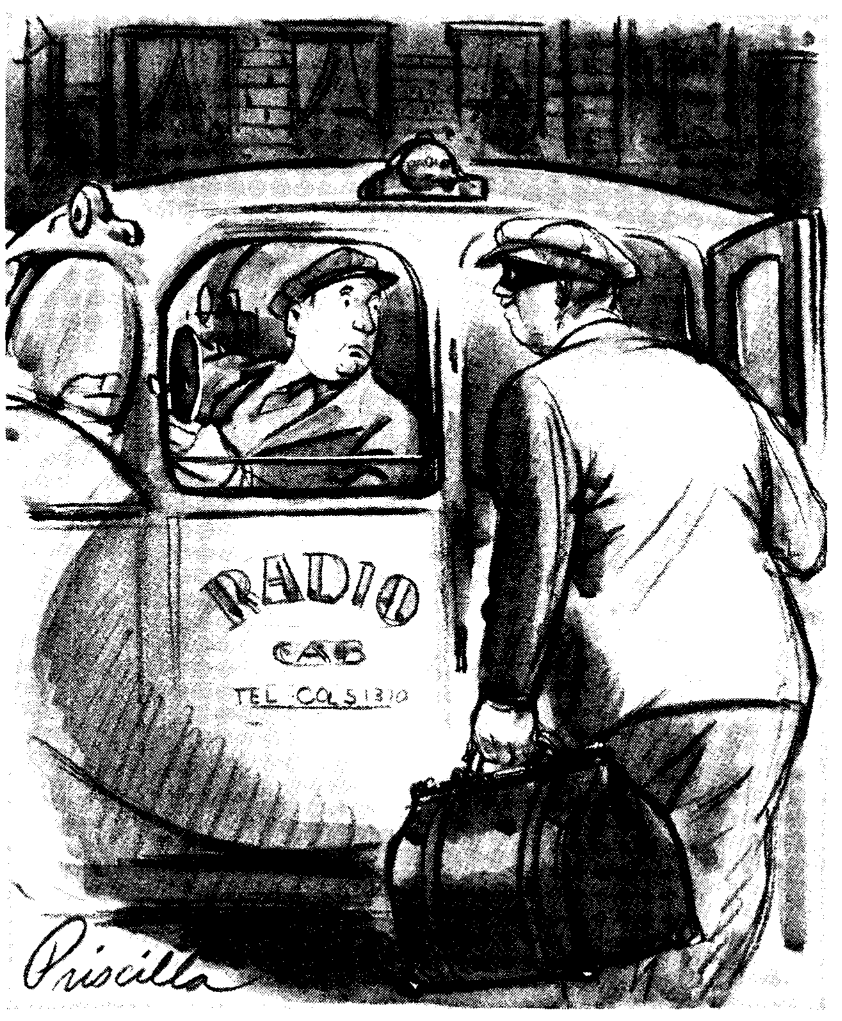
But the volunteer workers, alas, were men and women out of jobs. They had no carfare or lunch money. After a fierce battle Dr. Kane and Mr. Hertenstein persuaded the state to pay the investigators and clerks the princely sum of one dollar a day. Dr. Kane, who is honest, Irish and articulate, made the air hot for the governor about getting an adequately paid personnel and soon the pay of the volunteers was raised to $2 a day. But Dr. Kane kept at it. Presently the governor capitulated and sent six investigators with salaries of $130 a month to the St. Louis offices. One of them had had a recent jail sentence, another had been fired from the city service for drunkenness and incompetence, a third was more or less illiterate, another bitterly resented any questions as to his past life and experience. All had been named by St. Louis assemblymen and ward leaders. Dr. Kane, helpless to fire them, told them in good Anglo-Gaelic that they could go ahead and investigate until they were blue in the face but he would not accept any of their reports. So thereafter the six precious investigators went forward with their futile and discarded duties at $130 a month while the board managed along with the services of competent volunteers who got less than half that.

Finally Dr. Kane kicked up so much fuss, as thousands of cases of needy aged waited to be investigated, that the governor decided to provide adequately paid help to do the job. Then to the applicants for the positions came blanks to be filled out requiring the candidate to state his religion and his political affiliation and how long he had been connected with the party, and to secure the endorsement of his Democratic county committee. Again Kane and Hertenstein raised an uproar until the governor permitted applicants from St. Louis to qualify without this political and religious test.

Ward-Heeler Social Service

One political leader wanted to have the blanks turned over to him to be handled in the usual channels. The board carefully guarded its blanks, but a thousand of them were stolen and promptly began coming in filled out. One female political leader gave petitions to the investigators, to be circulated by them among the aged as they went their rounds, for election of another female Democratic leader to a post of a Democratic committee.

While these two hardy citizens were holding back the tide in St. Louis it was flooding into the state treasury from all the other counties of the state. The ward heelers went about urging the old



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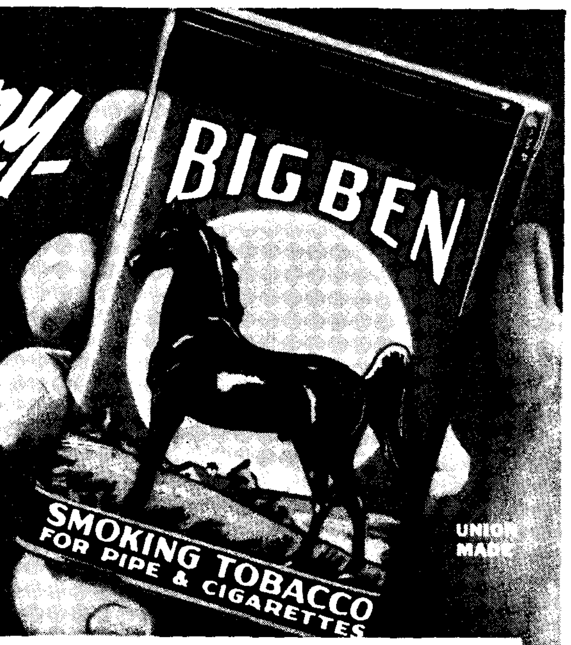

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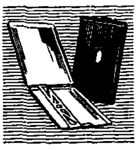
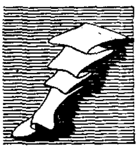

Cigarette Case
100 coupons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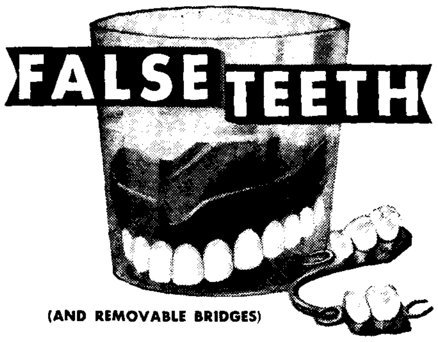

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

folks—great numbers without any claim—to "go down to the county courthouse and give 'em your name and address and start gettin' your pension."

The consequence of all this was pretty much what you might expect. In New York State, where, notwithstanding the great poverty in the big industrial cities, the old-age assistance pension system is wisely and honestly administered, there are 130 out of every 1,000 old people on the rolls. In Missouri there are 402 out of every thousand, or over three times as many. And this means that great numbers not entitled to get anything are getting monthly checks and, of course, that great numbers in dire need are not paid enough. For while Missouri contemplates $30-a-month pensions, she has not yet averaged above $14. The bitterly needed pennies are thus squeezed out of the allowances to the poor to swell the good-will chests of the political machine.

St. Louis is twice as big as Kansas City. But Kansas City, functioning under the benign influence of Boss Pendergast's machine, has more pensioners on the rolls than St. Louis, where Dr. Kane and his colleagues made their fight for honesty.

Five Out of Four Get It

In some counties almost every person over seventy is collecting something from the state. On the basis of the last census 89 per cent of all over seventy are on the pension rolls in Shannon County, 91 per cent in Mississippi County, 93 per cent in Ozark County and 99 per cent in New Madrid County. But in Butler County, where, according to the last census, there are 603 persons over seventy years of age, pension checks are actually going to 654 persons. This magnificent record is surpassed, I believe, in only one place—a county down in the Sooner State (Oklahoma), where five old people out of every four—five out of every four—are getting pensions. Let it not be said that the great heart of America neglects its aged.

And every little politician in the state climbs, if he has the slimmest chance, upon this tawdry band wagon. Their hearts are all bleeding for their "Dear Pensioners," as they affectionately address them in their political circulars. The auditor of Missouri, the Hon. Forrest Smith, who is said to cherish larger ambitions, has as much to do with pensions as the bank cashier who cashes the boss' check has to do with paying your salary. All state checks are sent out from the auditor's office. It's a purely ministerial duty. Yet the Hon. Forrest Smith, just before the last election, put a little love letter into every envelope carrying a pension check. "Dear Pensioner," he crooned, "I am taking the following method of asking your vote and influence in my race for a second term as auditor, because you, as an old-age pensioner, know I have been your friend." Then he told them, "If I am elected your state auditor I shall use my influence to see that an appropriation is passed by the next legislature to pay everyone in full all the law allows. Have you stopped to think what might happen to your pension if another person is elected state auditor who is not in sympathy with you and this law? . . . Why take any chances? You know an unfriendly person could and might stop your pension. If I am elected, your pension checks will be mailed to you promptly as long as I am in office."

Naturally the voice of the critic began to be heard in the land. One newspaper said: "It is a ghoulish business. During the present two years $35,000,000 is being spent to support this political racket, a sum approaching in size our entire expenditures out of general revenues in the last biennium." And the Federal Social Security Board began to look into the situation and to threaten to cancel federal contributions. A new governor has been elected—Democratic but not on such good terms with Boss Pendergast—and, as a result, the administration of the pension system has been overhauled. The former director has gone back to social work among the horses and a new director has been named who has been checking up on the rolls. His investigators have found that in one county no less than 40 per cent of the pensioners were not in need of aid. In February about 2,400 ineligibles were stricken from the rolls. But the corrections move at a snail's pace and even if the new director does what he hopes—strikes about 7,000 from the list—Missouri will still have an indefensible number of people on the rolls. And in 1940, when the law must be liberalized to admit to pensions all over 65 instead of all over 70, the state will face pension reinforcements of nearly fifty thousand.

But the real old-age pension paradise is Oklahoma. In New York 130 out of every 1,000 old people get these assistance payments. In Missouri 402 out of every 1,000 get them. But in Oklahoma it is 600 out of every 1,000. But seemingly this is not enough. For the state is tuning up for its usual Democratic primaries, and the old-age pension system and ways to make it bigger and better are the chief issue there.

And why not? There are 68,000 old people on the rolls and every one of them from good old Sarah Kelly Green, one-hundred-and-twenty-one-year-old pensioner in Perry County, down can vote. Besides, they have sons and daughters, many of whom would like to unload them on the state, and brothers and sisters and friends and nephews and nieces who also have votes.

In Oklahoma, as in Missouri, the job of administering the system was turned over locally to the county commissioners. When the law was passed, without investigation or scrutiny, 37,000 people on relief were dumped en masse on the old-age pension rolls. The central administration was put in the hands of the General Welfare Board. It named a highly respected gentleman, Judge H. L. Melton, as director. And Judge Melton, taking the law seriously, supposing it meant what it said, proceeded to organize a trained staff of competent investigators.

If Judge Melton and his investigators had remained they would probably have pried twenty-five or thirty thousand "pioneers" loose from the state treasury. But the explosion of wrath was too great to be withstood and so Judge Melton, like a wise citizen, resigned.

Statesmen on the Band Wagon

But here again the Federal Social Security Board began looking into the activities of the great pension rush of 1936 and there were threats that if the scandal was not ended the government's contributions might be. So a new director was named—Mr. H. J. Denton. He is a huge man, about six feet four, with plenty of gristle and muscle and heft. He has set out to purge the rolls. He's going to need all his heft before the patriots get through with him. There is a primary campaign coming on in which there is a choice collection of statesmen entered for the governorship and in which Governor E. W. Marland, oil man, is going to try to return Oklahoma's Elmer Thomas to Elmer Thomas' Oklahoma, which will be a great blow to the cause of paper money. And most of them spend their days and nights making love to "my dear pensioners."

Alfalfa Bill Murray is for giving the old folks $30 instead of the $14 a month they get now and this he has fused with

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a plan for state economy. The Oklahoma Old Age Security League and the Veterans of Industry also demand $30 for all. And Jack Walton is toying with the idea of giving the old folks $50 a month each and instead of purging the rolls he is for putting on another thirty thousand. And you can't tell what will happen. Elections in Oklahoma can turn on some pretty whimsical items. Only six years ago an obscure country schoolteacher, never heard of before, filed for congressman at large and got elected because his name was Will Rogers. He's been elected twice since. They go in heavy for names down thar. The only time Will Rogers had a real fight was when some fellow named Sam Houston ran against him. It looks like a grand chance for any fellow named Thomas Jefferson.

Oklahoma's Political Show

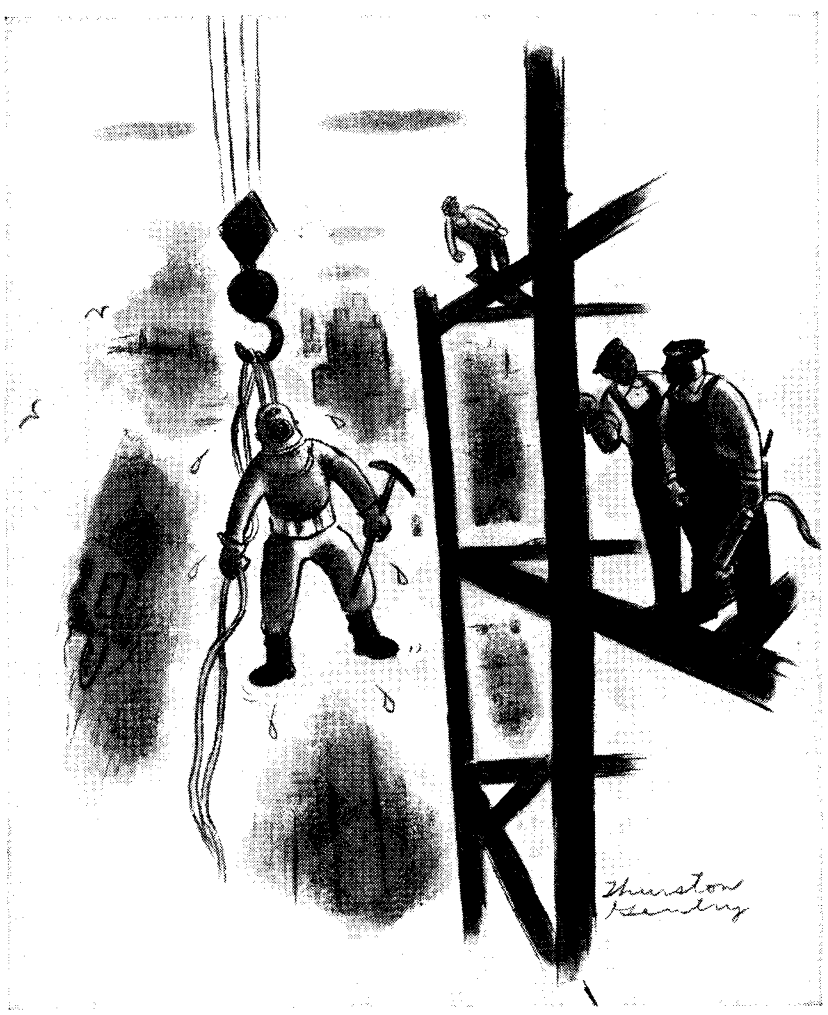
Alfalfa Bill is doing a lot of intriguing and politicianing now in connection with a new primary law because he wants to be able to put his name on the ballot as "W. H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, former governor." No one knows better than Bill just what's in a name. He was a candidate for governor once and his name, beginning with an "M," was well down on the ticket while his chief opponent enjoyed the strategic position at the very top. To deprive him of that Bill got some unknown clerk to file as a candidate. Being named Adams or something just as good, he got the first place on the ballot, shouldering out Bill's foe. And he came within a few thousand votes of being elected. This is all a digression but it illustrates upon what meat the voters feed; into this great forum of discussion and decision the subject of paying out more millions by a state already running crimson with ink is to be tossed. And amid this hippodrome poor Mr. Denton sets out to purge the rolls.

When I was in Oklahoma City, Mr. Denton had just finished a survey of three counties. Out of 589 "dear pensioners" he found 194 ineligible. He found 26.8 per cent ineligible in Tulsa County, 31.8 per cent in McCurtain County and 37 per cent in Okmulgee County. On this Mr. Denton bases an estimate that he will be able to remove 20,000 of the pioneers from the rolls. But while I was there Governor Marland, preparing for the senatorial battle, received the Denton report and exploded against it. He denounced the report as silly and said that the commission would have to liberalize its rules. And he added threateningly, "that will have to be done or we will have a new old-age pension law and a new commission. These old people are not going to stand for it."

But the long arm of the Social Security Board in Washington reached out to the prairies, did some investigating of its own and announced there would be no more federal money for Oklahoma until it set up a proper administrative machine.

But in the meantime all these states are having money trouble. Who is paying for all this? The rich? Of course, if you listen to one of these pensions-for-everybody champions you would think the money for this is being wrung out of the swollen bank accounts of the depraved rich. As a matter of fact, the states are soaking the poor to pay their share and, incidentally, the federal government is doing the same thing to pay its share.

In Ohio the old-age pensions are being paid out of liquor taxes and profits. But in Missouri they are being paid out of a sales tax that is laid on everything, including food—Ohio puts it on the Demon Rum and Missouri lays it on the market basket. Oklahoma pays it with a sales tax, but doesn't assess the tax against food. A woman in Missouri told me that she pays it on milk. I didn't have time to check on this but she was



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Scenic State of TENNESSEE

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pretty hot about it. She said that for milk alone it cost her a tax of 85 cents a year to supply a baby. They have not yet taxed mother's milk but they tax everything the mother eats and they'll probably get around to taxing the finished product.

These taxes are collected frequently in stamps and small coins made out of pasteboard or zinc. Missouri for a while had remonetized pasteboard and was issuing coins that looked like milk-bottle tops, valued at one tenth of a cent. She has now gone in for small coins with holes in the center like the brass coins Chinese carry around on strings on their home grounds. Thus the mills of the tax-gatherers are grinding exceedingly fine. They have ground that nickel up into fifty pieces in order to take the taxes out of the folks a drop at a time so that it may not be noticed.

But these devices don't bring in enough to pay decent pensions to all the aged people who really need them and at the same time pay millions to those who do not need them. And in state after state the system faces breakdown because of the mounting costs. In Colorado, for instance, where, under a constitutional amendment, a pension of $45 is payable to every person over 60, the cost has risen to a point where it threatens to ruin the state. The old-age pensions devour available funds so ravenously that there is no adequate amount left for relief. In order to pay even a part of the pension—not $45, which is impossible, but about $27—a family of four on relief has had to be slashed from $60.25 a month to $25.35 a month. In order to give this pension to a man of 60 who does not need it, the state has had to cut the relief payment of a worthy younger man to $13.44 a month. State agencies have warned that the operation of forty state agencies and some ten educational institutions will have to be abandoned because the funds are eaten up by the pension system.

In Texas, too, the whole plan bogs down at intervals on the inadequacy of money supplies. The state started off with a pension law so liberal that it brought to the pension offices more than twice as many applicants as there are on the pension rolls of rich and populous New York State. Anybody over 65, with $500 in cash and $5,000 in property if single and $7,500 if married and regardless of family means of support, was entitled to a pension. That's why Texas had 227,000 applications. Rules as liberal as this admitted practically every old person. And in good times the state, with 130,000 old people on the rolls, found, according to the pension directory, that they possessed among themselves property valued at twenty-six million dollars.

Texas in Search of Cash

But the state just could not raise money for such an army and in 1936 the law was "deliberalized," as they say in Austin. After a good deal of legislative wrangling and a good deal of prodding from Washington, the state finally dropped about 15,000 from the rolls. There are now about 117,000 getting pensions averaging about $15 a month. But this is as many as New York State, which has twice the population.

Last September Governor Allred called the legislature to Austin to deal with the state's finances. Like so many states Texas, under the burden of immense expenditures for all sorts of things, faces fiscal troubles. It is casting about for $300,000,000 annually to pay all the bills, and the old-age fund was too short to meet the demands. The legislature met. Governor Allred asked for ten million to take care of old-age, blind, dependent children and teachers pensions and assistance payments. The pension fund was unable to make any increases in payments and was $1,600,000 in the red on a bank loan. Conservative opposition fought this, demanding cuts in the pension rolls. And at the same time, the House got up on its hind legs and clamored for more and bigger and better pensions. The state was in the red trying to pay $15 a month, while the big-pension boys wanted that amount doubled and about 35,000 more recipients added to the rolls.

In the end the legislature, after a month of fruitless wrangling, adjourned without doing anything, leaving the million or more deficit hanging over the system. Meanwhile Texas, too, faces a political campaign for governorship. One of the candidates, Clarence Farmer, is going to run on a bigger-pension platform. Colonel E. O. Thompson, a conservative, is going to coo softly, I imagine, about economy. But William McCraw, the dynamic, redhaired attorney general, who looks like a winner from where I am sitting, is going to have plenty of kind words to say for the old folks of the grand old Lone Star State.

At least one state put on such a shameful show that the Social Security Board at Washington stopped it and withdrew its funds. That was Illinois.

There the whole thing started out as a disgraceful patronage battle between the state and the county leaders. The county boys won and took over administration of the law. The federal government refused to approve the plan and federal funds failed to flow. Then the state reorganized and a small army of political hacks proceeded to fill up the rolls with people who didn't need help. The director said that every mail brings the applications of parents with well-to-do children asking for pensions. In 756 cases examined the department found there were 2,353 children of the pensioners and only 91 financially unable to aid their parents. On the pension rolls he found the mother and father-in-law of a state official getting $5,000 a year from the state. The grossest inequalities were found among the counties. In a county with an honest administration but few got the pensions, while in counties where politicians ran riot, large pension lists were approved. In Jo Daviess County, for instance, there were 14 out of a hundred old people on the rolls getting an average of $9.60, while in Alexander County there were 71 out of a hundred getting an average of $20.90. The law puts a premium on bad administration.

So bad was all this that once again, last year, the federal government had to step in and withdraw its funds. Illinois, under this prodding, has been trying to patch up the system, but haltingly, reluctantly.

Headed for Bankruptcy

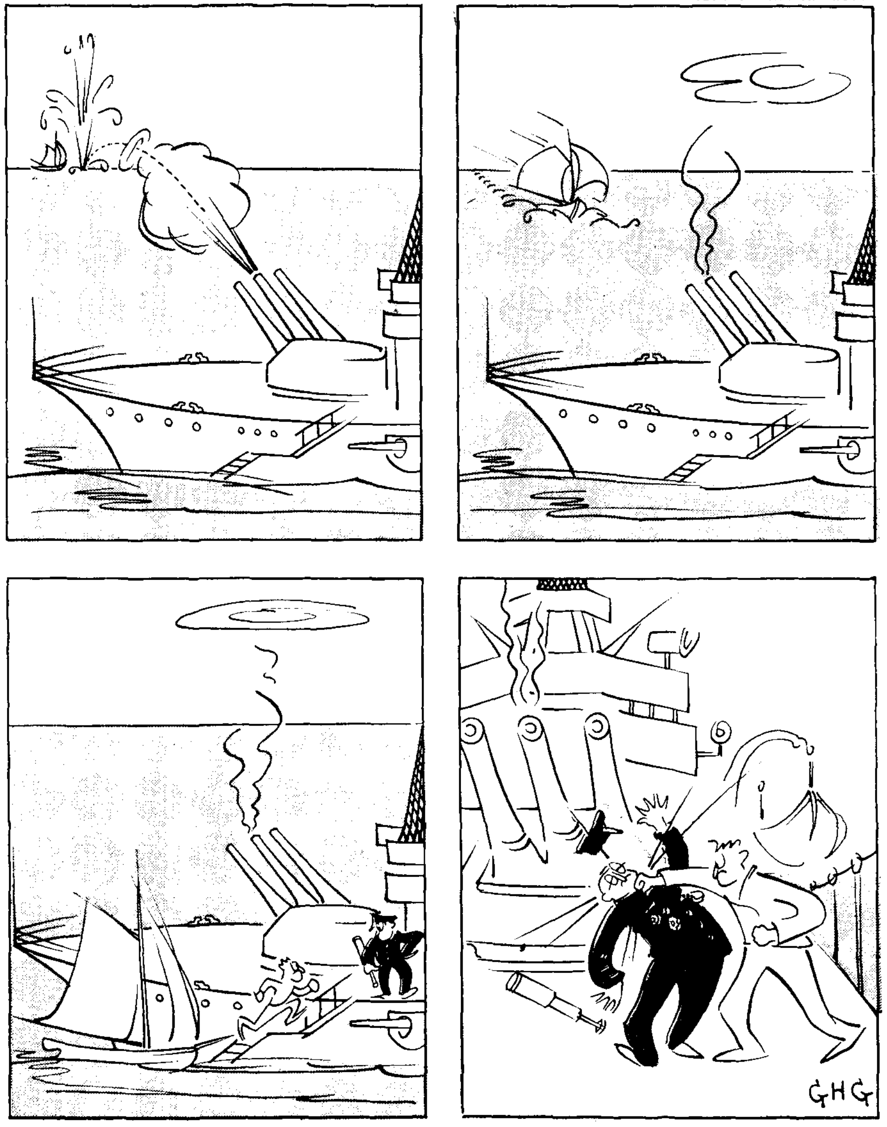
Thus, under the evil influence of local politics, a great experiment in human decency—the effort to mitigate the cares of helpless old age—is being brought into disgrace and perhaps collapse. Of course the cure of this is simple, though now, with its bad start, it will be difficult to bring about. The weakness of the whole plan lies in the weakness of the federal law, which turns the administration over bag and baggage to the states.

But, assuming that was unavoidable, the federal law should have laid down minimum requirements that would have excluded the politicians. The relief and pension and subsidy laws must be severely disassociated from politics, committed to the administration of civil service staffs of trained workers. And along with all this there must be some sane and reasonable consideration of the appalling financial problems involved in these plans.

Some of the states are riding headlong toward bankruptcy on this wave of ill-considered legislation. And along with the states' finances they are preparing to bankrupt a far more precious asset—

The character of their people.

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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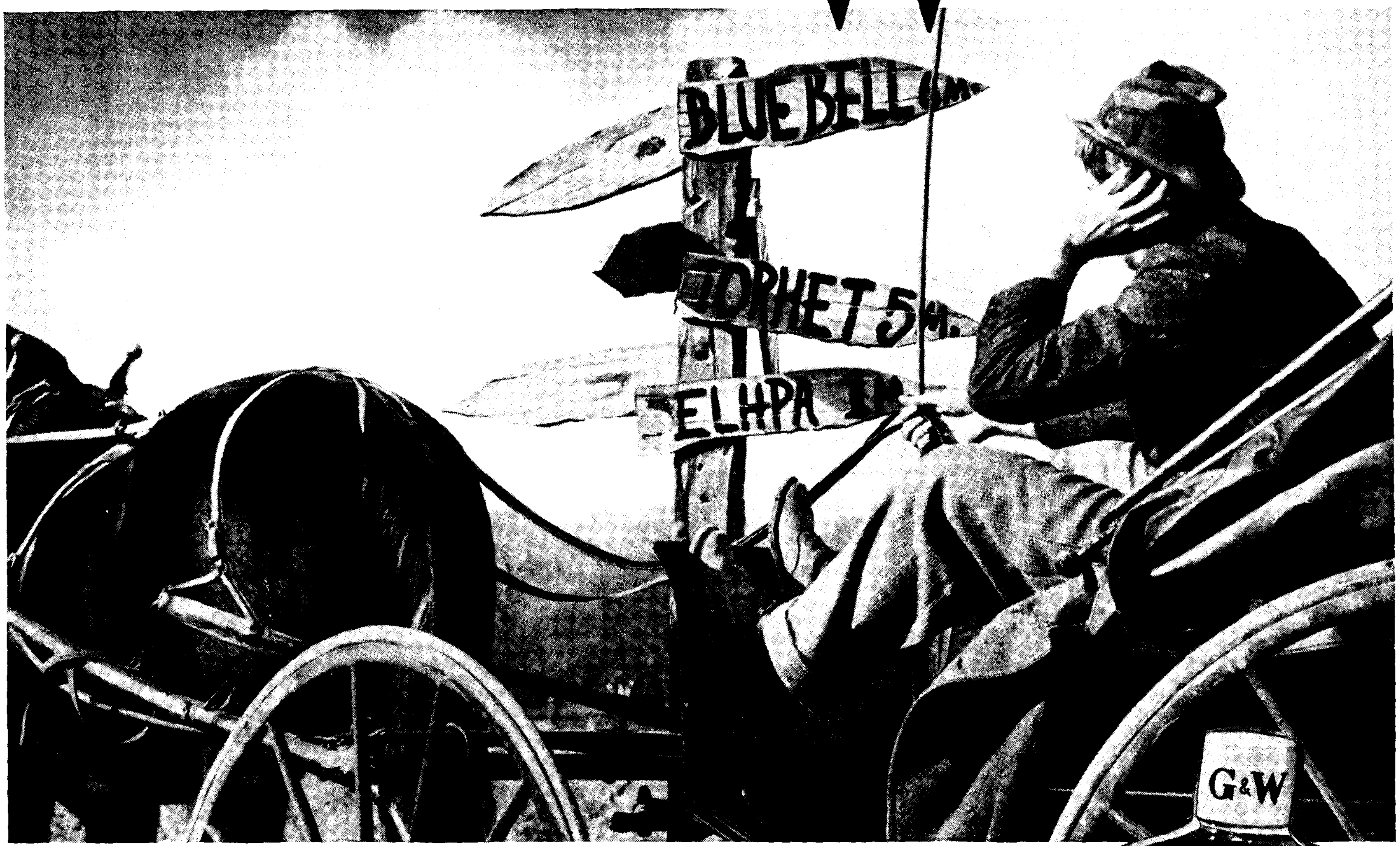

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Party on the Stage

Continued from page 13

damage still. But Hilary never took any notice of you; he was concentrating on poor Teresa."

Elizabeth sat very still. One half of her wanted to hear more, the other half most urgently desired that Catherine should stop talking about Hilary Blake and talk instead of photography, or hats, or ships, or sealing wax, or anything else under the sun. But Miss Holywell, naturally enough, followed her own train of thought.

"It's strange," she said reflectively, "to think how Hilary's affected our lives—not yours, of course, but Teresa's and mine. You wouldn't know, because you left Southolt so soon. But he started me in a way: I used to mess about with a camera, but over those first pictures I took of him I strained every nerve. I suppose one might say I put my heart into them. And they were darned good. They were so good that I lost interest in Hilary and found my job instead. But poor Teresa! She lost interest in everything else. They were engaged, you see—or she thought they were."

"She must have been crazy, then!" cried Elizabeth. "How could they be engaged. She was so unattractive!"

Miss Holywell shook her head.

"Oh, no, she wasn't. Not then. Remember what we were all like? Rather prim and well-behaved, because after all it was the Church Dramatic. Hilary once kissed me on the fire-escape, and I rushed guiltily back into the hall like a startled rabbit. You were sixteen; I was twenty-two; Teresa was twenty-five, and . . . highly inflammable. Hilary behaved very badly to her, but he wasn't entirely to blame. If you ask me, her real trouble was being left three hundred a year when her people died. It was just enough to live on, so she had nothing to do but think about Hilary. She's been thinking about him now for seven years; and personally I believe she's a little mad."

FOR some moments Elizabeth had been struggling against a curious weakness; she wanted to cry. She wanted to go away, by herself, and let the tears flow. It was quite unreasonable—or so she told herself—but that was how she felt.

"Is that sherry too dry for you?" asked Miss Holywell.

"No, lovely," said Elizabeth, sipping. "But I've got the most awful headache. It's just come on. You go to the party with Teresa, Catherine: I don't think I'm coming."

Miss Holywell looked at her.

"Oh, yes, you are, my dear. You're going to come and lend me a hand and stop Teresa from doing anything silly. I never cared for Teresa particularly, but I should hate to see her in the dock."

"If you feel like that," argued Elizabeth stubbornly, "why do you let her go?"

"My dear, how can I prevent her? I can't say, 'Look here, Teresa, I know Hilary jilted you, and you've been brooding on it for years, so you'd better not go to the party in case you feel tempted to shoot him.' She might turn around and say *I* was mad. We must just keep an eye on her, and try to get her bag—she's sure to put it down somewhere while she has a drink—and hope for the best. You ought to have more fellow feeling."

"Why?" asked Elizabeth defensively.

"Simply because you're another woman. I'm not what they call a feminist, but I'm always sorry for any female who's had Teresa's particular kind of . . . accident. It's humiliating to the lot of us. I'm going to stand by, and try to prevent her making, at any rate, a fool of herself; and so are you."

There was no time for further argument, since at this point the door banged again and the subject of their discussion was once more within earshot. Teresa's hair, now minus the pins, was slightly more disheveled than before, but her hat was jammed firmly over the right eyebrow. It was jammed so far down, in fact, that she was to all intents and purposes one-eyed.

"Anyway, she'll never shoot straight like that," murmured Miss Holywell.

Teresa advanced, picked up her glass, and emptied it. In an absent-minded way she then picked up Elizabeth's and emptied that too.

"I'm ready," she announced.

Miss Holywell rose; Elizabeth reluctantly followed; and they all three went off to the party.

THEY arrived, thanks to Miss Holywell's generalship, at precisely the right time. The stage—to Elizabeth's eye surprisingly small—was thronged but not yet crammed by celebrities—or so Elizabeth imagined them to be. A few she actually recognized: a famous leading lady, a famous comedian, a theatrical knight and a star of revue.

The lesser lights were divided into two well-defined orders of Young Things and Old Troupers, each group being very polite to the other; the Troupers were convinced that the Young Things couldn't act, and the Young Things considered the Troupers irretrievably ham, but no one would have guessed it from their conversation.

"Well, here's the bar, anyway," said Miss Holywell, pressing forward. "Goodness knows when we shall find Hilary, so we may as well have a cocktail first."

They did so. The effect on Elizabeth was to make her feel slightly more cheerful, the effect on Miss Holywell was nil, but the effect on Teresa, after two sherries, was most remarkable. She opened her bag, took out an automatic, and with great sang-froid leveled it at the barman.

The circumstances were in one sense fortunate; there was probably no assembly in London at which such an act would have caused less confusion. Mr. Blake's guests were all used to dramatic situations; Sir Miles, for example, had been shooting down six gangsters nightly for the past year; and to him, as to everyone else, Teresa's gun was not a weapon, but a property. There was an amused stir—for she really looked very funny—but not the slightest alarm. From two points at once came the classic tag:

"Don't shoot the barman, he's doing his best!"

"I'm not going to," said Teresa, looking around. "I'm just seeing what it feels like."

"You ought to hold your arm straight," put in the famous comedian helpfully. "It looks better, lets the audience see what you're doing. And I believe you get a better aim as well."

Teresa straightened her arm as she was told, and in doing so accidentally covered Sir Miles. Amid friendly laughter he drew himself up in one of his famous heroic attitudes.

"Shoot if you will," he declaimed, "this old gray head, but spare our noble barman Fred!—only on second thought you'd better spare me too, because my understudy's down with influenza."

"And don't shoot me either," warned the leading lady, as Teresa's aim wavered. "My public wouldn't like it. I'm supposed to spend all my off time knitting cot covers, not going to rowdy parties. 'The idyllic home life of this popular actress—' "

"Dash it all, let the girl shoot someone!" protested the comedian. "Who wants a little free publicity?"

"Hilary!" called a voice. "It's his party! Let her shoot Hilary!"

The crowd parted, pressing back toward the bar on one hand and the footlights on the other; and down the vista thus opened Teresa for the first time faced her host.

He was also visible for the first time to Elizabeth Cory. For the first time in years she stood on the same level with him, not gazing up from the pit, not yearning down from the gallery; and whether in happier circumstances he might still have kept his glamor for her will never be known. For at that moment Hilary Blake was not glamorous at all; he was a man like any other—or rather not like any other man present, for he was petrified with fear.

There was a good deal of excuse for him: he alone was looking into Teresa's eyes. To the rest she was a figure of fun, a big, untidy, smiling woman who looked rather as though she might have acted adventuresses on tour, and who was naturally playing up to an audience; even Elizabeth felt half reassured, and Miss Holywell had been pressed back by the movement of the crowd.

BUT Hilary Blake, from the moment he recognized her, knew that Teresa was in deadly earnest; he remembered the old days at Southolt, he remembered the letters, the threats, with which she had bombarded him for years. It was largely on account of those letters that he had invited her: his vanity was amused by the idea of encountering again a woman who so loved and hated him, and he had looked forward to exercising once more the charm she had found so potent. But there was no time for charm now, as Teresa slowly advanced between the lines of his guests; nor can any man appear charming as he trembles in every limb.

"I'm going to shoot you," said Teresa calmly.

He did not speak. He tried, and failed. With a gesture much appreciated by the audience, he raised his hands in the attitude of defeat. His next posture, however, met with less approval; it was considered slightly unbecoming for a star of his magnitude, even when carried away by a good joke, to make a thoroughly undignified spectacle of himself by dropping and groveling upon his knees. . . .

For a long moment Teresa stood over him, still with that smile, still with the weapon in her hand. A first breath of uneasiness quieted the merriment; but before all laughter ceased Miss Holywell at last pushed through to her friend's side.

"Isn't that enough?" she asked quietly.

Teresa blinked and looked around. All at once her face cleared, the fixed smile widened, and with her free hand she reached up and pulled her hat back over the right eye.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it is. Take this thing away from me, and I'll have another of those drinks."

THERE was talking again, there was laughter, groups reformed, and in the midst of them Hilary Blake scrambled to his feet. He received congratulations on his acting, his knees were brushed and he was refreshed with cocktails; but he had lost prestige. The star of revue affectionately mopped his brow, but afterward looked curiously at her handkerchief. She showed it to the comedian, who grinned and raised his eyebrows. It was plain that the Blake legend was about to be enriched by a new and slightly incongruous story—the story of poor dear Hilary in a blue funk.

"And that's that," observed Miss Holywell, working her unruffled way back to Elizabeth.

"What have you done with the gun?" asked Elizabeth.

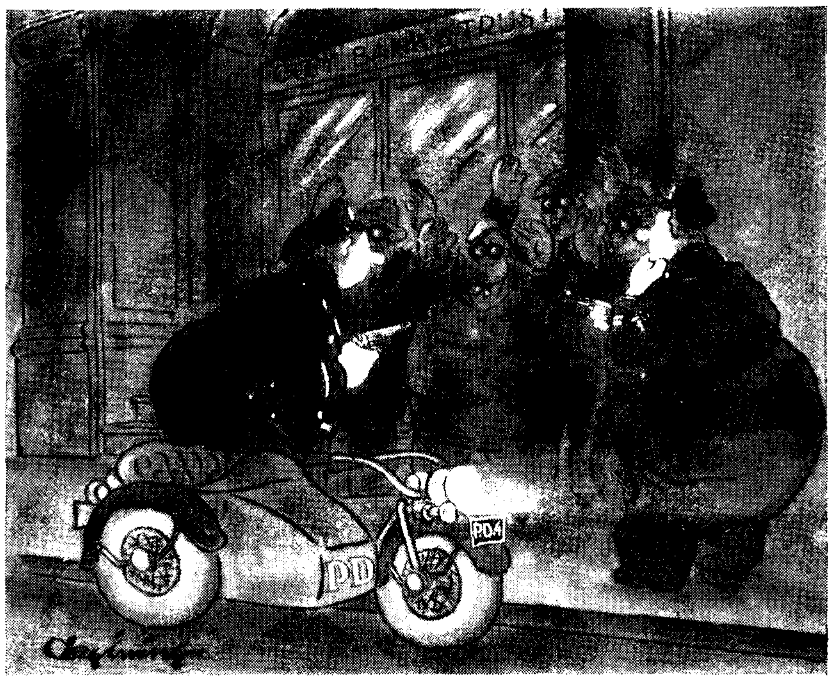
"Given it to Sir Miles. He'll take care of it. Teresa—thank heaven!—won't want it any more."

"You think she'll be . . . all right now?"

"Of course she will. She's had her revenge and got it out of her system. She's had Hilary at her mercy. Look at her now, enjoying the party! There's a man trying to persuade her to put up two hundred pounds for a Sunday night show, and I hope she will. Even if she loses it she'll have a run for her money and get a new interest in life. It's all been most successful, and now I can talk to a few people myself."

Miss Holywell broke off; she had done her duty by Teresa, and it now struck her that she ought to do something about Elizabeth. Under her hard exterior polish Miss Holywell had a very good heart.

"What about you, darling?" she asked. "Have you talked to Hilary yet?"



"I guess we'll have to make two trips, Eddie" JAY IRVING

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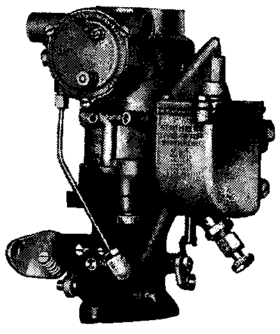

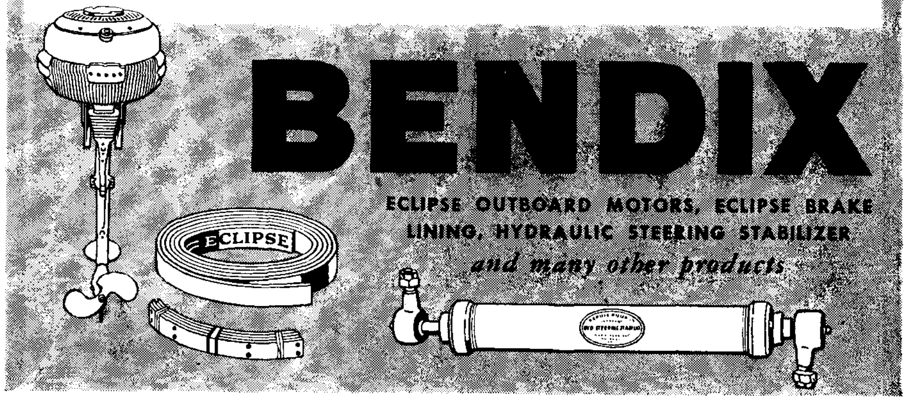

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"No," said Elizabeth sharply, "and I don't want to. I'm going home."

She turned quickly away, missing Catherine's look of relief, and dived into the crowd. Her one idea was to get away as fast as possible; but the party, for Elizabeth, was not over yet.

IN THE first place, she had completely lost her bearings. She vaguely remembered entering by some sort of side door, and then going along a passage; but how that passage connected with the stage she could not remember. Her head now ached in good earnest, and her new hat was pressing uncomfortably over the right temple; the noise and heat combined to bewilder her. She could move, moreover, only as the throng permitted, and presently she found herself off the stage indeed, but at a point in the wings whence exit seemed possible only by a swing door marked "Keep Shut."

Desperate, Elizabeth pushed through; the atmosphere beyond, in a corridor running parallel with the stage, was cooler, but still close and exhausted. A second corridor branched at right angles from the first; she followed it, passing a succession of dressing rooms, till she reached a door at the end that stood ajar, admitting a welcome gust of freshness. Elizabeth went through, and emerged into open air.

She was on the fire-escape.

"Here we are again!" said Elizabeth idiotically.

She pulled off her hat and felt the air cool against her forehead. That was a relief, but her head still throbbed alarmingly. Or was it her heart? Elizabeth could not be sure; she knew only that she had lost a most precious possession, and that life thenceforward would be empty and worthless. No more would she be able to sit, worshiping, from the pit, a Hilary as heroic as he was tender; she was too young, too naïve, to separate the actor from the man, and she knew now that the man was a coward. Nor was that the worst: cowardice she might have forgiven—if only, in those far-off days, he hadn't kissed Catherine on the fire-escape. . . .

"And Teresa too," thought Elizabeth wretchedly. "He must have, because it was the handiest place. I expect he kissed us all on the fire-escape. . . ."

She leaned against the iron railing and wept.

How long she had been there she did not know, but her handkerchief was soaked and her hair thoroughly disheveled when the door opened again and a young man stepped out beside her. Her presence did not seem to surprise him; he paused, large and square against the lighted passage, but did not retreat.

"Hello!" said this young man cheerfully. "You found it too hot inside too?"

"Yes," gulped Elizabeth.

The young man looked at her more closely. He had noted her, on the stage, as the only pretty girl who did not use lipstick; and it was now perfectly obvious, from the state of her face, that she did not use eye-shadow either. With great readiness he brought out and presented to her a large, clean, white linen handkerchief.

"Thank you," said Elizabeth. "I—I've got a cold in my head. It makes my eyes run."

"They always do," agreed the young man sympathetically. "Have a good blow, and you'll feel better."

Elizabeth blew; but she did not feel better. Now that she had something to cry into, she wanted to cry more. Her companion seemed quite distressed.

"You've got an absolute brute," he said. "That's the worst cold I've ever seen."

"It's not a cold at all," sobbed Elizabeth, throwing dignity to the winds. "I'm crying because I'm so miserable. Because I've been an utter fool and wasted the best years of my life and now I've nothing left and I can't find the way out—and if I could I can't go home looking like this! It's awful!"

The young man had only one recourse left. He put his arm gently around her and drew her head into a comfortable position. Elizabeth did not resist; she felt very queer, and his shoulder was much more friendly than the fire-escape. It was odd, she felt—even in her misery—how fire-escapes seemed to be associated with all the most poignant moments of her life. . . .

They were indeed; for hardly was the thought formulated when the young man kissed her.

THE party, as theatrical parties must when there is an evening performance, came abruptly to an end at six o'clock; and as it happened Catherine Holywell, who had found a great many people she knew, was the last of the guests to bid their host farewell.

"Thank you for a good party," she said. "I suppose we shall have to wait a year for the next?"

Hilary smiled. He had completely recovered himself.

"Yes," he agreed, "a good party. Poor Teresa was unexpectedly amusing."

"You may take it from me," stated Miss Holywell, gathering up her gloves, "that poor Teresa won't ever be amusing like that again. Now I suppose you're going to stay here and have a rest before the show?"

But Mr. Blake had remembered something else.

"I asked Lisbeth Cory. Did you see her?"

"She came with me and Teresa. But she had a bad headache and went off—tenderly shepherded by a large young man who was going to drive her home. I think we all enjoyed your party—in one way or another. Now I'll go too, and you can get your rest."

SHE held out her hand; Hilary Blake took and kept it.

"Stay a little longer, Kate. Stay and talk to me."

"I've got work to do," said Miss Holywell.

"You can't have work after six o'clock."

"You don't know the habits of visiting celebrities. I've a Swedish novelist who can spare exactly half an hour before he goes out to dinner. I should be there to butter him."

Hilary Blake moved closer, looking down with his famous half-pathetic smile. It was more pathetic than usual, for he was genuinely tired.

"You've quite forgotten the old days, haven't you, darling? You never give me another thought, except when the papers want a photograph? Is that what you'd like me to believe?"

"I'd like you to," agreed Miss Holywell calmly, "but I haven't much hope. You're a vain creature, Hilary; and if you don't go and lie down you'll give a rotten performance."

"It's odd," said Hilary, still smiling, "that you're the only woman I've ever been in love with . . ."

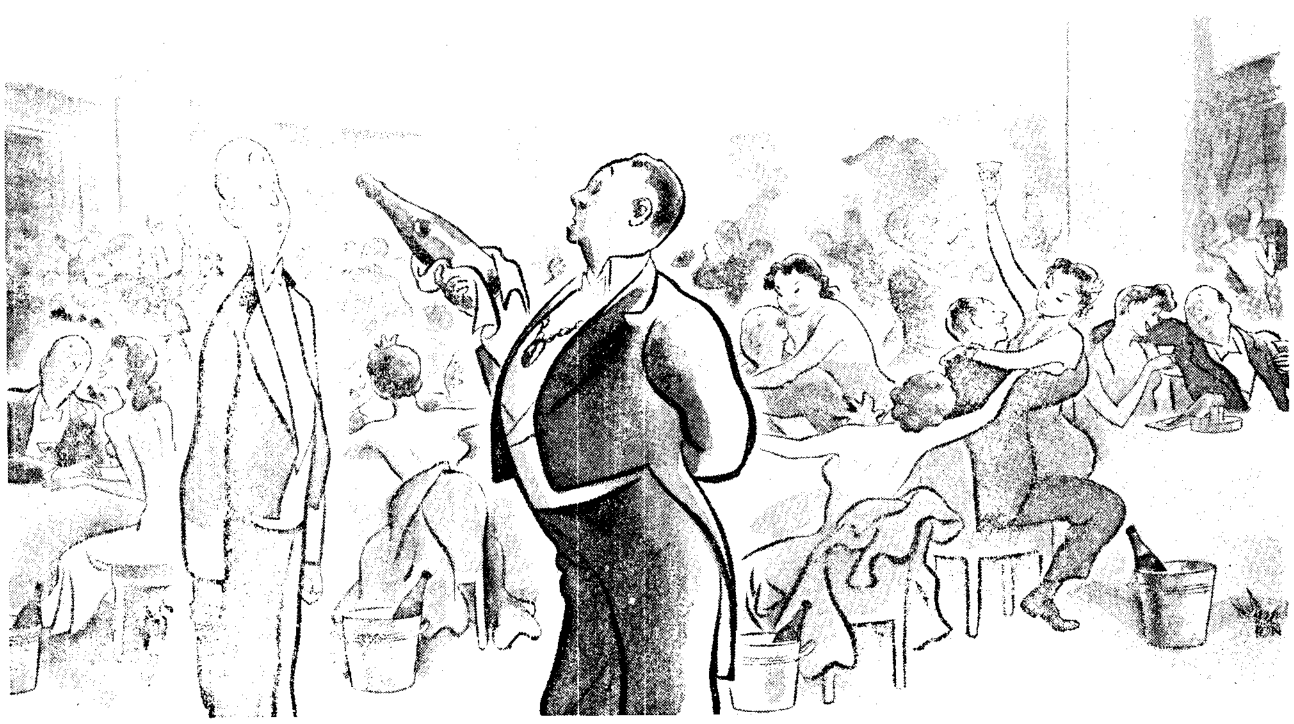
Miss Holywell looked at him.

"Love!" she repeated grimly. "Don't talk to me about love when I've had an afternoon of Teresa! She's the biggest fool on earth—with one possible exception."

"And that is?"

"Myself," said Miss Holywell. "But then I'm not foolish very often, and it'll do me no harm."

She stayed.



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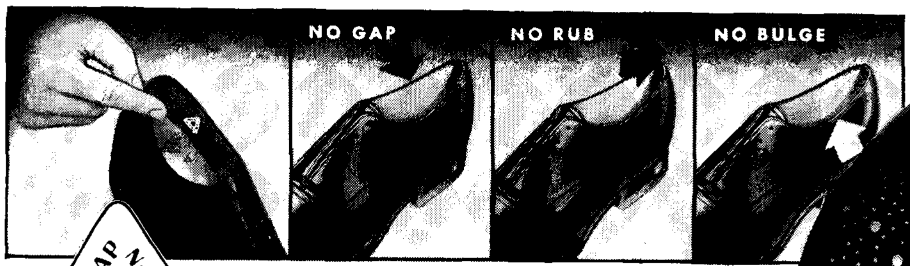

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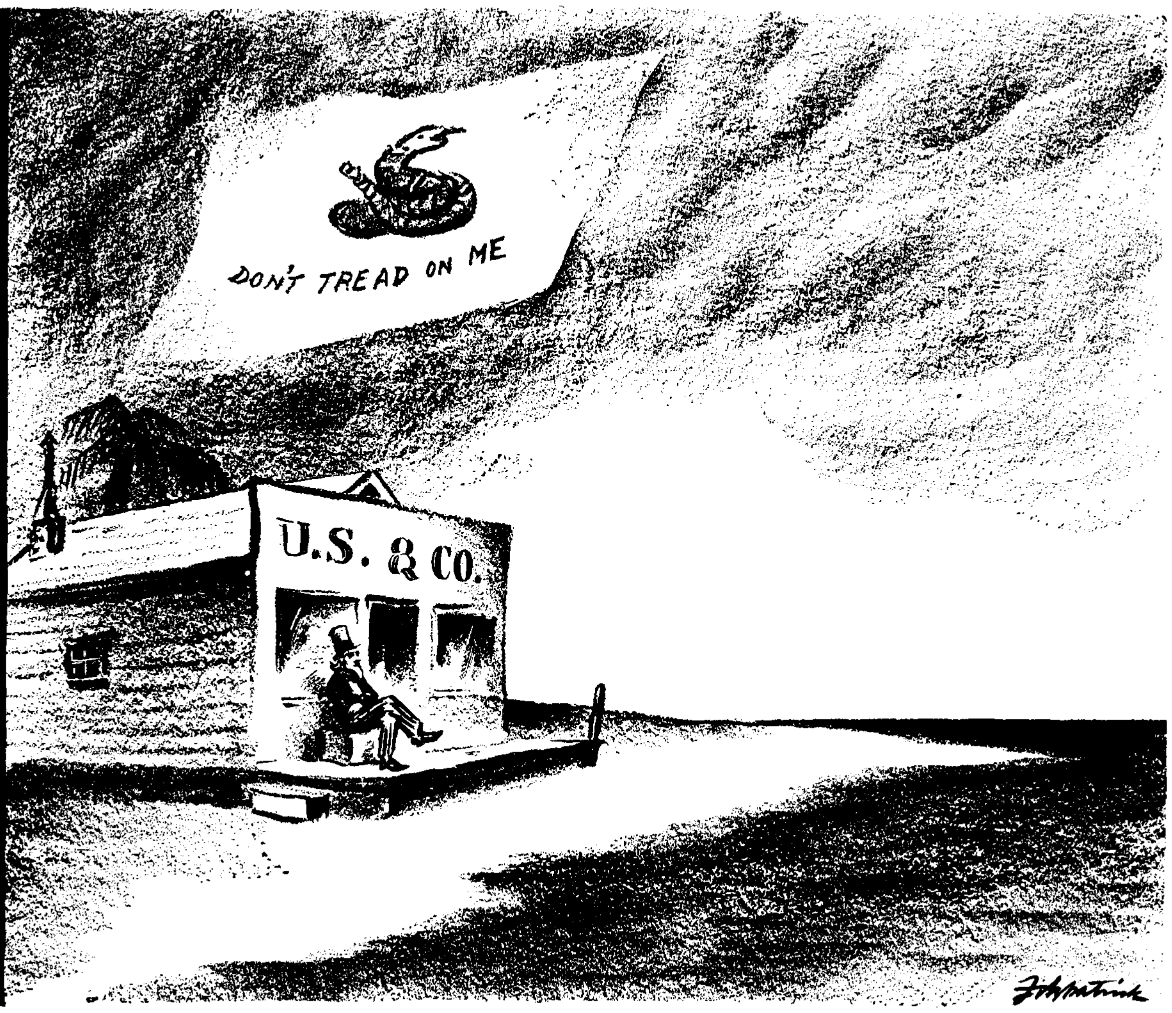

WE ARE not abandoning the Pacific. Quite the contrary. Our government is asserting more definitely and more vigorously the rights and claims we have in that vast area. We don't want to get involved in anybody's wars but we are not going to surrender for long any of our important possessions.

The grim fact is becoming plainer and plainer. President Roosevelt announced our claim to the small islands discovered years ago by American whalers because those islands might be useful in the development of air transportation in the far Pacific.

As a people, we intend to continue to use the Pacific. Pan-American Airways accomplished a magnificent feat in establishing the first flying service across the Pacific. The establishment of such a service sometime by some people was made almost inevitable by the progress of the air industry. Americans did it. We are not going to be driven out.

We have many other interests in the Pacific which we are going to retain against any other claimants. Of course we want to keep the peace but not at any price. Even the most peace-loving, unaggressive and democratic people will fight to defend what they regard as their rightful possessions. Labor unions, for example, in international sentiments are peaceful. But American unionists have at different times advocated economic boycotts of Germany because of Hitler's injustices of the Jews, of Italy because of Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, and of Japan because of the Japanese attacks upon the Chinese.

Economic boycotts are the next step to actual war. Many believe that a thoroughly enforced economic boycott would quickly provoke war. Yet members of churches, women's organizations and labor unions, honest and sincere advocates of peace, clamor for such boycotts. The militarists, the international bankers and the munitions makers, who are supposed always to be plotting wars for their own enrichment, are not advocating any boycotts. In these affairs democratic angels are doing more to make war possible than the archvillains we have been accustomed to blame.

We accomplish nothing good by deluding ourselves or deceiving others about our intentions. Our interests in the Pacific vary considerably. Northwest salmon fishermen are greatly irritated by the Japanese fishermen who operate in waters near to our shore but outside the three-mile line. Diplomats were called in to allay the rising anger of the fishermen.

Governments would be extraordinarily stupid to allow a minor quarrel over fishing rights to endanger peaceful relations but other matters reach deeper and farther. We would not listen to much back talk about Hawaii, for instance.

We more or less stumbled into the purchase of Hawaii. Then when Japan became an aggressive military power, we were very glad to have Hawaii as a naval outpost. Hawaii is insurance for California, Oregon and Washington. There is no doubt about our being willing to go to war immediately to protect California and her neighboring states, even though that means fighting for Hawaii.

We are not quite so possessive about the Philippines. The Philippines are a long way off and many American farmers who raise sugar beets think that they would like to be completely rid of Philippine competition. Consequently, the agricultural members of Congress find it very easy to sympathize with the Filipinos' former aspiration for entire independence.

What Japan has done to China, however, has modified the Filipinos' desire to be entirely independent. The Filipino politicians are trying to discover a face-saving way of asking our Congress not to cut them completely adrift. The right words are hard to find because the Filipino politicians have lived so long on independence talk.

Even if the Filipinos persuade us to retain a protective interest over their islands, our military and naval men would not want to fight a war so far distant from home supplies. The risks would be too great. We might lose a war fought in the Philippines. We would almost certainly win a conflict which centered around Hawaii.

The temptation to let the Japanese take the Philippines would be very great.

But we would not protect ourselves against the danger of an important war in the Pacific by leaving the Filipinos to the mercy of whatever power chose to conquer them. Peace by surrender is not so easy to retain.

The day has long passed when hermit kingdoms or hermit republics were practicable. Americans, and all other vigorous, alert people are going to sail the seas and voyage through the air and establish relationships with peoples everywhere.

We are not going to be chased out of the Pacific whether or not we keep the Philippines, now or in the long future. Neither are we, as a permanent policy, going to abandon to their own resources American seamen, missionaries, teachers, salesmen or plain businessmen. The whole drift of civilization is in the other direction. We shall travel more and not less and we won't stop doing business with Asia.

We shall have much better chances of avoiding wars if we look the facts in the face and base our plans on reality. We won't find peace by running away from war and certainly not by indulging in boycotts without reckoning the consequences. We are not going to attack anybody, but generally we have defended what we thought were our rights. It would be a mistake to pretend to the world that we have changed our character. At heart we are no better or even more timorous than were our fathers.

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